TURKISH LIFE & CHARACTER



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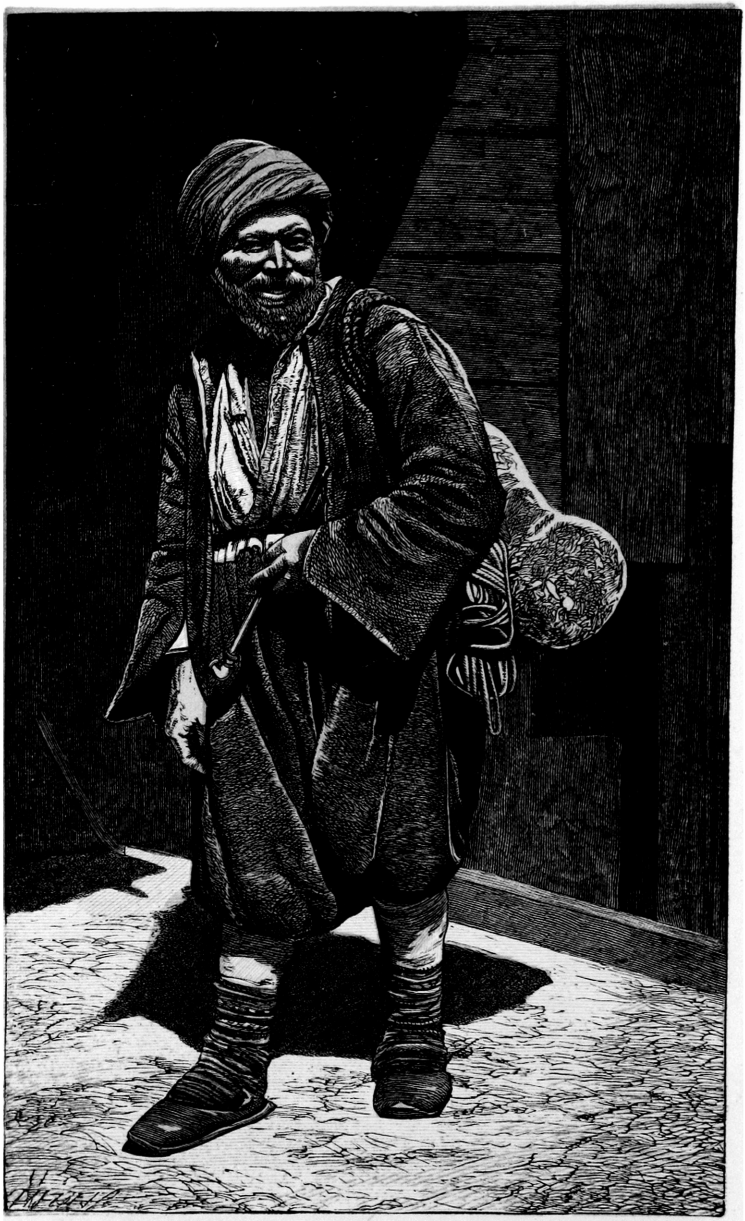
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R. D. ROBINSON

TURKISH LIFE AND CHARACTER.

"But presently there issued from the postern a group of human beings—beings with immortal souls, and possibly some reasoning faculties; *but to me the grand point was, that they had real, substantial, and incontrovertible turbans.*"—*Eothen*, vol. i. p. 15.

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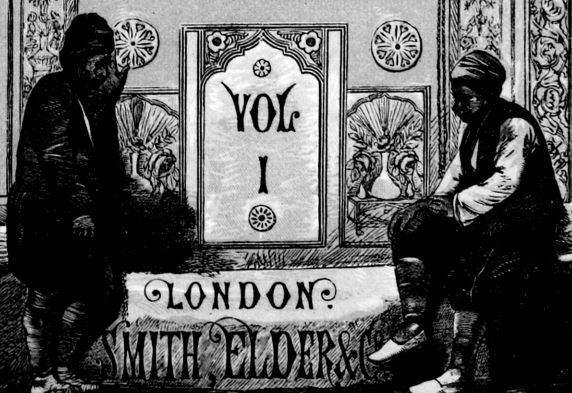
HAMMAL, OR PORTER.

TURKISH LIFE AND CHARACTER.

BY

WALTER THORNBURY.

VOL. I



LONDON.
SMITH, ELDER & Co.

TURKISH LIFE

AND

CHARACTER.

BY WALTER THORNBURY,

AUTHOR OF "LIFE IN SPAIN."

"A malignant and a turbaned Turk."—*Othello.*

"Entranced by the magnificent spectacle (*i.e.* of Constantinople), I felt as if all the faculties of my soul were insufficient fully to embrace its glories: I hardly retained power to breathe, and almost apprehended that in doing so I might dispel the gorgeous vision, and find its whole vast fabric only a delusive dream."—*Anastasius*, vol. i. p. 68.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

SMITH, ELDER AND CO., 65, CORNHILL.

M.DCCC.LX.

[*The right of Translation is reserved.*]

TO

MY DEAR FRIEND, WILLIAM BURGES,

THE ERECTION OF WHOSE

MEMORIAL CHURCH IN CONSTANTINOPLE

WILL NOT ONLY FORM AN EPOCH IN

The History of Oriental Christianity,

BUT WILL ADD ANOTHER INTEREST TO THAT WONDERFUL CITY,

TO DESCRIBE THE DAILY OUTER LIFE OF WHICH

THESE VOLUMES HAVE BEEN WRITTEN.

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PREFACE.

I WENT to Constantinople in the early autumn of 1859 to see for myself in what state of health the Sick Man was. I found him poorly, *very* poorly, and with all the diplomatic physicians, cane to nose, shaking their subtle heads round his Sultanic bed. They felt his pulse from time to time, and they prescribed anti-Muscovite nostrums; but, for my own part, I think they did him no good, for they merely kept the fresh air from coming to his bed, and only delayed his inevitable departure.

I came, very soon, from all I saw and heard, to the certain conclusion that the Turks were dead ripe for expulsion from the once Christian city, and that the sooner they go the better. They have always lived expecting removal, and are prepared to return to their robber-tents to-morrow. That rich country, Asia Minor, now a jungle of weeds,

might become, under the closer supervision of its long absentee landlords, again a blooming Eden, in which would flourish all the soil of either Europe or Asia can produce. Let the pagans go then to Asia, I say; and, for Heaven's sake, let Constantinople be a free port, or, at least, once more a Christian city.

I have nothing to boast of in this pleasant tour but the good fortune that enabled me to be a witness of two great historical events:

The first, the transplantation of the Circassian nation from its lost home in the Caucasus to its new and free settlement in Anatolia.

The second, the discovery and crushing in Stamboul of a great conspiracy that menaced the Sultan's life, and threatened to shake the whole empire to its very foundations.

The first event made me deeply lament the selfish and blind policy of England in allowing Russia to destroy one of the strongest barriers of British India; the second proved to me the utter rottenness of the Mahometan dominion, and the corruption of all but the lower classes of the Turks.

Nearly half the chapters in these two volumes are new; others are revised and enlarged reprints

from Mr. Charles Dickens's *All the Year Round;* two papers are from *Chambers's*, and one article is from the *Dublin University Magazine*. They were all, however, written with a steadily maintained harmonious purpose, and could no more be judged of separately, before being arranged into a book, than the pieces of a Chinese puzzle can be before being fitted into the snug box that gives them unity, symmetry, and purpose.

The designs are from photographs taken carefully on the spot, but not by me.

P.S.—Since my return, the recent ghastly massacres in Damascus and the Lebanon have drawn all eyes to the East, and may possibly give a more tragic interest to my unpretending book than I had expected. Alarm in Aleppo—fear in Egypt—convulsive and ominous heavings in Stamboul—riots at Belgrade—agitation in Bosnia and Servia—all lead me to believe that the conspiracy I refer to so often in my book was really a reactionary and fanatically Mahometan one, and that the massacres of the Christians that Rocket was so apprehensive of were really projected.

It seems a startling thing, in this century of almost aggressive toleration, to see the scotched snake of Mahometan fanaticism again rearing its head—again lancing out its poisonous fangs, and opening its threatening jaws. I have no doubt, however, that, unless trampled out by French and English feet, this new flame from old ashes will scorch half the East.

And what lesson can we, as Christians, derive from these massacres but this—that it has long been a shame and foul disgrace to us sons of the old Crusaders to have left Constantinople for so many years defiled and enslaved by these dogs of Tartars? That whether Russia does or does not take Stamboul—the fiat has gone forth—the seal is already broken, the vial emptied, the sword drawn, the trumpet blown; and that no miserable political craft or intriguing diplomacy can much longer delay the downfall, if not the DESTRUCTION OF, THE TURKISH EMPIRE.

WALTER THORNBURY.

New York, August, 1860.

TURKISH LIFE AND CHARACTER.

CHAPTER I.

THE TRAMPING ARTIST.

I WAS on my way to Turkey. It was ten miles from the Danube, that mighty river, the river Danube, that we effected, after much artful fencing and diplomacy, a treaty of legs, and so became friends, till the blue wave-sword of the fair lake of Constance ran cruelly between us, and severed our new-born friendship clean asunder,—we, that is, I and Vaughan.

Not to mention a German young lady with a chronic simper, her Herr papa, gnädiger herr papa, very well-born, dirty-nailed, gold thumb-ring-wearing, and redolent-of-smoke papa, and a nervous Manchester bagsman, with a foreign (red) Bradshaw that threw him into sudden spasms of doubt and consequent heat, my only real companion in the German railway carriage—for the rest were but vulgar shadows—was Robert Vaughan, artist;—of No. 2, Southampton

Street, Fitzroy Square, as I found afterwards by the card he handed me when we parted company, in sight of those jewel mountains of Tyrol that lay across the blue lake water.

Vaughan was about thirty, with a crisp beard that curled in little golden threads below the deep brown carnations of his healthy cheek. His mouth was firm, and capable, on emergencies, of clenching and clamping as close as the lid of an iron safe; but at ordinary times it moved in changeable lines, expressing quietly the humour or indignation of the moment. The full juicy crimson of his under lip showed the humorous, unascetic mind that would make him a lover of colour, and perhaps in later life a little of the *gourmand*. His full, round bumper of a forehead predicted wit, as did the vivacious arching of his brows, which moved up and down over two as clear and keen grey eyes as ever fortune blessed a man with. Our acquaintance began as love does—first, by a kindly look, not repelled or disregarded; next, by a proffered volume; thirdly, by an indispensable remark about the weather, then by an exchanged glance of quiet amusement at the bagsman's studies; and lastly, by a bold launching into the shoreless sea of pleasant and purposeless conversation. Vaughan's first remark was clever and true, and said with a dry hesitation that gave it double zest,—

"These Germans wear their hair too long, and their shirts too long."

I laughed, and our minds shook hands as our two laughs met and blended.

"It quite licks me," said the bagsman, and flung down Bradshaw on the German baron's only corn.

With true gentlehood Vaughan picked up the red book, and in ten minutes had drawn up a plan of travel for the son of Manchester as clear as a table of logarithms.

"About art," he said, turning to me with a smile and that look of repose with which men return to an agreeable employment that some accident has interrupted, "I am not quite with you in your last remark. There is no general or deep love of nature, or art, its selected essence, in our dear benighted countrymen. I was at Chamouni last July. Went out to do the usual thing—to see the sunset on Mont Blanc, one of those religious ceremonies by which we English procure indulgence for our domestic sins, and which takes the place of the old ceremonial pilgrimage to Loretto. Well, we all trooped out when the waiters told us the thing was ready with an air of dreary delight, hoping the lamb would be overdone by six, and the soup would not be cold. I heard, however, Jones of the Midland circuit curse the sunset in several languages; and at the approach of one of God's master-touches of beauty, old Billion was calculating how many francs cheaper the hotel breakfast at Chamouni was than the one at Villeneuve."

"These earthlinesses do not always indicate an absence of feeling," said I, laughing, "for we may be broken-hearted for the boy we have lost, and yet be anxious at the same time about our improvements down in Kent. The mind is a shot silk, full of cross lights and sudden flushes of colour. Well, but go on. When the revelation came—what then?"

"What then? Why, confounded grumbling that it didn't come quicker, then more grumbling that it was not of a richer colour, more like raspberry-jam, or 'that sweet gown of Jane's,' and still more grumbling that it didn't last longer. Then a selfish rush back to dinner, and in ten minutes forty heads were buried in the yellow troughs of forty soup-plates."

"Doest thou well to be angry?"

"Yes, very well; for when I am angry I am in earnest. Well, then, down the long table, at the table-d'hôte dinner, above the epergne and below the epergne, and round the ridiculous flowers that stood where meat ought to be, there rose such a Babel of worn-out rhetoric about the dying blaze of the sunset, and that awful change to a glassy, spectral, livid pallor, which was indeed Apocalyptic, and a fit preparation for the opening of the seventh seal! Oh, that solemn burst that heralds night, when the avalanches cease to fall, and the icy polypi feelers of the glaciers cease to creep, as night comes sudden, and shuts to her coffin-lid on the pale awful face that we saw for a moment in the first terrors of corruption!

By-the-by,—for I am afraid I'm talking rather fine, and I have a horror of enthusiasm,—what's your impression of a table-d'hôte?"

"A nervous young Englishman, picking convulsively at a roll; an iron-necked tutor; a talking Frenchman, and three enthusiastic German sisters; a supercilious Anglian, who looks at you as if he would be happy to speak to you, if he could only by means of steam-power second-sight read the initials on your linen; an old lady, who declares she has never been accustomed to drink wine in tumblers, and will not begin; and an American, who will inquire about Mr. Murray, the wonderful writer, who brings out the red guide books so eternally fast."

"Just so—quite a daguerreotype; but you forget the old don who talks about the Rhætian Alps; and the young knapsack tourist, who, though he limps, is not the least sore; and the experienced man, who tells you dogmatically that 'your shoes are too short, your Alp-stock too long, your knapsack too heavy, and your hat too light.'"

"And don't forget the German who carries all his luggage in a pocket-book, and that bore, the talkative officer, who has been up everywhere and down everywhere, and addresses the foreign family —particularly the distinguished Dane with the white hat, and staring, washed-out blue eyes—in intrepid French, beautifully pieced with English, as thus, 'Would you believe it, *Croyez, Mousier,* having

gained with great difficulty the Col de Géant, and the difficult, *très difficile* passes about Zermat, I then walked over the Jingle glacier, promenait the *jingle glacier* with *boocoo crèvasses, oh difficile, très difficile,* and there I met I don't know how many thousand feet, *mille pieds* above the level of the sea, two Parisians returning with four *quatre guides boocoo* des cordes et quatre *escaliers,* staircases—no, no, ladders—oh, yes, yes, yes, échelles, je voo remercie—thank you, sir, thank you, sir—bien obligé, very much obliged (civil fellows these Frenchmen are)—from an unsuccessful attempt at ascending the *Aiguille du Midi.*'"

"Excellent; but you meet nice people at table-d'hôtes sometimes, and make pleasant acquaintances. Shall I forget the old clergyman, with the pretty daughter, at Naples, who quoted Horace, and the '*nunc est bibendum,*' as he sipped his Falernian, and looked out at Vesuvius shaking its white plume of hot smoke over the glittering bay where his moving shadow ever wavers? Shall I be oblivious of the pleasant dinner at Rome, in the hotel, out of the long narrow Corso—shall I forget its prison-looking palaces and grated windows, and the old Irish general in the Pope's service always ready to talk about the brick-work mountains, where the green fennel grows, and that particular Guido in the chapel up the now-silent Suburra?"

"If you come to pleasant dinners, when the fresh hope and imagination of travelling burn at the heart,

commend me to Venice, where red-capped men, strong against blue skies, compose perpetual impromptu Titians at every bridge end; where black arches are pierced through by black gondolas, and opal fish and golden melons are thrown out for sale beneath the porphyry state of crumbling palaces. I like to dine at the *Mocenigo*, and hear from the window the splash of the mellow wave in the court-yard, or the jangle of the idle fishermen on the quays below."

"Oh, if it comes to descriptions, why not Switzerland, with the honest noonday dinner in some William Tell village, on cow's udder and black bread, or milk and curds, in a look-out chalet half-way up to heaven; or, if you like it, a more solemn meal at, say Schaffhausen, with the multitudinous roaring thunder music of the fall still in your ears. Imagine yourself fresh from the real walking tourist's pleasures, your back sore with the knapsack, your feet blistered, the skin off your feet, having travelled too fast to see anything, and being too tired to enjoy. Next you is a phlegmatic, red-faced German, known in Jena as the 'Beer Exterminator,' who, in order not to appear before the theological examiners with ten sabre scars on his face, has just been conscientiously run through the body invisibly with an insinuating small sword, in a quarrel about a pipe and a poodle. He is now travelling for health, and has apparently discovered the elixir of life in a huge

beer jug, just as the alchymists did in the gin bottle; around us are strange homely dishes, the fragrant little mountain strawberries, the brown burned-sugar sauce, the thin, savoury soup, and the pleasant wine vinegar. We look out at the silent market-place, where the bare, white stones, rounded by constant diligence-wheels, bask in the dancing and flickering heat, and a fountain is jerking out its cool spout of water in the solemn hush of dinner-time. Then, playing with the wine-glass, and stamping circles on the cloth, we stare meditatively out of the window at the diligence, with its huge leather hood, doing penance in the burning sunlight, and fall a talking over red-lined maps and cobwebbed charts, with side glances at admonitory clocks and faithful pocket compasses about rocky paths not far from the Aiguille Rouge, where the way is strewn with resinous cones, and the bees hum round the pines; or of paradise valleys, such as those below the Hospice where we slept, where endless torrents streamed from the rocky crag above to the swarded meadows below, as if the chalets had been swept away by the *tourmente*, and floods of escaped milk were racing down into the valleys."

"I remember just such a day at the Grimsel," said I, "when I got eloquent, partly from a bottle of scented fire, called Hock, that arose like an essence into my brain, and filtered upwards through my imagination, and partly from sitting next a pretty, innocent girl,

pure and fair as the soul of a lily. A toilsome walk, that I tried to think adventurous, had brought me from Andermatt, the green terrace of meadow underneath the height of the terrible Saint Gothard, where the thunders sing their awful hymns—through copses of bog-myrtle, and up great slopes, running over with crimson torrents of Alp roses, and over the great chaps and splits in the ribbed back of the Dragon glacier, that hangs like a white sword from heaven, a century between every movement, and yet is sure and cruel in its destruction as the lava torrent. Then up the height where even the marmot's whistle brings down the toppling avalanche, past giants' building yards, and shivered Babels of broken rock, on to the low peak of ice that the sunshine films with the gold of transfiguration. Then a slide down eighty feet of snow, a laugh and a tumble; a perilous slipping on Titan staircases of rock, the cold Dead Man's lake, and the sombre hospice; to find within a blaze of lights, and a choir of cheering and tumultuous voices."

"Yes," said the merry cynic, clapping a *bis*, "and the first words you hear as you enter, with a mind subdued by such batteries of beauty, is, 'Let me see, dinner, 5 francs, without wine—infamous. I won't sleep in that dog-hole. I'm an English gentleman, and I will not submit to extortion. No, sir, I'll write to the *Times*.'"

"Oh, not bad that; but remember those happy

travelling days which the Arab says are not counted in life, for they fan and do not quench the vital flame."

"Only the vagrant artist knows the real luxury of travel, as, breaking forth like a Bedouin from the busy crowd that fill the courtyard of the hotel, where coroneted carriages are piling with black and white portmanteaus, and insolent grooms arrange seats for the still more insolent lady's-maids, and pompous whiskered baronets deliver imperious directions about their imperials, and ask ridiculous questions of obsequious couriers, who, with travelling caps and *beutels* crammed with francs, shrug and bow as my lady and her Wilhelmina, wriggling in sunset clouds of swelling muslin, step into the travelling carriage—the vagrant artist jerks up his familiar knapsack, clutches his faithful Alp stick, scarred with records of mountain victories, strides out into the open, free, and glad, and strong, determined to find out the site of Paradise, if it be in any valley this side the Wengen Alps."

"Then the rest at the milk-coloured brook, and the pull at the fiery *cherrywater* spirit; or the cool draught of milk in the open platform of the inn of the '*Magic Huntsman*,' or the 'Three Confederates.'"

"Or the honest weariness, as, half way up some tremendous buttress of a mountain, you fall back on your dear old knapsack deep in Alp roses, with their crisp leaves; or where gentians, hare-bells, and

pansies, fringing the rock, match shadows upon the smooth slabs of red granite."

"And, half in a doze, you hear the anvil smite of the avalanche, and see its white spit of smoke miles away on the brow of the opposite glacier, that zigzags like a huge scaly serpent down into the valley, the streams winding from its jaws like quivering stings."

"I have a thousand such halting-places in my mind, sometimes far up amid the cold smoke-wreaths of the higher Alps, sometimes at the edge of a chasm, where the blue hare-bells quake in terror, as the white torrent and the yellow plunge down together in rapturous union."

"Yes; or better still, half way up a lower mountain stretched under a balmy pine, to hear the lessening sound of the cow-bells, as, treading down the fragrant thyme that in a dry net crusts the pebbles, the flocks wind up through the aromatic air, across the open terraces and soft, green slopes, to the distant châlets, where centuries ago in the pious old times—"

"About the Bartholomew massacre times."

"—the long birch bark horns sounded at sunset their call to prayer from peak to peak, scaring the timid chamois to jerking leaps from blue crag to crag, and rousing the loathsome and gorged lamb-vulture from his meal on the dead hunter."

"Then the long ramble, deliciously tiring, at twilight, through the golden flax field in the valley,

where the frail, thin, blue flowers—blue as my *fraulein's* eyes—are growing heavy with the precious dew, so grateful and blessed, after the fierce Indian heat of a Swiss noontide. This is life's golden age."

"Better than that imaginary time when kings lived on acorns, and their happy subjects munched the cups. When taxes were not, and the first gallows grew gaily in the forest."

"Describe in a word, happy vagrant and King of Bohemia, one or two more moments of Swiss travel. The first view of the Alps at daybreak, *par exemple*, as, jolted awake in the Zurich diligence, we look out, mazed and giddy, with that sort of delirious stupidity common to men drowsily awakened from a dog's sleep, and see those frozen gods seated in their white-robed senate, with the paleness of the judgment-day upon their faces, as they sit waiting for the dawn. As that moment rushes up into the brain to remain there till it falls to dust, I know not what new sense of eternity and immortality—I know not what sense of beauty, and divinity, and gratitude, and praise, fills the heart."

"Bravo!"

"Or what do you say of that night round the pine-log flare and blaze in the cheese-room of the chalet, with rude, half-savage shepherds singing their *patois* songs, and ladling up pails of smoking milk with broad, shallow, wooden spoons?"

"And that last moment, when trampling the Alps

under foot, we rushed down in our thirty-franc war chariot into Italia, and entered Duomo d'Ossola; our horses covered with chesnut boughs like Romans in a triumph."

"Do you set down annoyances in black letters, in a black-edged corner of your mind, or do you sponge them out at once like the trifling memoranda of a mantel-piece tablet?"

"I? Oh, I jot them down for amusing remembrance; for I am one of those happy fellows who regard not dust as dust, but only notice it when slanting, dancing, and golden in the sunbeam. When other men bite their nails and fret, I amuse myself with drawing, or smoke and philosophize; if the annoyance grows insolent and antagonistic, I club my stick and knock it down. Insolent douaniers, truculent gendarmes, and imperious passport officials, I caricature on my thumb-nail, and take comfort."

"Do I not remember, too, the divine patience with which, in a crumpled heap, wedged in between two knuckling portmanteaus, and smothered in dust sauce, dry as snuff, I was hauled in a pestilent diligence from Berne to Geneva, the gay foster-mother city of Calvin and Voltaire? Then that deformed *char-à-banc* horse that drew me to Friburg—drew? —one would think he was drawing a tooth by the repeated jerks and twists by which he finally attained his object, and reached the crumbling old city, as bony and rusty as he started. Should I mention the

memorable drive to Sorrento, when the absurd bandit Jarvey was all the time—not driving, but fly-fishing: now whipping round my hat, now garotting my throat, and, finally, all but twitching off my right ear with great success? Should I fail to chronicle the jingling ride from Milan to Coccaglio, in the old post-chaise, squeezed in between two Italian donnas, fat as cushions, and vulgar as bankrupt aldermen's wives, who did nothing but fan their greasy, yellow faces, and drink *vino d'Asti* out of black bottles, corked with stoppers of maize leaves, tying their bonnets, with admirable prudence and taste, to the wagging dusty shafts of the bright red *velocifero*, so called from its astonishing progress of four painful miles the hour."

"For real misery," I said, "to give zest to a bright, hot morning, next to the cold night-sliding over Mount Cenis, commend me to a ride in a close diligence. Drat the old square leather box, with its musty linings, and the loops for your arms where you swing and sway in hopeless prostration of mind, and unmanly subjection to all jolts, bumps, tumbles, and shakings, imbecilely hoping that you are near the next inn where the horses change,—trying to coax sleep by all sorts of fantastic expedients, fancying yourself now dropping through space from Jupiter's arms to the lap of Venus, or imagining yourself asleep in the hay beside your open *Robinson Crusoe*, as in the old school days, gradually focussing on one subject, and subsiding into a muddy and turbid sea of sleep;

then a splitting jolt and rise and fall, that drives you into full wakefulness, to find that you are jammed in between two bolster-stomached, snoring priests, a groaning peasant woman, and a sucking child, the windows hermetically down, and the view outside a rolling prairie of dust, with occasional phantom glimpses by grey night, by the straggling lamplight, of the inn or the conductor's link, who, with cheering cry of 'Vite! vite!' and 'Hola!' and 'Courage!' and pistol-shot cracks of the whip, runs up hill by the side of the horses. As you settle again, a pain comes on in your hip, then it shifts to your shoulder; now it is in your back, now in your neck; you doze again half stifled with heat, and just as you settle down into green pastures, and are dreaming of lime-trees all musical with bees, the old diligence subsides slowly into rest, and a jargon of voices, with a few curses, and a jingle of chains, tells you that the post-house is reached, and you blunder out again to sleepily grope about for the hot coffee which you know must be preparing somewhere for the expected travellers."

"A true bill enough; but nothing to a landsman's miseries in a dirty Sicilian steamer, when one has to sleep on deck because the cabins are all full. The first night, before the sea legs and sea stomach have come, when the sight of that loathsome, miserable dwarf steward, who is always hurrying from the little kitchen on deck, down brass-bound cabin stairs with mammoth boiled greasy legs of mutton, or preparing

reeking butter toast with a paste-brush, makes your nausea rise; and when the cheerful sound of knives and forks, and the dealing round of plates and the chink of glasses below rouses your gall, and you feel a deserted leper dying alone in the burning desert.

"Then that awful rock of the horizon, that dreadful dip every three minutes, that chilling flutter of spray to windward, and that great milky white roadway of froth at the vessel's stern, which you look at dismally; while everybody else is pacing up and down, and blowing red sparks from their cigars, in rivalry of the big black funnel above. Reflect on the hopeful settle down at nightfall in some snug nook, with plaid and mackintosh and horsecloth, only to rub your elbows sore against the deck, and to awake at dismal intervals to listen to that never-tiring throb, and jerk, and vibration of the steam-monster that is fed on fire, and to hear that black stoker who crams its jaws every five minutes with great shovel-fulls of food, as attentive as an old bird to its gaping young. How well I remember the funeral-bell, that strikes so sharp and decisively the hours and watches; the quick, short command of the captain, who paces about the paddle-boxes, and never seems to sleep; the busy stamping of the men, who suddenly bustle about, hauling at some sail without any ostensible reason, till we are aware of the slow, chilly crawl of morning, and that rocking horizon and boiled leg of mutton all over again."

"Apropos of nothing," said I, "what do you think of the present state of English art, of which many are so sanguine?"

"Well, not much; prove it pays, and England will be an art country to-morrow. By the rolling gold of corn-fields young Giottos will then draw the silly sheep; and puny poets, resting the monotonous click-clack of the bird-clapper, watch with kindling eye the seraph lark as it is sucked up through blue whirl-pools of glory to the cloud that is its lover."

"Well, but are schools of design in every city and town nothing? Are our increasing public statues nothing? Is universal photography nothing? Are the thousands of cheap engravings, fluttering about the land, nothing? Is everything nothing? Why now, the poorest student, only just awakening from the child's impulse of scratching outlines on the wall, can attain access to museums where he may brood over the finest conceptions of the Greek. Jones and Phidias, Smith and Agasias are now introduced and exchange thought. Jones is taught to see, he is taught to believe, that in the simplest leaf there is enough to exhaust the observation of a Newton, and the eyesight of a lifetime. He is led to watch the modification of colours, by light and shade, how one bleaches and the other tints it; the breadth which is its unity, and the detail which is its variety; the superficial and the underlying, the near and the far, the part and the whole, the

material and spiritual, the objective and the subjective."

"True enough; and what do these schools do? Teach our half-educated men to design tea-cups and Manchester patterns, if they are money-making; or, if they are vain or ambitious, to hang out daubed portraits over dentists' cases of teeth, and to multiply the number of second-hand portrait painters, who caricature humanity, and immortalize ugliness."

"Well, but photography is educating the country by steam, and teaching thousands the first principles of art as by an electric shock. It reaches where no engraving has ever penetrated—where only slippery Lalla Rookh beauties and tinsel T. P. Cookes would otherwise obtain currency. True, it ruins swarms of third-rate portrait-painters, who turn photographists, and so gain by their losses. It will also eventually drive out of cottages the race of spotted cats, china shepherdesses, simpering Samuels, ridiculous brides, and red and brown hunting scenes; but what harm?"

"Photography shows us nature in a snow-storm of high lights and in shadows of soot—nature in a state of cutaneous disease, and covered with boils and blains."

"Be fair, be fair! Of course in new discoveries, as a poor man said to me the other day, 'There is always a somethink;' but don't regard it as art, only as an education for art. It shows us what finish

there is in nature, how much there is in nature, how easily one surpasses a bad picture, and how little one can hope to rival a good one. It is art without selection and composition—nature without colour."

"Before I had travelled much, I fell into your Utopian error, and placed the golden age before me as some place it behind. I thought, even with George III.'s pig-tail in sight, that a great time was coming. Old masters were going down. Poussin I voted a windy-fellow of bombast, Claude a builder of barley-sugar temples, Salvator Rosa a dauber of mud rocks. But when I really saw foreign art, I began to think we were all but so many painters of cabinet pictures; without religion, without thought, without purpose—mere jesting satirists, purveyors of boudoir furniture, of pretty faces, and showy portraits. Why, my dear fellow, deceive ourselves with these saintly fancies of dead monks and forgotten Florentines? Art exists in England only to ornament drawing-rooms, and preserve the memory of rich people's fancies. Portraits block up the Academy. Portrait painters are Royal Academicians. Portrait painters are rich, and live at the West End. Historical painting is unknown. Large painting, the necessary vehicle of large thought, is homeless. Our water-colour painters show us mere fair-weather, smooth things; their skies are bluer than God's, their sun brighter; they paint only the pretty, clean, and respectable drawing-room—beauty, and not truth. Our painters

do not think, do not read that they may think; they believe all nature ever did, and all the imagination ever conceived, is incarnated in *Gil Blas*, *Don Quixote*, Molière, and Shakspere. They are afraid to go out of those four well-known books, for fear the rich buying public may not know what they have been painting, They are not religious, because the world is not religious. They are not earnest, because the world is not earnest. So they paint Puseyite cloister toys, apostles with smooth hair and soft hands, pretty soubrettes, plates of grapes, and conservatory plants. One man, a genius, too, paints thousands of plums; and another—a lady—millions of azaleas; the water-colour artist miles of clear wash lakes, and red and blue peasants; and one great man, who, with more muscle and single-heartedness, might have been a Rubens, condescends to great men's lap-dogs; and another, to country gentlemen's prize Southdowns. Bah! we are all pinmakers in art—two men to a pin: one is a life-time making its head, and another a lifetime sharpening the point."

"Now, come, come; modern art is very healthy and honest, and though it may run small, and be of a rather nervous and over-sensitive temperament —rather sketching than perfecting, rather planning than finishing—it is fresh; it does a new thing; it likes daylight, and, showing a love and beauty in common things, multiplies our pleasures."

"Give me Venice and its art," said Vaughan; "I like the great old-world men; row me, gondolier, swift to San Marco, between the two columns of the lion and St. Theodore; I see the incense burn; I see the jaspers and the porphyry of the pavement, rolling and uneven as the sea; observe the tinted gold of the mosaics, the painted saints, the tombs, the altars; then away to the Doge's palace, and to the Tintorettos; lastly to the great Titian, to Peter the martyr, and kneel and worship, for you cannot help it."

"At Venice," said I—getting rather tired of art—"I had the greatest fright I ever had in my life. I had been staying six weeks in Milan, and came to the city of waters by night to avoid the heat. The crashing artillery of a thunder-storm awoke me just as we passed the first causeway that led to Venice, and my first glimpse of its white domes was by a flash of lightning. I came there in a storm and left in a whirlwind. Wandering out of the custom-house at daybreak, cold and wan after the storm, tired, angry, and weary, as men always leave custom-houses, I found myself on the chill, dark, desolate quay at four o'clock in the morning. At sight of me, as sleeping wolves at a stray colt ambling towards their haunt, leaped up a rapacious crowd of expectant faqini and gondoliers, who pelted me with a hailstorm of applications:—'Hotel Mocenigo—Hotel Danieli—Hotel de l'Europe—Albergo Italiano—vary

good, sare — gondola! gondola!! GONDOLA!!!' I plunged into a floating hearse; my brown leather portmanteau rolled in after me. I slipped into the black cabin-house, with its broad, smooth, black leather cushions, fringed with black, and its brass coffin-plate door. I shouted out 'Albergo de Mocenigo,' remembering a Doge of that venerable name; in a moment we had broken from that jostling shock of gondolas, and were gliding with strong jerks along the grand canal, past moored fishing-boats, crazy melon-boats, and sleeping boatmen. A pale, deathlike daybreak shone on the ruined palaces and their crumbling marbles. Full of hope, I leaped out of the gondola as its steel fiddle end grated the stones of the water stairs, and I stood in the Hotel Mocenigo—once a palace. At Rome I, the Briton, one of that race that a Roman conquered, was welcomed by bowing landlord and prostrate waiters; in Venice only the roll of a distant Austrian drum, harsh and insolent, struck on my ears as an imperious yet sleepy Boots shuffled forward, raced his finger up a long table of numbers in the hall, called out, '*Venti due!*' rang a bell, pointed to a stone staircase, and subsided again into sleep. Beds were in demand in Venice. I had only one portmanteau; ergo I was not worth a franc to a Boots: so Boots slept the sleep of the just. Ascending the stairs, I was received by a greasy waiter, who led me through many stone-paved, black corridors, up many stairs;

at last he called out '*Venti due!*' pointed to that number painted in black in a mortuary manner over a door, led me into a small, dark, burial vault, opened the shut windows, wheeled round an arm-chair, indicated the inner bedroom, and left me. As the sound of his slippered feet-flaps died away down a distant staircase, a horrid chill and creeping fear came on me. A stifled smell of new paint filled the room, old warning of Milan friends came across me. The *cholera was in Venice*, smiting right and left Dandolo and boatman, Austrian commandante in the citadel, melon-seller in the meanest church porch. I was a fool. I had walked into a black pit-fall. I had got into the room of a traveller just dead of the cholera. Was not the first smell of the canal like bilge-water? Did not I seem even now dead, and the same loathsome smell about me? I looked out; a melancholy slow rain, full of miasma, was falling. The only view was a narrow, back, paved street, choked with the smell of decaying fish and rotten melon skins. I felt sick—more sick—headache—slight cramp. I should be worse—worse—die. That yellow sheet would cover my blue face to-night. I should die far away from home, unknown. No one would ever know my end. My death would be a mystery and a gnawing expectancy for years. Oh, that smell! I'm worse! Furred tongue! Sleep? No sleep for me! I can stand this no longer. I pull the bell, and its restless clang echoes through the immense house—a distant door

slams—two voices meet—there is a shutter opened—something unbolted—more voices—the house is up. Thank God!—a step nearer. Yes, on my stairs—at my door!

"'Che volete, signor?' (*blandly.*)

"'Caffe al latte, e presto.'

"It comes smoking hot, black, and sweet. I sip—I am better. The dreadful disease has not yet begun. I go out, complaining of my room—am shown to the kindly landlord, in his royal glass bureau, am installed instead '*quarant' otto,*' and invested with the key. A sea view. I stroll out. The sun comes too. I forget the cholera and the smell, and am entranced. It is a moment of beatification to stand thus in a long-expected place. A busy, ragged vagabond of a gondolier joined me as I looked up at the Campanile, and by dint of looking up when I looked up, and down when I looked down, smile for smile, inquiry for inquiry, attracted my attention. He was a cicerone—*buonissimo*—knew every picture, the tomb of every signor—the house of Madame Taglioni—the graves of the Doges! Was that good? *e benè,* he shook his hand horizontally, in a deprecating and ridiculous manner, and entreated me to wait till I saw something else. He amused and cheated me; and from that hour till I left I never thought again of the cholera—Lido to Giudecca, picture to statué, doge to danseuse—not a qualm more; for I soon found, to tell the truth, the daily number of

deaths much lessened, and the cholera altogether abating."

"A good instance of imaginary fears," said the vagrant artist, who was already preparing his portfolio to depart; for the latter part of this conversation, though thrown in a mass, took place in the steamer from Friedrickshafen to Constance—"something like my drum-dream at Milan. I arrived in that Lombard city at night, after a long ride from Maggiore in the diligence, through the fat, level plains and maize fields, where the frogs croak and the fire-flies glitter. My first glimpse of the Duomo was by moonlight, its pure, sharp marble gleaming out like walls of dead silver. I went into an hotel on the piazza, was shown up into the clean, stone-paved room, and fell asleep. About daybreak a chilling dread mixed with my dreams; a sense of rage and fear, of struggle, of dread, and apprehension. My heart seemed to beat so loud that I could hear nothing else. I moved and turned—strange room. England? no; abroad—Italy—Milan—throb again. I rise up and run to the window, throw back the green Venetian shutter, and look out. Drums! Drums!! Austrian drums; and far and near slope the shining bayonets over the white-coats, as they defile past —for these are troublous times, and there are rumours of outbreak amongst the green bannered men. "But, halloo! here is Constance, its white walls break through the mist, and there's the ferry bell on

the pier ringing. Good-bye! and if you do ever come near this address, No. 2, Southampton Street, Fitzroy Square, give your old travelling companion, Robert Vaughan, a look in. Addio!"

CHAPTER II.

TWISTING THE BOWSTRING.

THE green bowstring—that wholesome ameliorator of Turkish despotism — was secretly twisting for Abdul-Medjid that very August morning when, in the *Royal Addlehead* (Austrian Lloyd's) steamer, I clove through the white woolly fog that filled the Bosphorus, and swept down into the Golden Horn. A plot, unseen to me, was already thickening like that fog.

But for a dark cypress pinnacle or two, and here and there something that looked like a gilt teacup turned bottom upwards, and which I supposed not irrationally to be the dome of a mosque, and but for here and there, I say, the needle-pointed spire of a minaret crowned by a crescent, that seething Eastern city might have very well passed for sable London, and Galata might have been the Tower Wharf on a November morning. It was very cool and steamy, and my unromantic mind was occupied with but one thought, and that thought was hot coffee. I would, I vow, at that selfish and material moment, have

given a whole haremful of dove-eyed Circassians for a potful of smoking coffee: so jaded, sleepy, befogged, and tired was I. I had come to see the city of the Sultan, and I found myself at a muggy place that looked like St. Katharine's Docks in a November fog. And this is what you call travelling!

We had been up romantically early, by preconceived poetical plan (for at poetical places every one likes to be poetical)—three in the morning I think it was—to see the *Royal Addlehead* enter the Bosphorus. A ghastly *réveil* it was, rising hurriedly by lamplight, looking hopelessly through the still opaque porthole, seeing a grey sea racing by with ferocious speed, and with a slight effervescence of rage on its clenched lips—rising by lamplight, (Lord help us!) staggering into one another's trousers, and crawling hopelessly up-stairs for the delightful view, looking like wretches saved from a wreck, who had just heard a sail was in sight, yet were too broken down by hunger and misery to cheer even at that. It was delightful indeed; the demon who presides over the Home Department of Sham (a most onerous and important post of the Satanic Disunited Kingdom) must have got up very early too, that morning, and been specially delighted at our empty, ridiculous raptures at what would have been "exquisite" if a great brewer's vat of smoking white fog had not swallowed it all up, and left us nothing, not even our great consul's palace, not even a

glimpse of the English burial-ground on the cliff at Scutari.

And here let me leave the deck and go below again, to dilate with bilious spleen on the melancholy joys of early rising, and the doleful penitential pleasures of travellers' ante-daybreaks; the chilly, sickly half-hour before the red blood flows back into the corpse cheek of dead day, and the Lazarus "morn," led by a sunbeam, emerges radiant and divine from the burial tomb of night. Waking by lamplight—the light you seem to have shut your tired, bored eyes upon but half an hour ago,—how you grope for the never-to-be-found watch! how you linger in a stupid, imbecile, irresolute way, watching your watch's hands chase each other over the dial, the tall quick brother dodging and running round his slow fat brother, till by-and-by, like pulling out a tooth, drowsy and unrefreshed, you throw off the clothes suddenly, and put one shrinking foot out into the cold-water air, just as if you were bathing, and it was a little too late in the season! No one turned out yet; steward—a wily Greek—asleep, with his jaded head on a pile of camp stools, and a sodden cigarette, long since gone out, clipped in his dirty fingers. Every curtain drawn across the little bins and dog-kennels of beds. One alone (that vivacious little clerk from a silk house in Smyrna, who calls himself a Macedonian, and prides himself on being a compatriot of Alexander the Great) has in the contortions of sleep

wound himself round his curtain, so that he looks like a corpse decently swathed and bandaged for sea burial. The clothes of everybody hang still on the outside pegs, or repose on the black horsehair cushions of the divan seat beneath. Yes, the young Turkish priest has taken off his neat green turban, so trimly and dandily twisted; his sash and long black robe, and his neat boots and outside goloshes lie there upon the floor, waiting for him. The Bohemian baker and the learned Russian professor, Alexis Strongenoff, snore in perfect time and tune, and there, by the Bohemian baker's bed, is that wonderful green conical hat, with the broad green ribbon and steel buckle, which has been, during our passage down the Danube and across the treacherous Black Sea, the wonder and delight of many. There, too, on peg No. 4, right-hand side, beside some dirty cards, is the curious flat, broad, white cap of the Russian Colonel Karkoff, a deadly player at pool, and a very gallant soldier, though he does wear what resembles a large white unbaked muffin on his astute head.

Need I detail any more the horrors of early rising on board the *Royal Addlehead*—how, begirt with snores and disturbed grumbles, I groped about, looking for water and finding none? Shall I relate how, in the struggling, curdled daylight, I found myself washing my face with sour wine, and rinsing my mouth with cognac? how, at last, tired and seedy, I crept up the brass-bound stairs to be greeted

with a rolling swill from a German sailor's wash-bucket? and how, finally, my heroic and self-denying exertions were crowned by my having a fine view of what a Turkish soldier said was the shore of the Bosphorus?

Only last night, waltzing on the wharf at Galatz to the music of an Austrian bird organ, and now—the wobegone crew we were on this Stygian shore!—clinging to ropes, sitting on green dank seats, watching stamped and labelled luggage marked "Stamboul" being swung up from the hold out almost on the bowsprit;. there we are, in half an hour from my Lazarus-like emerging, all eager for the Golden City, now hidden by the fog which the enchanters had raised about it. The German actress from Bonn, and her pretty little arch-daughter, Thekla, were in despair, and the prettiest little scornful shrugs indicated that hopeless state. The rustic baker was stolid and patient; the vivacious Smyrna clerk, of Macedonian blood, but Servian born, was melancholy, for he said the Turks were a stupid, silent people, and did not like conversation and the *bel esprit;* young Snaffle, the Leicestershire squire, regretfully remarked "what a day it was for the partridges, and wondered how he could have been such a d-dash'd fool as to leave England;" while the stout old gentleman, Snaffle senior, who played the flute all over the Black Sea when there was no wind, thought it delightful, and made absurd geographical inquiries of old Turks who did

not understand him as to where the "Sea of Memory" (Marmora) was, always mistaking the Galata side of the Golden Horn for the Stamboul side, and Tophana for the Seraglio Point.

The chemical properties of a fog are as well known as its ingredients, even to the London pinch of carbonated hydrogen, that makes your eyes smart and your tongue behave badly; but I know perfectly well (and it is no use keeping it from me) that the fog on that special August morning, glooming white over the domes, and minarets, and prisons, and baths, and mosques, and bazaars of Stamboul, was a diabolical fog of *his* (you know who I mean) special brewing, and that what really was going on everywhere in those matted seraglios, and those steamy bath-rooms, and those little dirty coffee-shops, and that large barrack stable, was

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for a certain white and royal neck. Yes, some even of those sinewy men in the striped silk shirts, that kept quivering their oars, in their swallow-winged boats, all round our vessel, waiting for us, their prey, knew of it; so, perhaps, did those three dervishes, in the brown, flower-pot, felt caps, I met toiling up to Pera; so, perhaps, did that sentinel in the dirty blue coat and red fez whom we passed at the half-way guard-house; so, perhaps, that very hammal (porter), with the knot on his back, and the ragged wisp of a green

turban, whom I engaged to carry my red diamonded portmanteau and my red diamonded hat-box up the dreadful hill that leads to Misseri's hotel at Pera—the Royal Monopoly Hotel.

But to go back to the ship. It was just as I had tied together my plaid and stick, feed the steward, shaken hands with the Bohemian baker, exchanged parting sentences with the Smyrna clerk, and generally wished good-bye to the captain and crew, that the fog began to curdle closer and closer, to steam and boil thinner and thinner, to filter and clarify, till slowly, slowly the red arrows of the Sultan sun pierced it through and through, like an enchanted changing monster, hell-born that it was, driving through its cloudy brain and heart keen, sharp, red golden darts, tipped with fire; so that finally releasing reluctantly the great dying city of the sick man for whom the bowstring was twisting, from its acres of cloudy claws, it rolled and folded away till it melted, and vanished over the golden ridge of distant Olympus. Then, as once on the mountain near Jerusalem, rose before our eyes a new city and a new earth, dome after dome, minaret after minaret, cypress after cypress, fire-tower and mosque of the old city of Constantine, marshalled phalanxes of houses, river wall, and kiosk, and deserted palace; and over all, in that morning splendour, could I but have seen it, was a comet's fiery-threatening sword, hanging by a thread from Heaven. The harvest,

truly, was ripe, and I could almost hear as I listened the angel reaper grinding his sickle.

But what time had I for these carrion-crow forebodings as I jolted down the ship's black-grated ladder, balanced myself for a moment in a denunciating position to still the jabbering uproar of thirteen conflicting Turkish boatmen, who all seized different parts of me at once, and dropped into a keen-pointed kyjik portmanteau, hat-box, plaid, stick, and all; my Panama hat firmly thrust on, and my mouth full of newly-learned Turkish, eager to leap out on the smallest provocation, I was as eager to land as Cæsar at Dover, or William at Hastings; so on I dashed, first man, to reach the shore, leaving the two Snaffles, the baker, the Smyrna clerk, the little actress, and all of them, in various stages of despair. It was selfish, but early rising had soured me, and up I leaped when the boat's snout touched the foot of the wooden bridge that joins Stamboul to Galata—the Frank quarter—like an Irish serjeant leading a forlorn hope up the fiery gap at Badajoz. It was like walking up a wall going to Pera.

I was thinking of Nourreddin and the Fair Persian, of the Calendar Brothers, of Sinbad, now steward on board a Broussa steamer, and of Aladdin, that little Turk there, gnawing at a red pomegranate. I had no thoughts then of conspiracy, nor knew that black gunpowder was padded soft and thick under the very ground I trod on; yes, under those very mountains

of shivered laths, and bricks, and tiles, those dust-hills of wet and dry lime, which always lend variety to the traveller's first walk from the brink of the Golden Horn, which is called Galata, to the corpse-city of the Lower Empire, which is called Stamboul. How can I, too, even if I had thought of it, think quietly over the thunder-cloud pressing on the sleeping palace yonder, across the blue water, when every moment I am nearly swept from the face of the earth by donkeys laden with trailing deal planks, destructive as the scythe-winged chariots of Boadicea's army; when, after that, come swaddling panniers of Perote mules, brimming with peaches or running over with grapes; when, now a porter, toppling under a Broadwood piano, now, an Armenian, Atlasing a square coop of some forty barn-door fowls, meet me full butt, and, regardless of all shilling "books of etiquette," drive me, whether I will or no, against wall or into shop, or down side alley, anywhere and everywhere, roaring out, with the brazen lungs peculiar to porters, the Turkish caution, "Sakin!" (take care), or the *lingua franca* one, "Guardia!" the final *a* being prolonged to a sort of howl, half warning, half threatening. Add to this a swarm of mounted Turkish pashas and their insolent attendants, Frank nursemaids, Greek priests, Roman Catholic padres, sisters of mercy in white-winged head-dresses, cosmopolite couriers, loathsome beggars, dwarfs, eunuchs, soldiers, and itinerant salesmen, and you have some

small idea of what hindrances meditation meets with, in the perpendicular sweltering street leading from Galata below to Pera above.

What were the real causes, my readers will want to know, of the great conspiracy brewing at the very time when I planted my foot in the ancient city, whose people are corpses, whose faith is fossilized, and whose Sultan is a mummy? I will try to explain them.

I am a slow-blooded man myself, but I have my boiling point. As certainly as at so many feet up a mountain the mosses change into perpetual snow, so certainly has every man this boiling point. Nations, *too*, have their boiling point, as kings and tyrants have learnt long before this, to their bitter cost. It was that very boiling point of impatient suffering that Turkey had just reached, and that was why that enchanted morning when I first set foot on the wooden bridge of Constantinople, so many thousand brown and busy hands were busily employed in the dark, in

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That was why in great barrack khans frosty-faced grim Circassians, and in matted convent rooms absorbed-looking dervishes, were twisting so busily that foggy morning when, hearty and cheerful, I shouldered my way to the house that is set on a hill; that was why the little sinewy bowstring was then

twisting by a thousand hands in horse-bazaar, in cemetery, among turbaned tombstones, by defaced monuments of Janissaries, on shipboard under tarred awnings, in *cafés*, in dim shops, in gardens away by ruined aqueducts, among the very galley slaves themselves, as, with the malice of hell upon their hideous faces, they cluster round the post to which their great master, the Smyrniote murderer Katerji, is chained like a Prometheus, muttering and balancing their ponderous chains as future weapons in their devilish hands. The city, that morning, could I but have seen below the surface, was one great factory, where thousands of hands were employed in twisting a single green bowstring. If you could have seen, however, their quiet, stealthy faces, and the cold, fatalist smile that moved lip and brow, you would have thought it was some religious red cordon of honour they were weaving and plaiting for the descendant of the Prophet, instead of the death cord.

They had wrongs—deep wrongs—these Turkish people, and that simmering froth that foretold boiling over, did not arise in the great Turkish pot without a reason. There were two classes of malcontents: the European party, who could get no reforms introduced, owing to the Sultan's debauched apathy and sottish selfishness; and the old Mussulman party, who were horrified and alarmed at their miserable Sardanapalus becoming the tool and puppet of insolent, foreign, infidel, stiff-legged, stiff-backed old ambas-

sadors, and who attributed all to Allah's anger at the vices and godless open wine-bibbing of the Imbecile who spent his time in building card houses, and throwing his country's gold into the foundation pits of new palaces. These two armies of conspirators, meeting at some cross-road of joint sympathy, seem to have been there recruited by a third party of neutrals, less abstract men, who had to complain bitterly of over-taxes wasted on royal extravagance, of wronged women, of wine hateful to the Prophet, of wicked and base-born favourites, of frontier lines neglected, of a navy decaying to a toy fleet; of cruelty, crime, and misrule; of pashas overpaid for putting provinces to the rack for money, of revenue wasted in collecting, and of a thousand other small evils springing up daily like poisonous seeding fungi on the dead trunk of a fallen oak.

To swell these three allied bands, poured in too a great, bloodthirsty, fierce, irrestrainable, unreasoning, armed mob of soldiers, complaining of eight months' pay owing; and, at the back of these, conspicuous in their high, white-wool caps, came some thousands of exiled Circassians, driven from their country on the surrender of their great saint, hero, and chieftain Schamyl, and now starving in the streets of Stamboul for want of the miserable stipend promised, but never given them, by the fool Sultan, the guilty misruler of an angry and resentful nation. On the banners of all these united rebels was to have been blazoned the

cry, "Give us a responsible Government!" but I fear that the wild rabble at the back of these standard-bearers, of these venerable, snow-bearded priests and grave religious men, might, after all, in a moment of heat, revenge, and forgetfulness, have rashly used the green bowstring that had been so long a twisting. No doubt, as in all revolutions, there was, too, a blood party, who wished to convince their enemies by cutting their throats. So much the worse for the foreman of the State, who had received such good wages for such bad work. A bad king is a dishonest servant, and should be driven out as such, and will be whenever his people grow wise enough: for royalty is an expensive luxury, and all we men like our money's worth.

As for the massacre of the Christians, it was never dreamed of, and the rumour must have arisen from the mere discovery that many of the violent Mahometan and fanatic party were in the plot. The object of those men was the object for which our own fathers fought so well and so bravely at Naseby and at Culloden against John and against Richard, against Charles and against James; so let us not now, snug in port, sit on the pier-head, sneering and laughing at the poor Turkish fishing-boat still battling and writhing under the storm.

But one feeling, on that day of the disclosure, filled the stores of Galata and the cafés of Pera, and that was, deep regret that so wise, just, and tem-

perate a conspiracy had not been successful. The wisest men among the Turks had been heard to say so, within the very precincts of the Porte itself. Everybody had long felt that the country was rushing to ruin, and preferred the first throw out into the red ditch to the crush and smash against the stone wall or the turnpike-gate.

I believe that the day the news had come of the using the bowstring, not a hand would have shaken or a face turned pale in the shops or banking-houses of Galata and Pera. I am sure the sun would not have hid his face or the moon put a cloudy handkerchief to her eyes. Lonely as Pompey on the sea-shore, that poor, dead debauchee would have been thrown on gilded cushions, the courtier flies kept from him only, perhaps, by the loving hand of some poor wronged and forgotten exile of Circassia. But let him take care; there are bowstrings yet in Turkey, and hands to use them, if the galling chain be not soon broken and the worrying pasha dogs whipped back to their Stamboul barrack kennels!

But let me not talk of the conspiracy as crushed and unsuccessful; it was rather repressed than crushed, its failure was almost a victory. There have been conspiracies so wide spread, so vast, so dangerous, so indicative of decay and national ruin, that kings have not dared to punish them. This was one of those—no head has yet fallen, no blood has yet been spilt; for banishment to Greece, or beauti-

ful free green Zante, is no great punishment; it is like the penalty you pay at forfeits, when you have to kiss a lady's hand, or eat a rose-leaf salad. Men thought they had found a rat-hole in the floor of the house built on the sand (which is the Turkish empire), and when they lifted planks, lo! it widened to an old pit-mouth, full of black and yawning destruction. The man who goes down into his Sicilian cellar for the Blue Seal, and finds it turned since yesterday into the crater of a volcano, could not have been more frightened than the imbecile Sultan. How pale the gilded fool turned when on the long roll of hateful names he read his own brother's first!

Quick as murderers' shovels over the gashed corpse, went the vizir's spades then to cover up the hateful thing, and conceal it from the light of day. The editor of the Pera paper was silenced; he dare tell nothing; no one knew anything; cautious lying reports were sent to foreign courts; even our great *Times* itself came out with miserable scantlings of the plot, its dangers pared away.

The Sultan's brother had been confronted with the conspirators and had come reasonably well out of the ordeal; yet, mud will stick; and it is an unpleasant thing to think you live with a brother who has been even tacitly cognisant of a conspiracy. A man may not say "yes," but he may nod his head, and that generally means assent. Crime there could

be none, for to slay the Sultan would have only been zeal for the Koran. Then the thousands of soldiers clamouring for their right, were they to be mowed down like the old Janissaries, or paid, and so confessed to be the Sultan's pretorian masters? A small, strong man, regardless of a thousand yelling turbans, would have felled the growing hydra; the small, weak man patted it on the head, and threw it sops to stay its hundred mouths: willing to wound, the Sultan was afraid to strike. This Augustulus instantly flung the soldiers their eight months' pay, and began to grant the very reforms that this conspiracy was organized to obtain. Let a dog bite you once with impunity, and it takes no prophet to know what reception you will meet with from that dog the next time you pass the dangerous door. But fools learn nothing, and forget nothing, as Napoleon said of the wretched, worn-out Bourbons. It will yet be seen if this weak man will stop his selfish vice and reckless palace-building; probably he will, but only for a time. Palace-building is his one idea, his one amusement, his one taste, his one special extravagance. What can the most blue-devilled, yawning potentate in the world, do without his palace-building? It is his one exertion, to watch the builders: his one excitement, to arrange matters with his European upholsterers: his one intellectual amusement, to be earwigged by the castle in Spain architect: his one financial bit of business to look over his architect's

bill: his one great change for the year, to move from the last but one river palace to the very last—the bran new one. Besides, pray pity the sorrows of the poor weak man, who, having lost his own religion and got no better, is obliged to fill up the vacancy with the inevitable substitute, *superstition*. The sultan is superstitious, and is said to believe, as tenaciously as he can believe anything, that Allah will not let him die as long as he has a palace in a state of incompletion; so on he goes building, and his bills grow faster than his buildings.

This superstition, like most others, I imagine is very old; it is just a fossil bit of Paganism, like our English witch creed, our amulets, and our charms. In Spain they seldom (for instance) finish a church, partly from want of funds, and partly from a belief that this incompletion checks the devil's envy, and chokes off the evil eye. The dread of exciting the bad spirit's envy, is as old as the Ionian Greeks (vide the ring of Polycrates, and the story of Crœsus and Solon, in Herodotus). In Greece, too, I have heard legends of a certain mad French duchess, who kept building houses under the same belief, but who died at last, in spite of her recipe, her truthful doctor's assurances, Ninon de l'Enclos cosmetic, and everything.

So at least the sultan has precedent for his folly —was there ever folly without precedents?—and

those who think him a courageous imbecile are mistaken, and accuse him falsely, for he is only a cowardly one, and will give his poor down-trodden people just whatever they force from him. He will promise, and shuffle, and retract, as frightened kings do and have done.

The fact is (between ourselves) that sultan is in a position compared with which a naked man fallen into a pit full of live hedgehogs, or Professor Moler poking his spectacled head into what he thought was an empty beehive, but which, unfortunately for the acute St. John's-wood Professor, turned out to be unusually full and busy, are as trifles not worthy a place in a business man's diary. I would rather light my chamber fire with a powder barrel, or let off bomb shells for fun at an evening party, than I would sit on that man's—that Eastern shadow's—throne.

In the first place, because I should have to sit and be thumbscrewed and politely bullied by those stiff-legged European ambassadors, knowing resistance to be hopeless, and that the delay would only lead to more dreadful audiences and boredom unending; secondly, because of that unpleasant bowstring which, somehow or other, cut it often as you may, will still go on twisting in some part of Stamboul; thirdly, because I should have to govern a stupid, rebellious people, who have just discovered the logical power of multitude, and that palace-building (delightful as it is) is not what kings were put on the throne for; also,

because there are at present in Stamboul at least ten thousand armed and sullen Circassians, sore at defeat, rankling and vexed at their flight from the Russians, enraged at being starved off with promises, and refused even hospitality—which has ever been the golden and unchanging virtue of every Mahometan, be he rich or poor. In those rude carts, that are now jolting them off to a new home in Anatolia, I have seen regiments of silver-banded matchlocks; at the waist of every one of those angry, dauntless men, there is at this moment (unless it has gone to be ground) a huge double-edged dagger, broad as the palm of your hand: a weapon as terrible as the Roman gladium, and very like it. Given (as logicians say) a sudden revolt, what would stop some thousands of these northern warriors, burning with defeat, from hewing a bloody way to that gilded palace of Sardanapalus — Lord Stratford's kind friend—and then and there chopping him as small as minced veal, to show him what a Sultan merits who promised the brave children of Schamyl fourpence a week and never paid them. But here I am moralizing and politicizing; so I will return and get back to that crowded street—crowded as the road to Noah's Ark, and with much such a motley set of animals—leading from Galata to Pera: from the Genoese tower, in fact, to my destination (inevitable, for I am an Englishman), the Hotel that is called Misseri's. I turn and face the blue Bosphorus that

lies softly below, dividing the Turkish from the Christian quarter of Stamboul. Away there further, I know lie Prinkipo and its sister islands, and further stretches the blue breaker line of Asia Minor. Slowly my eye passes through all these delicious changes, and then, travelling up into the higher sky, still craves more beauty and more magic. Can that be earth still, that glorified bar of golden cloud, through which a broken line of white gleams, like the angel that threads a dream?

"Why, Chilibi," says the porter, gnawing some chesnuts at the street corner, "that is Mount Olympus."

CHAPTER III.

THE LATE INSURRECTION IN TURKEY.

THE scene opens at Misseri's Hotel on the hill of Pera, the only European hotel in Constantinople, including, in that great-sounding, many-memoried word, as well the old triangular city of Constantinople, on this side, as Galata, the old Genoese quarter, on the other side of the Golden Horn.

That moment, owing to the heat of Turkey, I was slighty bilious, and was meditating blue-pill, which, when a man is looking blue, and has a yellow white to his eye, is always what your attendant medical blue-devil suggests, if he cannot rouse you to open your dressing-case and look over your razors, or to unlock your gun case, and read, broodingly, the venerated names of Manton or of Egg.

I was just down from the Belvidere, or flat-roofed terrace which crowns the pleasant hotel of King Misseri, to use Homeric epithets, "the despotic, the strong-willed, the high-charging." I had been up there with half a dozen Misseriotes, projectors, attachés, Queen's messengers, officers, clergymen,

and agreeable young ladies, watching a Constantinople sunset, and the subsequent short twilight and sudden drop of night, till the black magician rods of the cypress, so lately red hot bars of fire, stood out, pillar-like and ghostly dark, against a pearly, ambery moon, in her virginal first-quarter. But the sunset is neither here nor there, if I should use all my palette of flamy colours, even though I rose in a proper gamut from dark clove—pink red, the colour of pulpit-cushion velvet, to the burning white of a Christmas wood fire—yea, though I topped Titian and out-paradoxed the great art apostle.

Remembering suddenly, with a bilious pang, that I am not the Rambler, I return down the stairs leading from King Misseri's roof, and, turning the key, am in No. 45, the small bedroom allotted me by the great king of monopoly. It is worth describing, though only indirectly, the conditions of that room, because it was a type of the semi-European room in general, as modified by Perote necessities and the genius of the Turkish climate. It was a gaunt, bare-boned-looking room, its floor a skeleton of bare planks, unclothed with carpet, for the sake of coolness; it contains a wiry-looking bed, looking like the first sketch of a gigantic bird-cage, with faded green mosquito curtains instead of bars, and, instead of the cage wood-work, thin rods of iron painted green; the walls are stencilled with flowers. For furniture, a bad sofa that resembled a sarcophagus, a rickety

washstand, and a chest of drawers that served for toilet-table. My window was winged with Venetian sun-shutters, and a small table, for my volumes of the *Arabian Nights* and my Turkish books, and a few chairs made up part of the total, for which King Misseri, fortressed in the proud strength of a regal monopoly, had the courier's conscience to demand eighteen and a half francs a day—putting us all (including even the Italian princess and the Moldavian boyards) on a prison fare of two meals a day.

I looked round my room for my old friends, the mosquitoes. I listened for the little humming bugle they are always practising on. I heard nothing but the creaking tramp of a restless man in No. 34 pacing overhead. I looked with regret for my scorpion; it was too new and whitewashed for that. My window commanded no great prospect; the blue sabre-blade curves of the Bosphorus, with its processional train of consuls' villas and pashas' palaces, were hid from me by brown tile roofs. The gewgaw new Italian palace of the fool Sultan, down there at Tophana, by the "Cannon gate," the centre to which all the spider lines of a vast conspiracy, working unknown as yet to me, tended, was veiled from me by Frank houses, staring white and yellow merchants' and consuls' palaces. That fool's paradise, just below there to the left, at the bottom of a steep lane under my windows, that water-side Rosherville bit of godless luxury and wicked waste of a wronged country's wealth, down

by the water-side, was at that moment, though I did not know it, standing on a black gulf of gunpowder —a great bombshell of ruin ready to burst hung poised over its sham cornices and meretricious upholstery. At that moment pale-faced dervishes were twining green silk bowstrings for his especial edification; some ten thousand mutinous soldiers, unpaid for eight months (some said on good authority, afterwards, fourteen thousand), were buzzing angrily in Pera and in Scutari barracks; pashas were whispering; moolahs were muttering; the great black devil was everywhere egging on good men to bad, and bad men to worse; and there, in a drunken sleep over his third bottle of champagne, sat the imbecile breaker of Mahomet's law, unconscious as the pig busy in his trough is of the blue-frocked butcher who, knife in hand, is stealing round the sty. As in the palace in the old fairy story, its inner life went on. The harem sang, and danced, and prattled, and made itself ill with perpetual sweetmeats; the Sultan drank and dreamed of fresh palaces; the vizier dozed over his jasmin-stemmed chibouk; the black eunuchs grinned and frowned; the slipper-bearer and the coffee-cup carrier quarrelled; the sentinels talked across the gateways, wondering why the hour had not come—and all this time the great rain-cloud, big with thunder of a people's wrath, and double-shotted with lightning-shafts and bullets, pressed lower and lower upon that fool's house, built on sand, upon that

empire raised on a morass, won by force and lost by sin and folly—twin monarchs. The great wrath day was closing; the match was creeping towards the touch-hole; another moment, and there might have been but an empty room with a blood splash near the door—but a few hot cinders to show where the new palace had stood.

I am still looking into drawers and crevices, as I always do in new hotels, considering it my duty to act as residuary legatee to the last occupant of the room. It was an old Bastille custom to search in the wood ashes and the cracks of planks for bits of writing and relics of the penultimate man. So I do it. I find two or three yellow flower leaves, a cigarette, and a mother-of-pearl button, which is not much, but serves to build fancies on, when—

Clash!—bang!!—bong!!!

Good heavens! is the house on fire, or are the gray-coated Muscovites storming this dead city? A tap at the door:—

"*Monsieur, le dîner.*"

It is the dinner bell—it will ring again in ten minutes. What instinct is it that makes me think there is something frightened and preoccupied in that rat-faced waiter Alexis's voice? I look in the glass, brush in hand. I am perfect, all but a *coup de grace* to the left whisker. I issue with the satisfaction of a hungry man, down the long Misseri's first-floor corridor. No. 41 is putting out his boots, as if he

were knocked up and going to bed; from No. 33 a family party of English emerge. I pass between the funny old coloured engravings of the Leaning Tower of Pisa and the Coliseum at Rome, where the figures are of uncrinolined ladies, with bare arms and little bolster sleeves close to the shoulder and waist, and up nearly to the armpits. I turn down some steps, pass through a sort of hall-drawing-room, filled with Venetian clocks and expensive tourist trifles, huddled together in rather a sale-room way, and am in a moment down the two-winged hotel staircase, and in the lower ante-room, where some thirty people are gathered for dinner.

The inane-looking red-and-white young Russian officer is on the Turkish sofa, whispering pretty, foolish, honeymoon nonsense into the pink shell ear of his Italian wife; the handsome young Jew banker from Beyrout is trying to settle a difference of opinion between his pale, impassive, statue-like wife and a friend, a dissipated, gentlemanly Belial, who seems, to my innocent English eyes, painfully like the wife's lover; two American missionaries at one table are discussing the Japanese religion with a pale young American invalid, whose red fez covers a shaven head, the result of thirty days' fever in Damascus. Two attachés, fresh from England, are examining a silver-mounted matchlock that stood near the door; while a bearded German doctor, fresh from Erzeroum, harangues upon a pretty model of one of the Bosphorus swallow

boats that stands on a sideboard between the two windows.

The glass folding-doors leading to the dining saloon are thrown open. King Misseri sends his herald to tell us that dinner is ready. We pour in—the ladies streaming first, with silken sail and flowing ribbon—and we take our places.

Indiscriminately? Not we! No, by priority of coming—the oldest inhabitant of the hotel at our head, the latest comer at the bottom. The places are indicated by the silver bracelet, with the number of your bed-room on it, ringing the snowy napkin that lies folded like a letter on your plate. The men begin at their rolls as if they were just washed in from a raft. Three nervous new comers in a hot bunch at my end of the table begin to rumple their spotless napkins and to pour out stage-like goblets of the thin prison fare of pleasantly acid Medoc, to which our lord and master, King Misseri, generously stints us; soup, with twining Medusa hair of white vermicelli in a sop in it, is rapidly distributing, when a pale-faced waiter, sliding in, whispers out the portly and self-confident landlord, whose rule is to never leave the room during dinner.

An instinct of something wrong seizes the room; the waiters, smoking soup-plate in hand, whisper in knots. The white-capped cook peers out from behind the screen that hides the kitchen-doors, his usually red-burnt face white as his jacket; the *valets*

de place, standing round the buffet, mutter loud in Greek, Turkish, Persian, and French.

There is something wrong—every one at table, even the new comers, feel it in the very air; all but one fat-faced Falstaff of an old English merchant, who seizes the moment to help himself to a side dish, only put on the table for ornament.

In a moment Misseri reappears, his wily face pregnant with secrets; half drawn, half instinctively, he slides over the padded Turkey carpet towards the oldest inhabitant at the head of the table, and whispers to him, hotly, earnestly, and long.

The dinner resumes: again the knives and forks work in unity on thirty plates; yet slowly, but surely, the secret spreads round the table. A great conspiracy had been detected, a conspiracy to murder all the Christians. The European reforms were to have been choked and stifled; all the artillery were implicated; fourteen thousand men, soldiers and others, were suspected, or known to have agreed to rise in arms; and lastly, the Sultan himself, the successor of the Prophet—the wine-bibbing, worn-out debauchee, the effete Sardanapalus of a dead nation, was to have been assassinated on his way to the great mosque of Sultan Achmed that borders on the Hippodrome.

Soldiers were in every street, and at every door, bayonets ready and sabres drawn. It was not safe to go across the bridge of boats to Stamboul. Arrests

were taking place as fast as the regiments could be filed off in detachments from the great barracks on the hills of Pera and Scutari. If the Seven Towers were anything but stately ruins, they would soon be full. Fish of the Bosphorus, leap for joy, for to-night ye shall feast on moolahs and pashas! Wild dogs of Scutari, howl in a chorused frenzy of delight, for to-morrow at daybreak ye shall be tugging at the grey beards of traitorous dervishes and rebel dragomans!

Silently our dinner ended: quietly it had begun, whisperingly had it passed by. The ladies half-frightened, half anxious, withdrew from us the bright starlight of their eyes, and retired to their up-stair rooms. No piquet that night; no race of white and crimson balls that evening over the golden green billiard cloth in the Armenian café; no pleasant exhibition of bazaar purchases; no competition and wagers on rival daggers and Damascus sword-blades; no cutting pennies in two, or driving Erzeroum poniards through five-franc pieces.

No; that night was spent in anxious talking, and in listening to the last rumours from without, brought us by King Misseri, from the pale lips of boatmen and porters, as they came in with messages or burdens from Galata, Therapia, or Stamboul. The horror grew with the uncertainty, we seemed (we Europeans) to have gone back at a leap to the days of Omar and of Ali. It was a disagreeable

thing to be murdered in evening dress, and after dinner seemed to me (they all stupidly laughed when I said so) a most ill-chosen and unpleasant time to have one's throat cut. As for resistance, there was not a gun in all the hotel but the ponderous, absurd, impossible matchlock, ringed with silver, that stood in one corner of the ante-room (and had for five years), waiting for a green traveller to buy it.

One can't do much with a penknife, and there was not a poker in the place. As for King Misseri, I think numerous courier sins rose with a sense of seasickness in his throat, and he retired for a "little finger" of Cognac. As for Mrs. Misseri, she was on her knees in a back parlour, comforted in vain by Fanny, the housekeeper.

Towards night we began to cheer up a little, for rumours more comforting came in. The conspirators (sixty thousand strong—how the story grew!) had kindly consented to put off the massacre of the Christians till the 4th of October. All was safe at present. The arrests were going on faster than ever. It was feared the Howling Dervishes would excite the mob. The Pasha of Albania was to be seized, or his pashalik would revolt. They had met some of the leading mullahs walking to prison in the centre of hollow squares of soldiers. It was now discovered that the priests had had scruples about shedding the Sultan's blood, and had, therefore, after much dis-

cussion, agreed not to shed it, but to stone or strangle him, or both, there being as much to be said for stoning as for the pleasanter but sharper death of strangling.

Later still, towards midnight, the reports grew more ghastly and lyingly accurate. (Always distrust a liar the more careful and accurate he becomes.) A boatman had just told the odd man of the hotel, who told Antonio, the smiling dragoman, who told Misseri, that an hour ago, as he was returning home round the old palace, from fishing in the Sea of Marmora, he had heard distinctly groans and screams, and splashing and struggling, as of desperate men overcome by violence, and drowned one after the other, with a beating of water, and a bubbling gurgle. It was said that every night for a week these executions would take place. There could be no doubt about it; such things were common in Mahmoud, the father's, time—why not now? We had all heard of the substitute for the Divorce Court adopted by the Turks.

We were mute and staring intent with horror on the speaker, whom no one presumed to doubt, when a young queen's messenger—Mr. Lacy Rocket, who had been yawning for some time so dislocatingly wide and often that I had thought that even the massacre of the Christians would have been an amusement to him—suggested intrepidly, and with great *savoir vivre*, to go down to the bridge, take

a kijik, and spend the night cruising about, hearing and seeing secrets. We were to charter one of those swallow-boats, as they are called, from their lightning swiftness, and with lamps on each side of the row-locks, as is the Bosphorus custom, float and dart about round the old river wall, and underneath the cypresses of the palace gardens, and round the galley-like beak of the old Seraglio, and wherever from sewer mouth or water-gate dead men with blue throats and staring eyes might wash or pour forth.

The project was timidly, yet unanimously agreed to; but, just as we were buttoning up to sally out, our curiosity overpowering our fear, some one suggested—I think it was Rocket, the *attaché*—that the gate at Galata was closed and double-barred every night at nine; that at the same time the gates of all the various quarters of Stamboul city clanged to with one accord; that, even supposing Turkish sentinels were bribed or eluded, the patrol boat on the river would be sure to stop and overhaul our kijik; and that, in fact, to use Rocket's words, it was all "U. P." with our chivalrous plan.

So to bed we went, to dream of cataracts of shaven heads; to see yataghans pouring down Constantinople streets like so much liquid lightning; to see the Sultan without his head trying in vain to smoke his chibouk. Then I had a wrestle as of pain, and my busy, busy brain drew me forth unto the sea, and all round me to the lea, larboard, starboard, far and

near, floated things that made me fear—headless men, and corpses gashed, gory children stabbed and lashed, and the Bosphorus's black mouth—— But here the warm simmering of rhyme chilled in my lips, as before me, from the Bosphorus emptying itself into the sea, my whole dream was filled with a rolling heap of bodies, driven along in one fierce torrent of blood; the sky—— I woke with a start: it was a curdling grey daybreak, and the only sound I could hear was the sleepy prate of the Turkish soldiers in the little booth of a guard-house opposite the hotel, and, in the far distance, down the knobly high-street of Pera, the clink and ring of the great iron-bound staves of the Turkish watchmen, a sort of noise resembling the first clink of a paviour's crow-bar, which, continued without intermission during the night, is amiably intended to show that they (the custodes) are wide awake, that there is no fire, and that everything is right.

But this is by the way. Just as I had cleared away the fish at breakfast, and was working with rapid strides towards a little juicy pad of a steak, garnished with frizzled circles of our old friend, who has lately had such severe family misfortunes—I refer to the potato, Rocket, who sat opposite to me, and was washing a great bunch of chrysolite grapes in a tumbler of water, whispered across the table-cloth that he had something more to communicate to me about the conspiracy.

I lent him an ear—nay, two eager ears. He (Rocket) had been up early—he had found it was the right thing to do—when, just as he stepped out, dripping like a water-god, and was rubbing himself to a lobstery pink with his flesh-brush, what should he hear, but a discharge of muskets from the direction of the great artillery barracks on the hill. Now, he had put his foot into it once or twice: had betted on Fishhook, a brown horse he thought especially the Stilton, at last year's Ascot, and had once proposed to a ravishing blonde, who, he found, had been two years engaged to Muff, of the Rifles; but mistaken about platoon firing, and the sort of thing that goes on at military executions, &c., he could not be—no, Jupiter, no! not for a pony down, would he admit that! There was first the file fire, running along like Screechini—that splendid creature!—rippling her fingers along the Broadwood key-board, down again second file, up again third file, then half a dozen dropping shots to bring down the wounded or to blow out the brains of the poor devils that were only slightly cut over. "Horrible, demme!" And he slipped into his mouth one of the largest grapes, I think, Eastern sun ever sweetened.

A tour in the East makes a man a good story-teller. Now, the first art of story-telling is to excite interest, the second to create a feeling of suspense, the third to keep up that suspense, till the moment the shell bursts, and the curtain rises on the red fire

sunset, or the golden daybreak of the final catastrophe. If I was to tell the reader now how far these rumours were true or false, I should be an ass, a fool, and not meet to be called a storyteller; so with more and more startling rumours I shall break off at present, and leave it for another time to sift truth from falsehood, the visions of fear from the strong clear glimpses of cool-eyed truth, and to explain, to the best of my poor historical philosophy, the motives of the Turkish conspirators, the causes that led to the frustrated rebellion, and conclude with considering the probable results of a successful though stifled outbreak on the fate of Turkey, its ill-won empire in Asia Minor, and the still enslaved portions of Greece.

But now to send up another firework, and give you the last rumour, the most horrible of all, but of which, if half was falsehood, half at least was truth. It was an hour after breakfast, and I was in Misseri's hall, turning over the great lined leaves of the king's Visitors' Book, with wondering side glances at a notice wafered up on the wall above it, to the effect that—

"The Pera Cricket Club would meet at Balthaliman for the usual practice, on Tuesday and Thursday of that week."

(Oh, the pig-headed British love of habit and of established follies!—cricket in weather enough to make the ball red-hot, and to blister the bats!)

I read anon the entries:—

"Major Damanoff, of the Russian Imperial Guard.

"Prince Zuchanass, from Georgia.

"Doctor Hyperbole, from Berlin, on his way to Persia, to join a German embassy.

"M. Bécasse, propriétaire—country, France.

"Darcy Jobson, propriétaire—England."

Some one touched me on the shoulder. It was Rocket again, with his great straw-coloured bamboo stick under his shooting-jacket arm. More about the conspiracy: I could see it written on the very cigarette he was twiddling into shape between his slim thumb and forefinger.

He had just been strolling down to Banbury's, and had picked up a thing or two: met four dervishes led by soldiers.

The Sultan had slept last night, for the first time since his boyhood, in the old Seraglio; he supposed for fear of the conspirators. Gabble had told him, too, as he looked in at the Ottoman Bank, that Jaffir Pasha, a fellow with no great character, in fact a bit of a rip, had been arrested last night on account of his European leanings, that on his way to prison in a kijik, guarded by soldiers, he had suddenly shaken off the men, sprang into the water, and been drowned; none of the boats had yet succeeded in bringing up the rascal's body. With him it was thought—so the fellows at Banbury's said, and at the bitter ale stores too—perished great secrets; so Wiffin

said—Wiffin, the head man at Banbury's—Banbury's right hand.

Before I had retailed this story twice at the billiard-room, I was told that the whole thing was a trick. Somebody had seen somebody, who was told by somebody, who proved to be a nobody, that that very night Jaffir Pasha was drowned in the Bosphorus he appeared wet and dirty before his wife in a room of his palace near Buyukderé, or somewhere along shore, tied up his jewels, belted up his money, saddled his best horse, and was off to take ship for some Greek island, where Turkish refugees generally repair—a sort of floating Leicester-square near Scio (Show, as they call it). Diving and sinking were the same things, only that diving implies a voluntary act, and an intention to come up again to daylight. A third report represented him skilfully released by the pretended enraged and astonished guards, who, seeing him dive, lost all traces of their prisoner, till, out of the corner of one eye (left eye), they observed him clamber up the side of a convenient Greek fruit vessel, just under sail, and steer off to the land of the freest and slipperiest people of the world.

Banbury had seen somebody who had seen the dead body; while Pericles, a Greek merchant in the drysalting way, had seen somebody who had met Jaffir hurrying to Albania.

But Jaffir Pasha and his drown or dive, death

or escape, were quite forgotten, when, at dinner, Rocket, who, when not actually on the seas between Stamboul and London, in guard of despatch-bags, devoted his whole life to collecting political and other gossip, burst forth with actual news from head-quarters of the examination of the conspirators.

Their leaders had been brought up (this was a day or two after the night of the arrest) before the Sultan himself, and confronted with his brother, whom they had intended to have raised to the throne. No complicity of the brother's had been proved; but the high bearing and insolent fanatic answers of one of the chief rebels had so enraged a pasha present (who, perhaps, feared their disclosures), that, as they went forth under the crimson curtain that covered the door from the Sultan's presence, he (the pasha), in a whirlwind of prudent yet righteous wrath, slashed out his sabre and lopped off the chief conspirator's head.

Here one or two of the ladies screamed, and then sipped their wine in a pretty, conventional, bird-like way.

Another man here broke in (sweeping away Rocket's last sentence, at which he frowned and knuckled his roll) with a story, also retailed from Banbury, of the examination of the smaller fry—the artillery captains—before the minister of war. Brutally and fiercely insulted and bayonet-pricked, they had been dragged from a temporary prison—

the very den of filth and starvation—before the great man, not many years ago, I believe, a barber's man, or some such playful but unintellectual trade. But, to the horror and astonishment of the officers, courtiers, pimps and parasites, not one of them had blenched or quailed—not one of them had betrayed even a fear: musket-barrel, sword-blade, they stood there, iron like the demi-gods! unshaken as Atlas; no threat or menace made eye quiver or lip whiten.

"No," they said; "by Ullah! (Allah,) we have done right; by the beard of the Prophet it's thou and not we that hast defiled the Koran and put out the sun with lies."

I don't know how long our friend would have continued this Oriental and dramatic attempt to realize a doubtful and not too veracious rumour, had not Rocket, who had from some other Banbury at the consulate also picked up the story, borne down on him with the restless tongue and charge-of-cavalry voice of a young barrister, and told us the end of the story in his own manner.

It was all right about the fellows' pluck; those sort of fellows always, you know, had brass enough. Stiffback, whose dragoman was present, told him that there was never anything like the cheek of the fellows. What do you think one of them—a moolah, too—did? Why, he up and told the vizier that he was the son of a dog, and that he remembered him a

miserable barber, hungry for paras (halfpence), and that, if he had had the power, he would have slain the vizier's father on the grave of the vizier's mother, made slaves of his children, and sold his daughters as slaves to the butchers' men of Stamboul. This fellow they would have gagged and dragged out; but he then actually went on to prove from the Koran itself, which he quoted accurately, that wine was an unlawful drink, hateful to Ullah, brewed by Eblis, and the horror and abhorrence of every true believer; therefore, as the Sultan habitually drank wine—yea, even to intoxication—and was guilty of various other crimes forbidden by the Law and the Prophet, it became the duty of every true Mussulman to help to depose such a monarch as worthy—no, not to live.

"Plucky, wasn't it?" said Rocket, looking round for admiration; upon which, a severe high Tory clergyman present did something violent to his white tie, and groaned, "Shocking!"

Now, as the Sultan, as is perfectly well known to every Perote, from the Boots that is at Misseri's hotel to the very valet that dresses the ambassador, repairs nightly at a certain hour to a kiosk, lamp-lit and gorgeous, not far from Tophana—the place of cannons—and doth there foolishly, selfishly, and sottishly bedrink himself unroyally drunk with bottle after bottle of champagne, till the said infidel breaker of the Prophet's law is rolled into a strong Persian

shawl by four black eunuchs, reverent of snoring royalty, and shovelled into his bed,—I thought the good conservative man's indignation a little too vehement, but I said nothing.

One thing, however, I really ascertained from the various jarring rumours: that a great conspiracy—some said anti-European; others, pro-European—had just been seized by the throat, and dragged certainly to prison, and probably to death. As far as I could hear, some *fourteen thousand* soldiers and civilians had hands or feet in it. Progressive or reactionary, there were engaged in it not merely vulgar cut-throats and discontented artillerymen, but great pashas (Albania, for instance), colonels, men of state, priests, dervishes, government employés, and, most startling of all, the heads of the universities, the sort of filtered-out saints, and theologians who guide the state Mahometanism, advise the Sultan, and, indeed, rising through examination after examination, are really archbishops of the Turkish Church, and rank next in power and influence to the great Defender of Islam himself. In their rebellion, Mahometanism itself had, as it were, risen to push the imbecile son of Mahmoud from his microscopic throne.

As for the objects of the intended rebellion, it was enough for me then (being still in a chronic state of gaping curiosity) to know that the conspirators (betrayed by a young artillery subaltern) wished to make the Sultan appoint responsible ministers, on pain of

deposition or death; to lock up his champagne cellar; to stop the poor sot's mad and prodigal expenditure in endless and unintermitting palace-building; to get the army (eight months in arrears) duly paid; to cut down the pashas' salaries; and to resist (or increase—here men differed) European influence.

This, also, no one could doubt: that the conspirators, expecting instant death, and believing the sabres were then grinding for their special edification, manifested at their cross-examinations no fear, nay, rather the proud exultation of good men prepared to die for a good and stainless cause; that they had boldly laid their fettered hands on certain passages of the Koran, and so utterly disconcerted the time-serving judges, that they had dismissed them, downcast and dumbfoundered. There could be no doubt that the conspiracy had been a deeply ramified one, spreading from the loftiest mosque to the lowliest hut, no possible doubt that the Sultan's mad, Sardanapalian palace-building, and undisguised love of the grape, was rapidly leading to that great crop which, in fact, always springs up so dreadful and sudden when a fool, who builds palaces on sand, takes the whim into his head to sow the whirlwind's seed.

As this was telling, a lull fell on the motley Misseri guests. Pearl-sewn slippers from the bazaar, scented Indian beads, Turkish saffron-coloured to-

bacco—all the day's purchases—were forgotten. One only bit of news comforted us ; that was the report that the massacre of the Christians, announced for the fourth, was, we understood, now put off till the fourteenth.

CHAPTER IV.

DANCING AND HOWLING DERVISHES.

I DO not know how other people felt that quiet Sunday morning in the English chapel at Pera, but I confess I felt something like one of the early Christians worshipping by stealth in some hole or corner of Diocletian's Rome during the most burning heat of that monster's persecution. Somehow or other I felt rather ashamed of myself; whether it was the trim dulness of the building which seemed to exist only on tolerance and to have hid itself, like a summer-house in a dusty garden, out of sheer timidity; or whether there was something sneaking in the tolerated way we crept to church, distrustful of turbans, and timidly avoiding the gay Greeks rollicking at the little round marble tables of their cafés on the terrace above the burial-ground. You know how bad one feels after a hypocritically dull party. I confess I felt such a sham and a hypocrite at being ashamed of Christianity, that indeed at that moment I could have leaped on a horse and ridden, sabre in hand, full tilt at a whole

regiment of Turks. Toleration, indeed; and this is what the Crusaders' descendants have come to!

The congregation of well-dressed miserable sinners —Mrs. Misseri at a respectful distance from those more fashionable Christians who occupied her hotel's best rooms, a Christian attorney's daughters, and a few servants—did not fill a third of the church. I am afraid those solemn prayers and praises of the old saints and martyrs, kings and confessors, fell on dull ears. I think that sublime Te Deum that rose to heaven like incense, a chorus of angels following it with their song, came from the gloomy Rev. Mr. Dummil's mouth shorn of its epic grandeur, as if he despaired of response from the mere lifeless loungers at an Oriental hotel. I paid peculiar attention that morning to the purified Church service, so grand in its simplicity, and consecrated by the use of so many centuries, because I and Rocket were going directly after the sermon to see the dancing dervishes at their convent chapel close by. The plain white robe barred with crimson scarf, the grave black gown, had to me that morning a new aspect. The prayers that children can understand and the wisest men cannot surpass, I was soon to compare with the shouted sentences of Mahomet's impure book, that poor rambling poem stuffed with garbled Scripture stories—those undemonstrative Christians with fanatics wild as Grecian Bacchanalians or Roman priests of Mars. I was going to see the sleeping tiger of

Mahometanism, rampant, bloodthirsty, and in the old attitude of dangerous rapacity and fierceness. I was going to see one of the most curious and wild sect of Mahometan dissenters perform their magic rites. I had read of the shrieks and moanings of American camp-meetings, of the groans and fits of Wesley's open-air praying mobs, of the Flagellants of the Middle Ages, of the knavish Convulsionnaires of France, of the ravings of the Pythoness of Delphi, of the ecstatic visions of Swedenborg in Pentonville, but here I expected to see something peculiarly strange and un-European, something specially indicative that I was among men of a new race and a new faith. That the dervishes' rites were not ludicrous waltzing extravagances, as the mere pedant traveller generally describes them, I felt quite sure.

The sermon over, we hurried out in the usual eager, relieved way, peculiar to English fashionable Christians; and while the "two or three" went to their "divers places," I and Rocket moved straight for the dervishes' convent, about one being the usual time that their service commenced. After some zig-zagging, arising from Rocket's fine topographical head, obtained, as he assured me, by much foxhunting in a difficult country, some crawling up burning steep streets, and much hurrying down sloping alleys, being led and directed by Greeks north, south, east, and west, we at last reached a small iron garden gate and found ourselves at the convent.

"I thought we should nick it," Rocket said, as he lifted the latch with all the calm triumph of a man who has never made a false step in all his life.

We were in a small enclosure, at the end of which a flight of stone steps led to the dervishes' chapel, the doors of which were open. Opposite the doors were some outbuildings, where I could see dervishes putting on their dancing robes, and arranging, smilingly, their brown felt caps. Outside these cottage sheds was a great heap of earth, thrown up as if from an immense plague-pit, which, it bethought me (the conspiracy still hanging over us), might have been dug with the best intentions, to receive the bodies of the murdered Christians of Pera, including your humble servant. In plain fact, however, I believe the enormous hole was intended merely for the vulgar purpose of a well; perhaps to supply a fountain for religious ablution, or even for the more material and culinary purposes of the convent.

On a little terrace by the door stood an old grey-bearded Turk, in a faded yellow flowered dressing-gown, and shuffling red slippers, whom, I felt convinced, I had met before somewhere in the *Arabian Nights*. He dangles in his wrinkled brown hand a string of tickets, which I find are duplicates for the shoes left in his keeping at the entrance, for no one is allowed to enter a chapel or mosque but with bare feet. Till the time to begin, we sit on a second flight of steps, leading to a large wing of the convent, and buy

luncheon of a cake merchant, who is there with his stand, talking to the American consul's kawass, whose silver-mounted pistols and gilt sabre give him a sham state look, half fierce, half absurd. The cake is yellow and spongy, and beautifully clean and well made, as Turkish street food always is. We "put away," as Rocket called it, some ponderous slices, and by this time a hand-clapping at the door, the kawass's signal, announces that we may enter.

We find ourselves in a square, flat-roofed room, the floor of which is covered with coarse straw-coloured matting. Little jelly-glass oil lamps hung in circles from the ceiling. A low open work railing, with balustrades, shuts in the centre enclosure where the dancing was to take place, to about the height of the altar rails in an English church. Round this we squatted, cross-legged—at least those of us who could bear that torture. Rocket could not, and said "no one but a d——d Turk could," which was envious, and unworthy of that great spirit whose ancestor "had fought at the battle of Evesham." All round the room ran a gallery, latticed like a dairy window, behind which birdcage trellising women were admitted, and in an open part of which, opposite the niche facing Mecca, sat the reader and the musicians, who, as soon as the sheikh entered, began to "play him in" with a soft breathing of "Lydian flutes," and a wild, solemn, monotonous hand-tapping of drums strained over earthen Eyoub jars.

One by one the brotherhood came in, and, entering the low wicket, took their places in a circle round the balustrade, each first falling down, and touching the floor with his forehead, before the sacred niche, above which was a great painted legended scutcheon, blue and gilt. One wore a girdled folding brown robe; another, a purple one; a third, a black; a fourth, a green; a fifth, a chocolate-coloured garment; but of all the thirty-four, not one shone in crimson, blue, or yellow; a Quaker-like sobriety of colour seemed the fashion of the sect; each, too, had the brown, flower-pot, felt cap, and under it a white one; each of them wore under his coloured wrapper a white jacket, a white inner coat, folded across the breast, short, loose, white drawers, and a white petticoat reaching nearly to the ankles, with a weighted quilted border, to balance the dancers, I suppose, in their mystical gyrations.

Just as I had gone through the faces of these fanatics, naming each man in my own mind, as a shepherd marks his sheep, to connect them with some special mark of recognition—as one, "the Roman Nose;" another, "the Old Boy;" a third, "the Fat Negro;" a fourth, "the Young Soldier;" and so on—the sheikh rose from his prostrations on the red rug, which served him for prayer-carpet, and, standing up in his tea-green robe, scarfed with black, a green turban bandaging round his felt cap, began to intone the Fatha, or initiatory prayer of the Moslems, as

the low hissing reed flute and calabash drum grew now more uproarious and rejoicing than ever.

"I'm told they waltz like blazes," whispered Rocket, who had been staring hard and inconsequentially at the great white wax candles, with blue bands circling them, that stood on either side of the Mecca niche, which corresponds in the mosque to the altar in English churches. The sheikh is a pale, ascetic-looking man, with sunken yet penetrating eyes, and is evidently of a mental calibre infinitely higher than the greasy, cheating, sly-looking fanatics who surround him. In a moment his eye had passed round the motley group of soldiers, Syrians, Arabs, Persians, Turks, and Franks who sat with us outside the rails, and I could see his keen glances sifting and dissecting us, the mere lounger from the observer, the mocker and sneerer from the respectful votary, classing us all in a moment, and then withdrawing his mind back again into its own dim chapel of passionate, secret, and silent belief. He had not to dance, he was not going to expose himself before the infidel by misplaced enthusiasm, by howl or shriek, by leaping or spinning round. His prayer was solemn and devout, as if it had come from a fourteenth century archbishop; his slow bendings, with pale hands upon his breast, were studies for a Spanish painter of Ribera's time. His voice was low, fervid, and beautifully modulated; a sweet look of resignation and suffering, as on the brow of a

martyr passing to the fire, was upon his face. That man had the countenance of a king, but of a king turned monk. You might hunt all the convents of Europe through, and not find so much intellect in a fanatic's face as was visible in that sheikh's.

All this time the breathing flute was not for a moment mute, hissing like a desert snake, stirring in the dry cane brake, soaring like a lark that springs to the sun with throbbing wings; so the music rose in whirls, as the incense mounts in curls; one, two, one, two, went the drum, never loud, yet never dumb; "one, two, one, two," went the drum, only throbbing, yet not dumb; one, two, two, one, went the drum.

Still now and then a dervish adjusting his newly donned robe, or pressing down his felt helmet, joined the squatting circle; first kneeling in prayer, then rising and kissing the sheikh's hand before he took his place. One of these late comers greeted "Roman Nose" with a sly smile, such as a thimble-rig man greets his "bonnet," the plethoric rich grazier, with; and I confess that smile a little turned my stomach. But then I am not of a charitable disposition, and am disposed to believe in any depth of human badness.

Round and round flew the sound of the flutes; from underground throbbed the drum, never loud, but never dumb; round and round flew the sound, —faster, faster, faster, faster, boding woe and dire

disaster. Like the furies circling hell, did those wild notes sink and swell; round and round, but underground, throbbed the drum, never loud, yet never dumb.

By such a chorus and poor rhythmical process alone can I hope to convey a sense of the excitement produced during ceremonies whose variations we could not follow by the unintermitting monotone of the drum, and the wild whirls and gyrations of the great dervish flutes, that I believe are blown by the nose, not by the mouth, and which, to the infinite good fortune of my friends, I could not succeed in bringing over to England, though they are occasionally seen for sale in the Stamboul bazaars.

"At last the muffs are going to begin," said Rocket, as the dervishes, brown, purple, black, and green, got in a row facing the niche and the big candles, and then bowing, suddenly fell on their knees, so exactly at the same moment that their horny knees thumped the polished floor as one man's knees; or, at least, if there was a difference, it was no more difference than between the first and last note of a rouladed piano scale, fired off by the swiftest and most dexterous of Thalberg's hundred fingers. Thump, thump, went the sixty-eight knees in two rows, while the sheikh, with both hands crossed upon his breast, bent low upon his prayer-rug.

And even yet, and all this time, like a solemn

cadenced rhyme, breathed the hollow-reeded flute, very hushed, yet never mute, breaking out with wild surprises, whispers soft and wailing rises; and, as if from underground, throbbed below the measured sound of the tight-strained echoing drum, never loud, yet never dumb.

Deeper grew the mystery, deeper the expectation, as the Koran reader above in the gallery began the appointed chapters of Mahomet's fervid rhapsody, half ejaculation, half hymn; and the brotherhood commenced slowly pacing processionally round the enclosure, past the sheikh, who gave them each his benediction as they went by.

But before this each of the dervishes had peeled off his dressing-gown robe, untwisted his scarf-girdle, and handed them both to an old brother, who seemed to act as master of the ceremonies; and they appeared lithe and active, though differing in age and degrees of corpulence, from the mere stripling to the heavy twelve-stoner, already perspiring by mere anticipation. Now, crossing their arms on their breast, placing the right hand on the left shoulder, and the left hand on the right shoulder, they began to file past the sheikh, bowing as they passed him, then turning to bow to the next comer, who, in his turn, bowed too, both to his predecessor and successor.

Now, the master of the ceremonies having collected on his arm piles of cloaks, the barefooted men

prepare for the dance by tucking one flap of their white jackets within the other, and stretching out their arms horizontally, the right hand pointing downwards and the left stretched upwards, as I supposed, for balance and counterpoise, after the manner of boys sliding. Then, slowly pivoting round, one after the other, the dervishes began to get into motion, their naked feet performing skilfully a sort of waltzing step, which increased in speed as the music grew faster and faster.

"By Jove, sir, they're like so many teetotums!" said Rocket, delighted, in his vague, kindly, irrational way, as the bare brown feet swivelled round upon the polished planks, and the white petticoats bellied out like so many gyrating tents.

"I always thought I could waltz well," he said; "but, by Jove, sir, now I see these fellows, I find I am only a miserable duffer!"

The most astonishing part of the mystical circling dance was that, although the dozen or fourteen men twirled all round the enclosure, they never touched each other—no, not even the fringe of each other's garments.

And all this time the breathing flute, often hushed, but never mute, danced in echo circling round; and, as if from underground, came the murmur of the drum, very low, but never dumb.

I do not know if I can convey a notion of the step, though I watched it carefully, and was

close to the performers. In all cases the left foot was kept quite even to the floor. The dervish dancer grinding round slowly on the pivot of his hard heel, at the same time passed his right foot over the instep of the stationary foot, swaying round his body with its spreading bell of a white skirt, the twisting, screw-like folds of which gave it the appearance of the model of a chocolate-frother, cut out in white paper; with outstretched hands, and swaying robe, and staring, wrapt, or entranced eye, they seemed to me like so many brother magicians engaged in mystical planet worship. Not that the dervishes all wore the same aspect of stolid introspection. No. "Roman Nose" was going at it as if it was a matter of life or death, or a wager. I set him down as a fussy, simple-minded formalist. "Old Boy" was hot, but anxious. I concluded him to be a dupe. "Stripling" was conceited and showing off. I called him the "prima donna." "Fat-and-Forty" was spiteful and fanatical. "Negro" was calmly pleased and self-satisfied with the religious efficacy of the performance; and among them, stooping sometimes to escape contact with the whirling windmill hands, paced the master of the ceremonies, to see that all was done according to due ritual and precedent.

All this time the Indian flute, never hushed, yet never mute, breathed a cadence to the drum, never loud, yet never dumb.

But shall I forget the bystanders, so Oriental and characteristic, who shared stolidly with me, after their manner, my delight at this religious ballet? Was there not the Arab, his haik fastened round his head, with a Syrian scarf, striped red, and brown, and yellow, the fierce, half-broken-in camel-driver, with his spear never out of his hand? Was there not that tall, handsome, patient Persian, with the black curly wool cap, shaped like the mouth-piece of a clarionet, who stood strongly forth from the white wall background, when everybody at the prayer turned their faces to the niche that pointed to Mecca? Was there not the English groom, who did not know what to make of it; the fat-headed, fierce, belaced kawass; and one or two careless Turkish soldiers, who dropped in as to a morning concert? Then above, in the women's gallery, there were spectators, I was sure, for I could see the lattices darken or brighten as the door, admitting visitors, shut or opened; and sometimes I thought I could see laughing bright eyes, raining "influence" on us. Below, too, through the open windows looking out upon a sort of vine-hung garden wall, Greek women looked in at the brotherhood, circling round and round with energy untiring, as the flutes and unseen drum grew more rapturous and soaring in the minor key than ever. But of all the spectators, those who interested me the most were a troop of reckless Turkish children that stood crowing and chattering

in a sort of royal box that was raised on a platform higher than the area of the dancers, and opposite where I and Rocket squatted. There were two pretty sisters, trying to keep within bounds the caprice and restlessness of a lovely baby-boy loosely dressed in a round brown skull-cap, that tied under the chin, and a little flimsy skeleton suit of blue, pink, and yellow. Beautiful beyond even the ordinary beauty of Turkish children, this Puck raced in and out among the dancers, chattered to himself, clapped his fat little hands in royal approval, stared at the sheikh, whose bland, resigned melancholy nothing could shake, ran up and down to his seat, behaved with intense disrespect to the Mahometan dissenters whose rites he was witnessing, and was eventually borne off, a struggling Ganymede in the arms of young Scheherazade and her sister Camaralzaman, treating the round world as if it were his football, and all the men in it as the toy inhabitants of his Noah's Ark.

"Tiresome little brat!" said Rocket. "I wonder if I was ever such a troublesome wretch as that? Just look! By Jove, sir, 'Roman Nose' has kept up on end, now five-and-twenty minutes by my repeater!"

All this time the deep-breathed flute, never hushed yet never mute, chased through wreaths of giddy cunning, the echoes fleet before it running, winding in and winding out, swift as dancer, lithe as scout,

and below all throbbed the drum, ever low, but never dumb.

Yet, as Rocket observed, this strange dance was not altogether unintermittent, for though the music in the gallery never ceased, occasionally the circlers slowly subsided into rest, and retired to their places, throwing on the cloaks handed them by the master of the ceremonies, and wiping the big hot drops that poured down their fired cheeks. Then, again, the music soared and whirled in its mimic whirlpool, and as if driven by the Eumenides, or inflamed by the fury of some old Arabian incantation, the votaries again launched and pivoted off into the spherical dance, with the same half-shut eyes, floating hands, and rapt, concentrated stare at an ideal vacuity.

Then there was more kneeling, more stripping off gowns, more defiling past the sheikh, more Mamamouchi bowing to each other, then a sliding into the dance, and, da capo, the rhapsody and ecstasy of the old Sabæan planet worship. Again the white gowns swerve out into moving pyramids, again the bare feet tumble over each other, again the T-like hands sway round rapturously, like those of so many ballet-masters gone stark distraught on the religious road to the great cracked house of madness.

Now the music, by breaths, and to-whoos, and throbs, and groans, dies away, and as if they expected it, and were not sorry of the summons, the brothers throw on their gowns, and finally resume their places.

A reader, leaning against a gallery pillar, with his grave face turned to Mecca, and his head thrown back in a nasal monotone, dwelling on one minor note, and seldom wandering far up or down from that, drones out his dole of the Koran; "a rank, lifeless formalist, I warrant him," as a fat missionary present, with a Falstaff face, charitably suggested. A few more prayers, one deep and solemn one, in a low voice full of feeling, from the sheikh, more gamut thumps of the knees, and the dervishes, resuming their Bluchers (*sic*) at the door, quitted the chapel.

As we claimed our boots of old Hadji Baba at the entrance, the American consul, Colonel G. Slinger, and his pretty daughters, Serephina and Serephosa, sailed out, preceded by a gold-laced and intolerable kawass. The colonel thought the whole affair "kinder queer;" Ina thought it "mighty droll;" and Osa, "raythe 'cute."

That day at Misseri's ponderous hotel dinner, as the herd of visitors were running through the usual travellers' common-places about the dervish dances being "absurd," "ridiculous," "childish," Windybank, the oldest inhabitant of the hotel, a gentleman engaged in raising capital of nine millions for the Grand Central Chimborazo railway, pompously enlightened our feeble capacities by telling us that the dervish dances were of deep significancy, and were intended to represent the motions of the spheres, and

their cadenced revolutions in measured orbits round the sun, who was represented by the sheikh. The dervishes were dissenters from the Mahometan creed, and originated in the middle ages, when one of them is represented as having given his benediction to the newly raised corps of Janissaries.

The *howling* dervishes have their habitation across the Bosphorus, over in Scutari, and there one Friday I went to see them. I could scarcely find the little shed of a chapel again; but I know it was somewhere high up on the slope of a street leading out of the miles of dark cypress groves that watch the great Turkish cemetery on that Asian side of the Sick Man's empire. We met nothing in the street but a running funeral, and an insolent fat pasha preceded by the usual frock-coated chiboukdars, carrying his amber-mouthed pipes in long black cases such as fishing-rods are put in.

At the porch of the cottage-like chapel, where a crowd of barelegged Turks idled, as English villagers do round a public-house door when a fiddle is going, we took off our shoes, a process that always leads to much grumbling on the part of misguided Franks, and passed up a staircase to a gallery above, where white sheep-skins and mats, not unfrequented by dervish fleas, were strewn for us by doorkeepers, not unmindful of backsheesh. Below, outside the balustrade at the mihrab (altar) end of the little chapel, were Turkish peasants and children, very

reverent and credulous, as it appeared to me, in their quiet, grave, immovable way. In most respects the chapel was a humble imitation of the one I have before described. It had the same dull, proprietary-chapel look; but there was here no blue and gilt multiplication-table of texts over the altar, no great Turkish inscriptions, with keen-pointed letters, like Damascus sabre-blades. Instead of this, there was a trophy of faded banners, maces, daggers, spears, and huge steel halberds, inlaid with brass, drums, cymbals, ferocious-looking hooks, and regimental spoons, such as the Janissaries once carried as their palladia; these, I believe, were once borne in foreign wars by raving dervish preachers, who long since had death's silencing hand clapped on their raving mouths. Even now I have heard that these dervishes appear sometimes in the market-places, at special moments of enthusiasm, brandishing these terrible and gigantic weapons, to the infinite danger of all true and untrue believers.

On the sheikh—an old feeble man, with yet a certain power and calibre about him, for without that a man does not even obtain power in the cockpit of a man-of-war or at the canteen-bar of a barracks —entering the chapel, after all the dervishes had kissed his hand, the service began with a nasal intonation of the Fatha, as a stifling thick smoke from the gilt brass censers began to rise, and prepare to enslave the senses by stifling those watchmen of the

mind, so the better to depose and debase the reason. Some religions use incense like farmers do sulphur for bees, to confuse the senses and so steal the honey of the mind. In magical rites it always had a part, and certainly this ceremony, I soon found, was demoniacal enough, and the nearest way to the religious madhouse I have yet had the pleasure of discovering.

There was something maniacal even in the deep ejaculations of "O mediator!" "O beloved!" "O physician of souls!" "O thou who wert chosen!" "O Advocate in the day of Judgment, when men will exclaim, 'O my soul! O my soul!' and when thou wilt say, 'O my people! O my people!'"

No dance of the Samothracians this time; but a fierce, insane, demoniacal invocation, such as the mad dervish, Rufai, devised centuries ago. Then, as the sheikh prostrated himself on his white lambskin prayer-rug, the readers began chanting their ejaculations:

"Blessings on our prophet, the lord of messengers, and on his family and companions! Blessings on Abraham and his companions!" &c.

It is not my disposition to see the ludicrous if the ludicrous is not in a thing, but I must confess I had to bite my tongue hard when three old men, too feeble for howling, squatted on the floor—a blind, feeble man, a yellow, phlegmatic man, and a toothless old fogy, who, in England, would have been an admiral at

least—to whine verses of the Koran at the very top of their quavering voices; all this time the incense stifled, curdling blue and thick, while the sheikh in the green and black turban bowed to the central niche, or raised his hands in prayer, as the dervishes put on their light-brown thick felt caps, and taking off their girdles, hung them round their necks.

It was when the flutes began in a whirling, shuttling movement, singularly adapted to fill madhouses with lively tenants, that the real business of the afternoon (half-past three) commenced. The progress of the howling dervishes' chorus chant, and of the motions and gestures accompanying it, are always the same; beginning sanely and rationally enough, and gradually crescendoing to the wildest frenzy and the raving howl of mad wild beasts.

Thus it grew, for the formula may be taken down by any one at a second or third visit, when the eye grows less giddy, the mind more poised, and the nerve firmer clenched. Ranged in a line like a row of soldiers on drill, the brothers first repeat slowly and sanely, in good cadence, keeping time with the flutes, the Mahometan confession of faith: "La illah—illah la" (six syllables). As they say "la," all the dozen brothers bow forward; at "ill," they raise themselves up again; at "lah," they bend backwards; at "ill," they again bend forward; at "lah," they raise themselves; at "la," they bend again backwards.

The second time the syllables are repeated with a change of action, for now the men bend to the right at the first, raise themselves up at the second syllable, and bend to the left at the third. Soon the measure gets quicker, the music more whirling and frenzied, the gestures become abbreviated, or performed and shouted so quickly that they seem like one and the same movemen and one and the same sound, and all this time that nodding, toothless, blear-eyed old chorus go quavering out the passages from the Borda, or praises of the Prophet, and the great dervish sheikhs, Abdul-Kadir-Gilan, and the founder, Seid Ahmed Rufai; and then they all clap their horny hands and shout in gasps, "Ya-hu" (Jehovah) or "Ja-meded" (O help). Faster and louder goes the "la illah, illah la," faster the swaying backwards, forwards, and right and left, till you hear at last nothing but the first syllable "il," and the last "la," or a sort of paviour's grunt of "hoo!" roared out as if the madmen were turning into wolves rapidly, the motion growing now quite mechanical and insanely epileptic.

There is a negro there with puffy, ashy lips; a soldier, whose eyes stare very wildly; a greasy boy, who seems to think the whole affair a trick; a gross sailor-like man, well dressed, who came late, who performs a sort of *chassé* step, and is undoubtedly a cheat or impostor; and a rickety idiot beggar, who is more demoniacal and frantic than any of the rest,

and seems never to tire, though I see a cold, marbly sweat beading upon his rough blue chin. Lastly, they keep three-quarter time, till faster or slower grows the orgie. I begin soon to observe that when the motion is backward and forward the scanning of their verse is thus:

La-il-lah—il-lah-lah

but when to right and left it runs:

La-il-la—il-lah-lah;

upon which the toothless old chorister, hearing the sheikh stamp as a sign for "taking" the thing quicker, nearly splits my ears with his excruciating sacred alto song, which makes him writhe and roll his eyes with sheer anxiety and exertion; for, being deaf, our old friend is utterly incapable of knowing how exceedingly high he is pitching his thready old voice.

Every now and then, as I felt my brain slightly going with the monotonous paviour's howl, from some fourteen men nearly frenzied with religious and sympathetic excitement, I rolled myself back on my white rug and took a draught of pure unincensed air from the open window that looked out on some cypress trees, a Turkish cottage, the planks of which were painted in dull Indian red, and on a little garden, where a woolly-leafed mulberry grew to feed somebody's silkworms, and where a huge box-tree watched over the grave of some dervish long ceased from his howling, and gone to rest, quite tired out, I should think.

What a change to look back on that chain of men, tossing their heads in cadence to and fro, jerking forward and backward their mad bodies, and then coming down all together with the roaring "Hoo!" intermingled with impromptu shouts of "Allah!" "Alhamdoo lillah!" and then that roar and wild-beast tramp, as of some great beast pacing its cage, with screams breaking through a storm of hand-clapping and whirling flute music.

It was something at once ludicrous and dreadful to see that possessed man, the little idiotic beggar, waggling about like a machine, yet a smile of semi-formalist satisfaction sat on his face, such as no automaton could assume. Right, left, backward, forward, regular as a pendulum, his little legs bandied as if by perpetual oscillation. His Old-Man-of-the-Sea head nodded imbecilely vigorous. Thrust a bit of opium in that man's mouth, thought I; tie a sabre in his idiotic hand, craze him with half an hour of this howling, turn a little stupifying incense under his nose, and he would rush out and slay a dozen Christians, or brain the Sultan himself, if the sheikh bade him. If an hour of that waggling and demoniac howling had been purchase-money sufficient for a passport to heaven, he could not have stamped, and howled, and roared, and clapped his hands, and rolled his idiotic eyes more pertinaciously; his madness I noticed, too, made the others madder, for when any back-slider slackened at all, a howl or chiding roar

of this idiot set him on again wilder than ever. In fact, a sort of juryman consultation, nodding right and left, was much in vogue among these candidates for Bedlam.

Mad and frenzying as this howling chorus of maniacs was, not one swooned, fell foaming at the mouth, or subsided into fits, or otherwise—as often happens—misconducted himself.

There was a time (oh, that wonderful twenty years ago!) says Mr. Brunswick Senex, the great Eastern traveller, when these holy but singular men used to perform a complete series of juggling tricks, viz., miracles to astonish credulous Frank travellers or silly female votaries hidden behind the gallery lattices. They would hold red-hot iron in their mouths, carry balls of fire, handle burning hooks, and do other miraculous wonders, once popular among mediæval saints, and still not unfavourably received at English country fairs.

The miracles I saw were of a dubious kind, I am very sorry to say. The old sheikh touched bad eyes that were brought to him, touched them beyond a doubt, but, for all I know, made them only worse. He pressed palsied hands, too; but, for all I saw, he left them as palsied as his own. Then, roused to greater enthusiasm by these bold assertions to saint-hood, enthusiastic, perhaps prepaid, parents pushed forward with baby children—mere coloured bundles of drapery—and laid them down side by side, in rows,

before the white prayer-rug of the old sheikh. The children threw themselves down willingly, as with prepaid alacrity the fathers and dervish assistants rolled them together, just as Punch does his row of victims when he is at the crowning acme of his murderous and despotic career. Then the old man in the yellow boots, his infirm arms held on either side by stronger disciples, stepped leisurely on each child, pressing him from head to foot with what he affected to be his whole weight, but which, I am sadly afraid, for the credit of the order, was only his whole weight minus the two large slices of it held by his supporters. Then, as a bigger boy, some twelve years old, laid himself low, the old sheikh walked down the row of bodies laid with their faces to the ground, and so miraculously harmless was that old man's weight, that I vow, on my honour as a traveller, I saw a baby boy look up and smile as the yellow boot passed over him and went on to his bigger brother. All the children then rose as unhurt as if the old man had been only a sparrow that had hopped over them. Whether they held their breath, or excitement tightened their muscles, I know not; but I imagine the division of labour that I have just described is sufficient to account for a miracle nearly as good as some we have read of elsewhere in madder dervishes' books at home.

I had got to that pitch now, that I think, if that old idiot's head had rolled off and proved to be a

brittle pumpkin; if that old sheikh had turned into a rat, and run down a hole in the wainscot; or if all the brotherhood had suddenly been transformed into a row of howling jackals, and had torn at us and driven us, a whirlwind of beasts and Turks, down the steep street, I should have treated it quite as a matter of course, and have behaved accordingly.

The refrain and its effects on the mind are well known to us, but the effect of monotony and repetition generally, as used by religious sects and false faiths to obtain spiritual influence over the mind, has not, I think, been duly considered by those brain puzzlers, the psychologists. I can only say for myself, that that mechanical swing of the body of some dozen and odd dervishes, that sway of the head, that measured dancing step, and, to crown all, that cadenced howl at regular intervals, even as clock-beats, would certainly have sent me to the padded room and the long-sleeved waistcoat, in, I should say, rather less than a fortnight. Many shower-bath surprises, and many punches and rubs of turnkeys, would it have taken ere I should have been brought to believe that I was not really "the Sultan—Pope of Hieropolis, brother-in-law twice removed to Moses, and second-cousin, on the mother's side, of the Grand Lama of Tibet." Already I fancied myself in a black van trolling along Westminster Bridge. I can see the bland doctors rubbing their hands, as, rolled in flannels slightly corded, I am handed over, like a

directed parcel, at Bedlam's gate. Frightened at the very glare of this horrid thought, I ran out for my shoes, and, slipping them on, actually took to my heels, much to the astonishment of the crowd of beggars, including the frantic idiot with the bandy legs, who environed the door. I felt my breath come freer as I stepped into the kijik, and nestled down into its cushioned cradle.

"To what gate?" said the black boatman, pulling up the loose sleeves of his striped silk shirt, and twisting them above his elbows, the oars poised and balanced, ready to dip as soon as I spoke.

"To Bedlam," I said.

The kijakji laughed, and shook his forefinger waggishly, right and left of his nose, meaning he did not know the place.

I started, and throwing out my hand regally, as if to grasp a stray idea and correct myself, I cried, "To Tophana, boatman!" and we *did* go.

CHAPTER V.

TURKISH STREET FOUNTAINS.

THERE were many projects afoot that morning at Misseri's breakfast-table. Some were going up the Genoese round tower at Galata, for the sake of a grand view of all the blue breadth of the Bosphorus; others were bound to climb the great Turkish fire tower over in Stamboul, to sketch the long broken chains of aqueducts built by some forgotten purple-wearer; some were for boating, to the castles of Europe and Asia, intending to see Barbarossa the pirate's tomb, and Godfrey de Bouillon's plane-tree, besides some score of the Sultan's tinsel Italian palaces; one or two were off for the ruined Greek palace of the Blachernæ; and others were going to take horse and traverse the whole length of the triple ramparts, which always seemed to me to resemble a collection of all the old invalid English fortresses, drawn up to be reviewed by old Time himself; half a dozen were for shady seclusion in the bazaars, and a long day of "delightful, charming shopping," as the ladies called

it. But I and Rocket were bent on making a tour of the beautiful Turkish street fountains.

Breakfast was over, the fish had succeeded the cutlets, eggs the fish, grapes the eggs, figs the grapes, and peaches the figs; honey from Mount Hymettus, golden brown and aromatic, had sweetened the bread, and fountain water, clear and silvery, had cooled the coffee, and being now in good training for our usual liver complaint, we left the waiters covering the table with a green gauze tent, to keep off the analytical flies, and went to prepare for our long ramble—I, with Leghorn hat and green umbrella, shield against the sunbeams' golden arrows, which seemed to consider my head in the light of a bull's-eye; Rocket, in an eccentric costume of filmy white, gray wide-awake, and with a short, crooked bamboo under his arm, intended to intimidate Jew touters and repulse street dogs.

We were just emerging from Misseri's door, where the gilt horseshoe is nailed for luck, and were looking at the axes of the firemen hanging up in the little wooden shed of a guard-house opposite the hotel, when a sudden roar of voices, and the trample of feet round the corner of the street, arrested us. "Here begins the massacre of the Christians," thought I. "There's going to be a shindy," said Rocket, grasping his yellow reed as if it were a loaded gun.

Round the corner it came, a tearing, howling mob of some two dozen half-naked Turks and Greeks,

running at a *pas de charge*, carrying on their shoulders a something that I at first thought was a large musical-box, then a coal-scuttle, then a banker's brass safe, and lastly what it really was, a small fire-engine, almost the only one, I believe, in this great city, where fires are perpetual, and more destructive than in any other part of the world, the houses being all built of lath wood scarcely thicker than the sides of a cigar-box, and the unceasing heat of the sun leaving an after-glow that almost warms the moonshine, and makes them dry and combustible as tinder. It is not an unusual thing, indeed, for a thousand persons to be rendered houseless by one night's fire. Even now, as I look out beyond the arsenal towards the Sweet Waters of Europe, on the sloping hills that run down to the Golden Horn, I see in a churchyard hillocky with tombstones a whole townful of burnt-out Jews, squatting, half starved, tearful, broken-hearted, and penniless, under their squalid white tents. King Fire is the only reformer, sanitary commissioner, or improver, that exists in Turkey. There are no iron plates with "F. P. 25 ft." visible in Turkish streets; no fire-insurance offices, "Hand-in-Hands" or gilt Suns, there; no men with axes in their belts, looking out into night skies to see if the black turns red; nothing but a miserable garden-squirt and this bawling, senseless, bare-legged mob, who go and see that the houses burn down fairly, or occasionally stop the flames by pulling down one or

two of the mountain cigar-boxes in which the Greeks and Jews huddle together. The philosophical comment of Rocket, again, at this sight, is worthy of the gallant young diplomat. He says, "The Turks are queer buffers. Now then, governor, where are you shoving to?"

This appeal was to a stalwart black, carrying ten crimson sheep's-heads tied to a pole which went over his shoulder. "Infidel!" he mutters, and looks as if he longed to have the sabreing of us.

"Say that again, old fellow," says Rocket, clenching his fist, "and down you go." How far Rocket's frail West-end umbrella would have availed against a quarter-staff weighted with gory sheep's-heads I do not know, but the fellow passed on, muttering.

"Old Macgillicuddy, of the Fusiliers," said Rocket, "would have given anything for one of that rascal's sheep's-heads with the wool left on; 'singet,' as the Scotch farrier of the regiment always called it, when he frizzled the wool at the blacksmith's forge. Cursed witty fellow, Macgillicuddy, after his tenth tumbler!"

A moment at the Bank, where I observe a sheaf of cricket-bats in the corner—a look in at the tourne-broche of the English post-office, where a yawning, grumbling English clerk looks languidly over the letters, and damns the Turks all the time—and we are at the bridge of boats, where four or five of the steamers that ply up and down the Bosphorus are

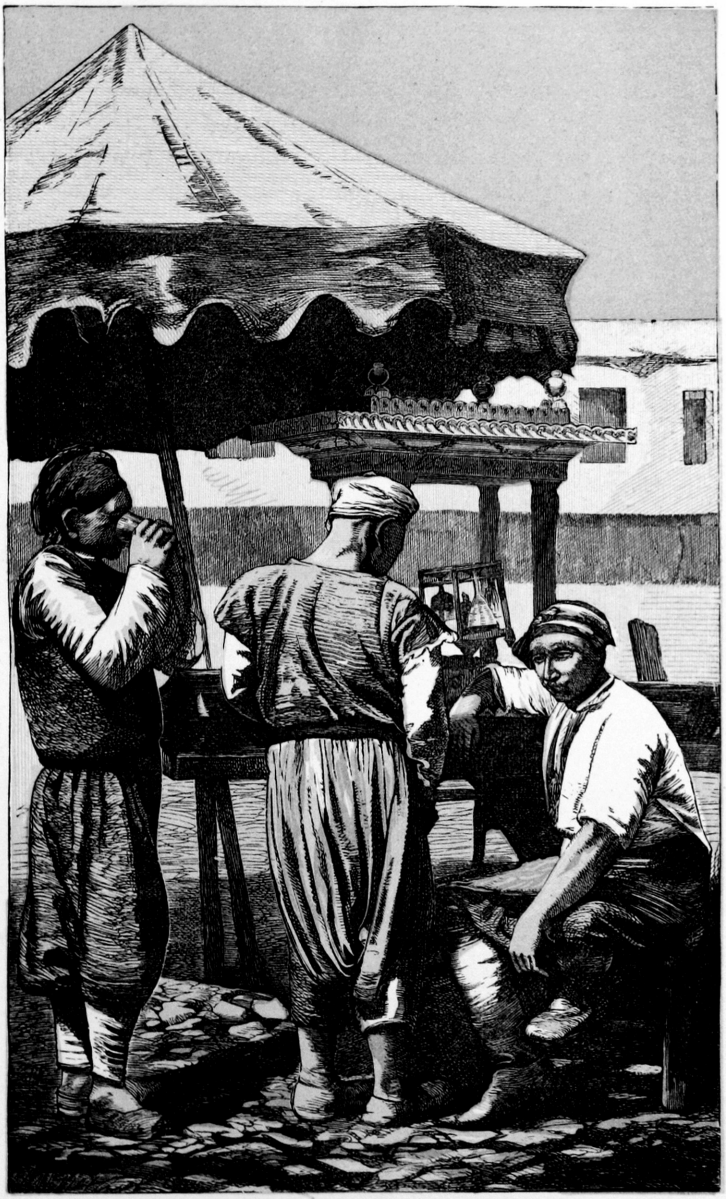
lying, some of them crowded with ghostly white-veiled Turkish women. Before us, on the Stamboul side, are flocks of vessels, with netted masses of spars and ropes, and here and there a flag, flowering the dark wood with colour like the pink blossoms on the still leafless branches of the Judas-trees in the Seraglio gardens. I see miles of square windows, which glitter gold in the morning sun, to the special wonder of many a peasant, to whom the countless windows of Stamboul are said to be a special and almost a proverbial object of wonder: houses, painted red and yellow, red-striped mosques, gray domes, and everywhere against the sky-line the sharp sentinel lances of the minarets, each one, at the prayer hour, gifted with voice, as of a warning prophet or watchful angel; everywhere among the houses cypresses and vines, and on the suburban flat-topped chimneys bushy stork nests.

Walking in Constantinople is perpetual sight-seeing, and I am talking to Rocket about the Zemzem, or well of Paradise, which figures so largely in Mahometan legends, when we come to our first fountain.

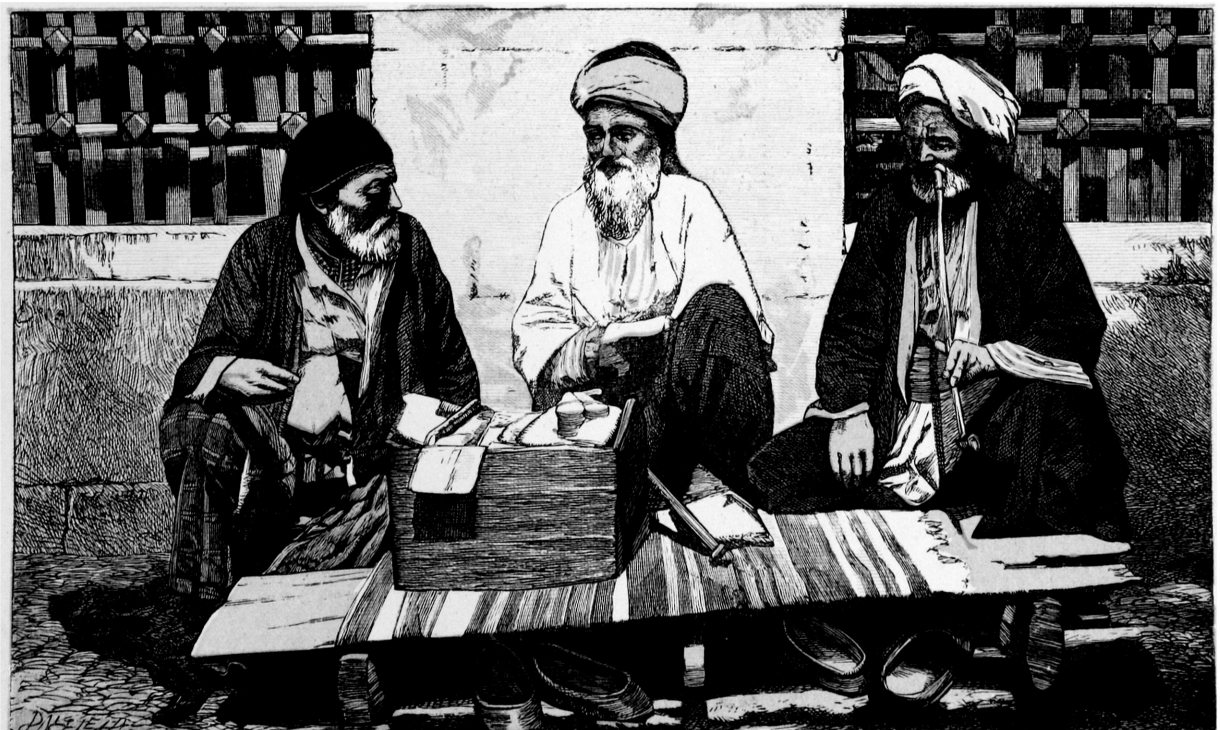
But before we can well walk round it, our attention is caught by two specially Oriental trades, which, close by the fountain, are being carried on with great vigour, and apparently success: the one is that of a sherbet-seller, the other that of a public letter-writer. The soojee, or sherbet-seller, is sheltered by a huge

green umbrella which rises like a tent above his earthen bowls of bruised cherries and purple weltering currants, above his yellow-rinded lemons, his water bottles, his porous, half-thawed ice, his funnels and tumblers. The coarse vandyked edge of this rude canopy, springing from its mushroom stem of a pole, is presided over by a pendulous-nosed Armenian, with a blue and yellow rag bandaging round his sallow fez; the man has bare arms, brown slop breeches, and a tight-fitting white jacket. The odd man, or porter, of some great house, is resting his globular water-vessel full of fountain-water, while he drinks some iced lemonade. The only ornament about the dealer's stall is a sort of inner tinselled raised roof, to still further shield the ice and currant-juice from the vertical sun. A second customer, dressed in yellow and blue, and with a white turban, stands with his back to me, sipping something. The servant has tight gaiters reaching from his knee to his ankle, and his bare feet are thrust in coarse red slippers with heavy soles. In both cases the baggy Zouave breeches swag half down the calf. The sleeves of the first man are pink, his turban is green, his breeches are blue, and his sleeveless jacket is brown. As for the proprietor of the stall, he is calmly indifferent to trade, and sits on his low stool gravely, as if entertaining his friends, and rather conferring an obligation on his customers.

Not far off, under a stuccoed wall, pierced by pon-



SELLER OF SHERBET.



LETTER WRITER.

derously barred gratings, sits the sagacious letter-writer, with a gossip on one side of him, and a customer on the other; three pair of huge red slippers, like crab-shells, are lying before them. The writer sits cross-legged on a thin plank platform, held up from the ground by three transverse beams, and spread with a dry hide of red and brown striped carpet, which gives it a domestic look though it is in the full open streets.

The correspondent is very anxious, the writer very grave and consequential, the gossip very deferential and attentive. Before the writer is a small box of paper, reed-pens, pen-cases, inks, and seals; his chibouk has gone out, neglected in the hurry of business. The three men represent three types of Turks: the one, a bigoted, dull day-dreamer; the letter-sender, a mean, puzzled, opium-eating knave; the centre man, a full-brained but sorrowful, simple-hearted, and honest Mussulman. He looks quite the pasha with his yellow turban, red fez, light-coloured robe, and blue-striped inner dress; the gossip, with broad red sash and purple robe, is the thorough old Turk; while the correspondent is a feeble, miserable admixture of European and Asiatic dress, flapping, buttonless waistcoat, and trousers of dirty gray plaid silk. What it was that wise Abdallah wrote—whether news of hope or sorrow, of birth or death, of joy or grief—I shall never know: it has gone, like the great river of events that flows by me daily. Be

sure, however, that if of joy or grief, it ended with some pious ejaculation, as, "It is ordained," or, "It is decreed by Allah."

But let us get at once to our fountain. It is not such a mean little sink, guarded by sticks of black sealing-wax, as ostentatious charity has provided for us in the London streets; no, it is a complete institution—a sort of water temple. It is like the gated-up entrance to an Eastern palace.

This fountain, too, is a memorable fountain—not that it is the one to which Sultan Mahmoud used to send his slaves with silver vessels to fetch water, which vessels, when filled, were immediately sealed with the royal seal—but from its situation. Do you see that tall, narrow archway, with the inner doorway below leading into a court-yard, with the gilt sun and royal cypher above it, and the striped red and white sentry-boxes on either side? That is the Imperial gate of the Seraglio—the Sublime Porte—from which we derive our silly name for the Turkish Government. That gate has let in and out more villains, murderers, thieves, and horrid rascals, than perhaps any gate in the world. Near it are still shown the niches where old Ali Pasha's grey head, and those of his family, were put for show when brought from Albania. Those plain, square, grated windows above are the windows of private apartments. That gate leads to the Downing-street of Constantinople. There are all the public offices, with long matted

passages filled with suitors, smoking and waiting great men's pleasures.

Now these fountains arose either from royal magnificence (how easy it is to be generous with other people's money), or from the bequests of charitable people, dying Turks not unfrequently leaving enormous legacies, not only to build, but also to maintain these fountains. Sometimes they are square, isolated buildings, standing by the river-side, or usefully in the centre of some market-place; never, however, for mere ornament or display, like our poor little squirts and sloppy tea-tables in Trafalgar-square. Generally, as in this instance, they project in a sort of bow, or apse, from the wall; sometimes, in the humbler instances, mere brass taps project from a sort of ornamental altar-piece flush with the wall. They are never quite alike, but these features all the larger ones have in common: an overlapping roof of extreme breadth, so as to cast the greatest possible amount of shadow; much inscription, and cursive and undulating floral ornament, either painted or carved in marble; a terrace with steps round its base, and tall gratings, round the lower openings of which are chained small brass vessels to drink out of. No wonder, then, that as people come here to bathe in shadow, and to drink the liquid coolness fresh from the well that guards it, as the melon does its inner juice, the fountain becomes, almost from necessity, a special lounge for everybody but the women. Here come the roast

chesnuts and the green peaches, the figs and the pickled cucumbers, the sherbet and the lemonade, the horse-boys and the beggars, the fakir and the guitar player, the street boy and the wild dog; here the porter rests his luggage mountains, and the araba man looks for custom.

The inscriptions, inserted in gilt sickle-bladed letters in oblong panels in front of the buildings and above their external tanks, run generally somewhat in this way:—

"Rest, O traveller, for this is the fountain of enjoyment; rest here, as under the shadow of the plane-tree, for this roof casts a shade as deep as that of the cypress, but with more of joy. Ask one day of the angels in Eden if this water is not as delicious as the rivers of that garden, or as the stream of Zemzem. Sultan Achmed the second Alexander, he whose glory is as the sun, and his generosity perpetually increasing, like the tree of life, has reared this kiosk and stamped it with its signet ring. This water flows unceasingly, like his benevolence, as well for the king as the beggar, the wise man and the fool. The first of all the blessings of Allah is water."

But as these poems in blue and gold sometimes run to whole yards of verse, let this specimen suffice. To those thirsty people who can read the fish-hook and Turkish serrated characters these fountains are perpetually chanting poems.

The gratings that shut in the fountain rooms are

always specially beautiful, and generally of a pattern devised on purpose for the building. They are fine as jeweller's work, and full of the most cunning harmony of flowing lines, trefoiled or heart-shaped, and blossoming into a thousand shapes of ingenuity and fairy-like art. The shafts between the gratings are marble, and waist high comes the lower wall, on the top of which rest the brass chatties.

Most of these fountains have a guardian who lives within, at least by day, and who sees that nothing is injured or defaced. There this venerable dryad hears the water hour by hour rinse and trickle, as he reads his Koran, and dreams about paradise, and the future rewards of the charitable, such as he who endowed this fountain.

In all these fountains the broad shadow from the roof, however vertical the sun may be, generally covers half the wall under it with a deep shade that no heat can pierce, the great lapping domed sheet of gray lead above receiving all the gilding rain of fire, and bearing it with a stupid patience worthy of that dull metal. It is, therefore, lower down in the marble panel above the fountain grating, and in the sections of surface over the arch where the tank is, and under the dedicatory inscription, that you must look to see the beautiful ornament that filigrees the whole surface with honeysuckle wreaths, trails of wild vines, rose branches, and tendrils of jasmin and pomegranates, in the purest Persian taste, never deep-cut,

or shadow-producing, or mysterious, like Gothic work, never quaint or massy, but floral, playful, cheerful, and full of a sense of unceasing sunshine and a deep enjoyment of life. Human figures the Koran forbids, so that, as the Turks have no painters, they have no sculptors, and their ornaments are mere pots of roses, lilies, bunches of grapes, dishes of pears, and all sorts of fanciful conventionalisms, blue and gilt if the building is stone, but nearly plain if it is coated with marble. Then there are fan-like ornaments that look like peacocks' tails, pierced bosses, punctured as if with needles, so fine is the work, and delicious wildernesses of arabesque covering every inch of marble with a thicket trellis-work of leafy stem, fine as lace-work, the product of skilful eyes and hands now resting under those tall trees of darkness in the great cemetery of Scutari.

Here you see in these panels of the fountain walls an epitome of all the Oriental mind has produced in art, whether Turkish, Moorish, or Arab. Here are thoughts from Persepolis and the Alhambra, Ispahan and Delhi, worked with the rarest care in honeycomb niche, and rounded boss and border. There is not a street in Stamboul but you find one of these fountains, perhaps new, and surrounded by its votaries, porters, and water-carriers, drinking or resting, perhaps defaced and disused, the marble tank full of dust and melon rind, its poems with the gilding faded off, the water dried up, and the name

of the Turk who erected it forgotten. They are of all ages, too, from those raised by men who stormed in at the gate when the last Constantine fell, to that of the pasha who died but yesterday. They are in all places: in the courtyards of mosques, by the water's edge, in the open places where boatmen and horse-boys congregate, by the bazaar's dark entrances, by the khans, where laden pack-horses go in and out all day, abroad beyond the city walls, where the country opens into gardens and broad sandy tracts, or where the split figs, looking like red flowers, hang over the wall, and the water-melon sellers lie and sleep, dreaming of customers.

The fountain in the mosque of the Sultan Mahmoud at Tophana is a sort of conical tent-cover, crowned with a gilt star, and supported by slender pillars, within which is a font-like well, caged over with wire. Here, on the low stone seats, you always see some red-sashed Greek servant, in a white jacket, watching the water filling his copper vessel. The brim of the roof of this fountain is remarkable too for being painted with a rude landscape, that runs all round. Just outside the red-striped walls of St. Sophia, there is one with a broad Tartar roof, near which you always find some sherbet-seller, resting his wickered bottles, or some bare-armed hammals (porters) squatting, while they smoke their chibouks, under the stump of a mulberry-tree, and just under the portholes of the mighty dome itself.

In the Sultan Achmet mosque-yard we remember one specially effective and simple, with little ornament, but a pierced lattice above the water-cups, with inscriptions and tracery, half hidden by the shade of a mountainous plane-tree. Ten to one but you will find something worth looking at in the fountain shadow, either some laughing negresses nursing children, or some old white-turbaned Turk, resting his head on his hand, and thinking of past times with a lazy dreaminess unknown to the people of almost any other nation; and always at the grating of iron flower-stalks some Greek talking through the bars to the fountain-keeper, whose face you can scarcely see in the dim inner coolness of the fountain chamber.

In the courtyard, by some mosque, the tent-like roof of the fountain, high and peaked, often rises to a level with the cloister arches, and the low domes that cover the arcading that runs round each side of the quadrangle; and it is spotted and trellised with leaf shadows from a vine that, linking together a plane and a cypress—gloomy husband and playful wife—throw a green darkness all round the fountain cage, where the white turbans sit, and mildly, blandly gossip after their manner.

Then there is the modernized fountain, as at Tophana, where the domes have been removed and a vulgar compo parapet and cast-iron railing been substituted, and the inscriptions stand out black

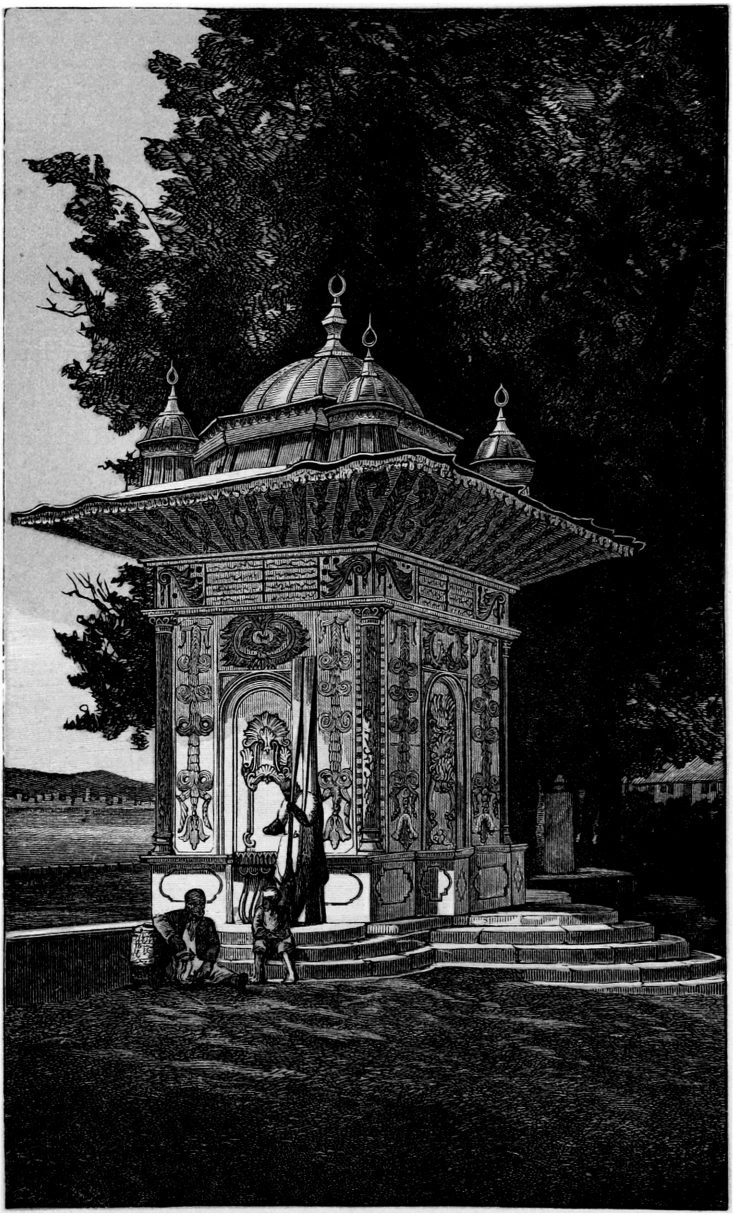
against very white walls, the whole building being surrounded by heavy stone posts and loops of iron chains. But azure, and gilding, and bran-new marble do not make up for beauty of form, and I never gave my affection to these new tinselled beauties, but kept my æsthetic love for that exquisite fountain of old Sultan Achmet, with its strong Byzantine pillars and beautiful pierced marble screen, admiring it so much that I was ready to chase away that dull-eyed vendor of almond-cake, who always kept his stall close to this masterpiece of Turkish art.

Two things always are seen about a Turkish fountain: the first, pigeons; the second, street boys. Always pigeons on the lead roof, cooing, spreading their veering purple necks to the light, fondling, pecking, or fluttering; always street boys, watchful and mischievous as apes, who sit in the niches, with their dirty backs against the gilding and carving, idle and, because idle, happy. Over them lies the broad shadow, and they lie under it as in a shady wood, defying the heat that makes the paving-stones just beyond the shadow all but red-hot. They think nothing of the dead men's charity, or of the carving fine as needlework, but they munch their chesnuts and are happy, thieving, mischievous apes that they are. Often, too, a boatman's oars or a hammal's elastic pole rest up against the carved brackets, while the owners snatch a nap under the grateful shadow, having first drunk of the fountain. Hundreds of

times in the day those brass cups, all in a row under the stanchioned grating, are filled and emptied.

There is something humane and poetical in this perpetual enforcement of charity that you receive in a Turkish street. There are the scavenger dogs, waiters on Providence, that abound in every street, who, though a good deal drubbed and bruised, are still partly maintained by the kindness of old Turks, who feed certain of them daily; then there are the countless clouds of pigeons, harboured on the mosque domes, and guarded with as much care as if they were young angels; and lastly, to crown the whole, these innumerable fountains, of all sizes, from that at the Seraglio gate, with its square bulk and circular towers at the angles, to the mere arch, tap, and tank: everywhere water gushing forth from dead men's hands into living men's mouths, expressing a benevolence that has striven to be immortal.

Having sketched the long, square, pagoda-roofed street fountain and the latticed-in fountain of the mosque-yard, I must now describe a beautiful variation from these, and that is the rural fountain, such as I have seen in villages on the Bosphorus, and never can forget. It seems but yesterday that my boatman followed me from the boat, and rested his oars against one of its recesses. It was a tall, square little kiosk, overlooking the blue waters, its central crescented dome surrounded by four lesser ones. The under part of its broad roof was striped with



FOUNTAIN OF KANDILLI.

shadowy patterns, and below this, in panels, ran the native inscriptions of the founder. The ornaments were simple and shell-like. To the fluted basin that received the water you ascended by four steps, as if to an altar. It always seemed to me like a little chapel raised to some water spirit, some Turkish Undine, and I felt grateful in that burning climate to the dead man who had reared this evidence of his sympathy with those whom he had left behind to toil out the hard time destiny had prescribed them.

As a European, accustomed to the romance of old palaces and manor-houses, I had myself attached a far different poetry to the fountain. I had thought of it as the silver column melting into silver rain; as the bright arrow shot heavenward, ever seeking to rise again in impotent effort. I had seen it sprinkling English elms and scattering its lavish pearl over English flower-beds, but now I found a new poetry attached to it.

Water was here no longer a juggling Undine, a tricky water-goblin, tossing silver into the air for mere unmeaning amusement; here I saw it, a gracious angel of blessing, from whose hands, day and night, poured blessings to all, rich or poor, to the weary porter resting his burden, to the rich pasha strolling out for a moment's air between the dreary pauses of a levée. Here it was God's archangel tempering the horrors of thirst, and wandering out in the streets to comfort the afflicted.

Always under the never-refused shelter of the fountain I found the poor Circassian exiles, starving and fevered, huddled up in their white woolly cloaks, grateful for the friendly shadow. There the tired vendor came to rest his heavy wattle baskets of green peaches; there the burnt-up beggar to con his prayers and rattle his alms-dish; there the lounging soldier, weary even of idleness, to chat with his gossip the water-carrier about "those barbarians the Inglis, whom the Sultan had hired to punish the Muscovites for refusing to pay him tribute;" there the Arabian story is told, though not by the professional story-teller, for the trade is now extinct; there the opium-eater dozes, or, if he wakes, stares at you as if you were less substantial and real than the creatures of his last dream; there, though opium-eating is now unusual, and the clusters of opium-shops no longer exist outside the Sulieman mosque, I have often seen the miserable narcotist lying staring at nothing, fixedly, with vacant, glistening eyes.

It is near these fountains, too, that only a few years ago sometimes reckless public executions took place, when, after a secret trial and confession, forced, perhaps, by torture, the wretch was led out suddenly by soldiers, and hanged at the first convenient house he came to. Was it not Windybank who saw the Greek tailor who had been detected in an intrigue with the Turkish lady lying near the Fish-market fountain, with his head placed neatly between his

knees? It was near a fountain that Dr. Legoff saw a pirate and murderer hanged at a fruit-shop door. "The soldiers leading the man," said Windybank, "suddenly stopped, knocked a nail into the wall of a fruit-shop, tarred the boards where the body would rest, then sliped a rope round the pale wretch's neck, placed him on a hencoop, drew the rope three or four times round the nail, then kicked away the hencoop, and he was left hanging." That was some years ago, and the tag of rope still remains suspended to the nail, as it probably will do, in that conservative city, till sun and rain rot it off. Lately the Turks have almost done away with capital punishment, and the greatest villains on earth are given back to the world.

And in thinking of fountains, the gentleman who on a fine day feels it so hot in Regent-street that he must really, perforce, go into Verey's for a strawberry ice, must remember that it is not to relieve such trivial thirst that Eastern fountains were erected. It was not for slight, damp warmth, languor, and dry mouth that the Turks have spent millions in public fountains. It was for the heat that dries up all saliva; that inflames the mouth and blackens the lips; that dims the eye and makes you giddy, faint, and sick; that becomes, if not relieved incessantly, an intolerable pain and torture, coming, too, when the body is exhausted, and languor is so great that rest becomes the greatest negative pleasure that can be conceived.

In that intolerable city, indeed, all up-hill, where the streets are paved with loose boulders, walking at noonday is a work of the greatest fatigue and of the most painful exertion. Every moment the stranger betakes himself to peaches, grapes, or figs, of which he keeps a pocketful, and, when these are gone, to sherbet, lemonade, or some sort of fruit broth. Imagine, then what delight, what life-blood, the penniless and vagabond draws from a draught at the street fountain.

CHAPTER VI.

TURKISH SHOPS AND TURKISH SHOPKEEPERS.

I AM not going just yet to pronounce a talismanic text of the Koran as an "Open Sesame!" and then plunge, boldly and adventurously, out of the fiery sun into the dim vaults of the Constantinople bazaars, but am merely going to stroll, with my readers at my heels and elbows, through the narrow, steep streets of the Sick Man's city, SHOPPING.

I am *not* about to say that London walking is dull walking, when to me, well as I know and much as I love the pure green country, Fleet-street is always fairy-land, and Regent-street enchanted ground; but still I think English shops are not to be compared to those of Stamboul in their power of affording pleasure and amusement to the itinerant traveller and poetical or artistic vagabondizer, for reasons I will disclose anon. London shops, particularly "your cork-leg shop," "your glass-eye shop," "your Christmas toy shop," "your seal engraver's shop," furnish pretty material to the thoughtful humorist; (and who can be a real humorist without being thought-

ful?) but then you have to blunt your nose against glass, already opaquely steamed with youthful breath, or to sneak about doorways, at the imminent risk of being suspected as a swell mobsman, or a cracksman planning a *coup d'état;* whereas, in the Orient shops, all is open-air life. The shops have the lids off; they are pies without crust. The goods are laid out on sloping slabs, such as our English fishmongers use to display their ichthyological specimens upon; they are small bulkheads, or more generally narrow, open stalls, without doors or windows, and with limited platform counters, upon which robed and turbaned Turks sit, as if they had been acting stories from the *Arabian Nights* in private theatricals the night before, and had not yet had time to change their clothes. These grave and reverend seigniors are always to be seen sitting cross-legged, generally smoking (Ali Baba or Mustapha), and half dozing, taking a quiet, unhurried, kind, and contemplative view of life. Donkeys may pass and bump up against the door-posts; thieves may run by (as I have seen them, pursued by angry soldiers with drawn and flashing sabres); the Sick Man himself may ride past, sad and hopeless, and felon-faced, with the ambassadors he is so sick of—mortally sick of—at his elbows; still nothing moves our friend in the decent, unruffled mushroom button of a white or green turban. Why, if a Job's messenger were to come in and say that his thirty-third

wife was dead, or that fire from Allah had burnt down his villa at Buyukdere, the most Mustapha would do, I think, would be to fill his pipe rather quicker than usual, and, puffing a little faster than usual, tell his beads, and curse the infidels all over the world.

A Turkish shopkeeper's goods never project into the road; he has no outside counter, like our vendors of old books; no old clothes and faded regimentals fluttering obtrusively in a bankrupt, suicide way, at his outer doors. His little quiet shop is flush with the roadside wall; and, sells he mouthpieces of pipes, clogs for the bath-room, or fez caps, they are all kept inside the little bin of a shop, on the floor of which, and at the entrance of which, sits the Turk, the master, with his red slippers before him, where the guillotine window-sash would be in our own "marts" and "emporiums."

Tired of travellers' flatulent generalities, and wishing really to paint truly, brightly, and minutely what I see, I yet know scarcely how to convey a thorough impression of Turkish shops. I *must* do it partly by negatives. They are not enormous cleared-out ground-floors of dwelling-houses, as in London, but rather cobbler-like, one-storied, covered stalls, where lurks a turbaned quiet man, aided by a black-eyed Greek, or fat, brown Armenian boy, who, to prevent the good phlegmatic man using his legs, gets down from shelves, or from the inner vaulted bin, the

striped silks, the sandal-wood beads, the aloes wood, the hippopotamus-hide whips, the spongy bath towels, or whatever it may be your caprice cries for. I feel quite sure that the highly-oiled and lavendered young curates who serve in our West-end shops would, indeed, almost faint if any one suggested that they had anything in common with the "dirty old pedlar," as they, no doubt, would profanely call the venerable Mustapha, who sells Macedonian tobacco, without any greedy hurry, in "the street that is called straight," in the city of Constantinople. To tell them that Mustapha is a worthy gentleman in his quiet, unruffled serenity; in his grave, spotless dress; in his calm, yet fervent religion, which he is proud of, and not ashamed to own, would not, however, I suppose, much reconcile my young Ell, Tapeworm, and Co.'s to the odious "caparison."

You could, I found, hardly imagine a man going to cheat you who was in no hurry to get down his gold striped cloths, who requested you to tuck up your legs on his counter in the way that he did; who sent out for lemonade or sherbet, or called for pipes and coffee. I used always to think, when I coiled myself up to buy some small trifle (a little red pipe bowl, or a pair of slippers, starred with seed pearl to wit), that Mustapha treated me more like some bearded Arabian merchant who had come to spend a month with him, than a "loafing" infidel,

who was in a burning hurry, and had only a sovereign or two to spend. But when that venerable and majestic Turk, sitting with his red slippers before him, began to ask me exactly two hundred times the worth of that pipe and those slippers, my respect for the trading instincts of the patriarchal, old, bearded humbug, increased tremendously; though I knew he longed to spit in my coffee, and to football my unshorn head up and down the knubbly street, all the time he sipped his coffee.

But I cannot describe Turkish shops, and enable readers to decide what age of civilization they belong to, unless I also describe the streets that lead to them and from them, that face them, that back them, that bring them customers, and lame them when they take them away again. In like manner as the nineteenth century Turk is one and the same with the Turk of the seventeenth century, so are the Stamboul streets of 1860 much what the Stamboul streets must have been in 1660. Drive the Turk back to-morrow to his Asian tent, and he would be as fit for it as ever he was. Turn him out to-morrow from the city he stole from Christianity, and you will find the same streets that you would have found when Busbequius or Grelot visited Turkey—no better, no worse. In fact, cramp a Moslem in Paris boots till corns spring out all over him, pinch his brown fists in Jouvin's white kid gloves, squeeze him in invisible green Yorkshire

cloth, scent him, eye-glass him, grease him, uniform him as you like, the Turk will still remain the unimproveable Chinaman of the world, his religion a dangerous lie, his polygamy detestable, every country he governs a dunghill or a desert. I longed to tell Mustapha so when he used to sit so stolid and divinely contemptuous, if I came in a hurry for some tufted Broussa bath towels, upon which, I know, he would have bowed and wished me peace, believing that I was complimenting him in my own tongue. I never could be angry, however, with Mustapha, unless he actually struck me or called me "dog," because, however cheating he is, he is such a gentleman, with his mildness and his courtesy; he never does anything ludicrous or *gauche*, or intrusive, or fussy, or vulgar; he is never pert, never pompous, but looks like Abraham, and Jonah, and Isaac, and Jacob, and King Solomon all in one. He seems to be incapable of fret or worry; and when he dies it will be, I am sure, without a struggle, for he was never fully awake yet.

But to the streets that lead to other shops than Mustapha's. In the first place, they are as narrow as Shoe-lane; yes, even that Regent-street of Constantinople that leads to St. Sophia, or the Piccadilly that branches on to the Hippodrome, is a mere rough path; Stamboul being, like Rome, a city of Seven Hills, half its lanes are five times as steep as Holborn Hill. They have no smooth slabs of side pavement,

no kerbs, no lamps, no names, and no guarding side-posts. They are covered with what is merely a jolting mass of boulder stones thrown down loose as when uncarted, or if sound trottoir for a few yards, in another step or two ground into holes or crushed into something like a stonemason's yard, or a pebbly sea-beach bristly with geological specimens. If a barricade had just been pulled down, and not yet levelled, so would it look; if it were the street of a mountain village, so would it be. As in the days of Adam, and before Macadam was thought of, so are still the streets, barbarous, and laming enough to make a paving commissioner go into a swoon, or to threaten to indict the Sultan and the whole Turkish government as a nuisance.

To ladies impossible, to men terrible, imagine—plus these torrent beds of streets, mountain defiles after an inundation, or a landslip avalanche of shingle—a continuous stream of ox-carts, water-carriers and oil-carriers, ass drivers, bread sellers, carriages with Turkish ladies, pashas and their mounted retinue, pack-horses, children, and Circassian loungers. Then, on every vacant spot strew praying dervishes, sleeping, couchant, or rampant wild dogs, melon-stalls and beggars, throw up above a ball of solid fire and call it the sun, and you have some small idea of the delight of walking and note-taking in the Dying Man's city.

But let us stroll down this street, where the planes

toss their green jagged leaves over those gratings, through which I see the stone turbans of tombstones, with, below, blue and gilt verses from the Koran, and get to this slovenly, down-hill lane, leading towards the bazaars, for in it we shall find nearly every class of Turkish trade, as those Armenian porters, with their knots and ropes on their back, seem smilingly to promise, as they offer to carry home the English sultan's purchases for him; and as for that, I believe they would carry home a house on their backs, if it only had handles.

"Way there!"—what a howl of "Guardia!" "Guard-diah!"—just as I am stopping for a cup of water at a gilded fountain, I am driven into a mastic shop by eight Armenian porters, four behind and four in front, who are staggering up-hill with a gigantic steel-bound bale, considerably larger than a chest of drawers, out of which ooze some yellow webs of silk; it vibrates on two enormous lance-wood poles, thin at the end and thick in the middle. Now, for a moment, these brawny men stop to rest the burden, and wipe their brown, rugged, beaded foreheads. Imagine the difficulties of trade in a city all Holborn Hills, where all Pickford's business has to be done by porters, and honour the sturdy industry of the honest Armenian hammals who stop for no one, not even the Sultan himself, who pass, howling out a rapid caution, through weeping funeral or laughing wedding procession, marching soldiers, anything, any

one, and for a few pence, unapplauded, perform the labours of Hercules in the Sick Man's city.

Attentive to trade interests, as well as to the rights of hospitality, the Turk, in the shop where I have taken refuge, points to the heaps of mastic upon his counter, and I buy a little to chew, because I have heard that Turkish ladies spend the greater part of their lives in this harmless, but unintellectual occupation. Mastic resembles gum Arabic; it is crystally cracked, yellow in colour, like a pale, flawed topaz, and has no taste at all to mention. It produces no effect, opiate or otherwise, and for all I could see, I might as well have spent my time sucking a little pebble, as schoolboys do when they are going to run a race, and want to improve their "wind." It lasted me, however, about half an hour, till I got to the square of Bajazet. At the end of that time, I got alarmed, and, taking it out of my mouth and looking at it, I found it changed to a sodden opaque lump of a dull white colour, which tasted like chewed India-rubber; so I flipped it at a street dog in disgust, and the street dog swallowed it immediately, as he would have done, no doubt, had I thrown him a shoeing-horn or a pair of old braces.

My Turk now wanted me to buy some henna powder for the ladies of my hareem, but I declined, upon which he clapped his hands, as if to call his negro boy, and in bounded a bushy white cat that he

had dyed a rose pink to prove the excellence of his drugs; but even this did not induce me to buy anything, for a clog-shop next door then allured me, and I stopped to see the apprentices with short adzes cleaving the wood, with which they fashioned the wooden sole, and the stilted supports of the "chopines," on which the Turkish ladies clatter across the cold marble floor of their fountain-sprinkled bath-rooms into the inner cells, where they disappear in a cloud of hot steam, from which merry laughing and the splashing of water is heard at intervals. This is quite a West-end shop for Turkey, and they sell all kinds of bath clogs here, from the plain wooden to the rich polished pairs, that are lozenged and starred with mother-of-pearl, in a style fit for Zobeide herself.

How quiet and industrious the workmen are!—twice as vigorous as Spaniards, and patiently enjoying the labour, with scarcely even an eye for passing scenes in the street. No plate-glass here, no varnished brackets, no pattern dwarf boot, or skeleton bone foot; nothing but chips and shavings, and split, split, hammer, hammer; a man at work behind, with some curious glue, is inserting the patterns of pearl into the wooden slabs cleverly enough.

A pipe-shop next. One Nubian and three young Turks, with a patriarch watching them, while he does the finer work himself. One turban and three scarlet fezes, all cross-legged, and the Nubian hold-

ing his work between his bare feet, for his toes are handier than many men's fingers. Good-natured, like all his race, a chronic grin of unctuous content is on his face. A worse specimen of a slave for platform and inflammatory purposes could not be found. The shop is not much bigger than six cobblers' stalls thrown into one, and the wall at the back is lined with pipe-stems, that rest against it like so many javelins. They are surely old Arab spear-shafts, pierced for new and more peaceful purposes. The dark-red ones are cherry stems from Asia Minor; the rough light-brown ones, jasmin saplings from Albania. They are about five feet long, and form the real chibouk that the Turk loves when it is finished off with a small red tea-cup of a bowl, and that bowl is crammed with the choicest tobacco of Salonica. But what are those coloured wire-bound coils, like variegated eels, that twine and curl on the floor, for this is not a serpent charmer's? Those, innocent Frank, making a Guy of thyself with that bandaging of white muslin around thy wide-awake, are the tubes of narghilés, that the Turks love even more than the chibouk to smoke, because they are handier for small rooms, and do not require an orbit of five feet to each puffer.

Look opposite at that coffee-shop, which is a Turkish tavern: see those four men. They are mere poor men, but they come in to lunch off a farthing cup of coffee, without milk or sugar, and a

puff of a narghilé. How dignified they sit till the globular bottles, with the tubes coiled round them, are brought, the tobacco burning red above on the little cups of charcoal! See, only a dozen puffs, and the pure water from the fountain yonder is polluted in the pipe-bottles to a lemonade colour by the smoke it softens, and its bubble and gurgle is soothing to listen to. Miles of that tubing, red, green, blue, and crimson, are made annually in Constantinople. See how nattily the men bind the tubes with fine wire, to make them at once flexible and endurable. A Roman alderman once wished he had a throat three yards long. The Turkish epicure of smoke has realized the wish by making his pinch of tobacco go further than any one else's. Now, having bought ten yards of narghilé tube, with a fringed end, do you want an amber mouthpiece for your chibouk? Old Turks think they make the smoke bitter and harsh, and, therefore prefer the plain cherry-wood *pur et simple*, sucking the smoke through it, and not putting the pipe between their lips at all: but tastes differ.

Here is the shop. Cases on the counter, within them rows of mouthpieces, looking like sucked barley-sugar, golden and transparent. The amber is of all shades of yellow, from opaque lemon to burnt saffron. Some of those more shiny ones are only glass, the dearer ones have little fillets of diamonds round their necks, and are worth a purse full of

piastres. Then there are dull green ones for cheap pipes, and meerschaum cigaret holders for the cursed Frank, who had better take care he is not made a fool of, for greasy Turkish bank-notes are all alike, except for the numeral, that it requires practice to read; and then there are besides old and new notes, and bad gold Medjids, and Heaven knows what cheating, in this scorpions' nest of foreign rogues and schemers. Do you want rosaries? Here are talismans made of chips of red cornelian, and aloes wood for incense.

But here a ruder shop, not matted nor cushioned, arrests us. Plain beaten earth floor, rude counter. It looks more like a deserted blacksmith's shop than anything else. It belongs to a maker of vermicelli. The owner, ghostly white in face, is brushing a huge tin tray round and round. The brush must be of wire, or be grooved or toothed, for I see the caked material under which the fire is, is drawn and cut into tubed threads, and he draws it out as it dries, like so much carded flax, dexterously indeed. I see that he knows when it is done by its threads snapping and springing up, crisp and loose, from the tin shield. Good-natured people that the Turks are! He smiles and nods to me, quite pleased at the interest the wandering, spying out Giaour takes in his performance. To-night, I shall be at Misseri's gorging dinner, ladling out hanks of that very sodden thread to my chattering friends. I shall then enjoy

those wet reels of cotton all the more for knowing how cleverly they are made.

Now, moving on, I get into a stratum of edibles, for here, at a window, lolls an immense bullock's hide full of white cheese, looking like stale cream, become dry and powdery. It comes from Odessa, I am told, or is made of buffalo's milk, and is brought by camels from the interior of Anatolia, for butter and milk are all but unknown in Turkey, I long ago found. At the next stall are dried devil-fish, looking horrible with their hundred leathery arms; but here, where swordfish were once a favourite dish, and the people are very poor, what can one expect?

Who shall say the Turks are bigoted and intolerant, when here, next door to a baker's, is a shop with coarse Greek prints, representing Botzaris, the Greek hero, putting to death heaps of Turks; and there are tons of illustrations, in which the Turk is always getting the worst of it. There was a time when to even delineate a human being was death in Turkey, but now——

It was hard times for the bakers twenty years ago, when you could hardly be a week in Constantinople without seeing one of the tribe groaning with a nail through his ear, fastening him to his own shop door. That was the time when women were drowned in sacks in broad daylight, and when the sight of a rebel pasha's head, brought in in triumph, has taken away the appetite of many an Englishman breakfasting

with a Turkish minister. But there he (the baker) is now, floury, ghostly, and serious as ever, groping in that black cave of an oven at the back of his shop, or twisting rings of bread with all the unction of a feeder of mankind and a well-paid philanthropist.

The fez shops are very numerous in the "Sick Man's" city, for turbans decrease, though slowly. They are of a deep crimson, and have at the top a little red stalk, to which the heavy blue tassel is tied, and which always, to prevent entanglement, is kept in stock with a sort of ornament of paper cut into a lace pattern round it. The blocks, too, for fezes to be kept on, are sold in distinct shops. You see them round as cheeses ranged in front of a Turk, who watches them as if he was expecting them to grow. Sometimes you could hardly help thinking they were pork pies, were it not for seeing the barelegged boy in the background, who, pushing the unfinished block with the flexible sole of his foot, keeps it even upon the lathe.

Stationers and booksellers hardly show at all in Stamboul but in the bazaar, and there in a very limited way, in a way, too, that makes the Englishman wish they were away altogether. The tailor, too, does not figure largely, though you see Turks busy in their shops sewing at quilted gowns and coverlids stuffed with down; and you seldom pass down a street without seeing a man with a bow, such as the Saracen of Snow Hill could scarcely have

drawn, bowing cotton, with the twang and flutter peculiar to that occupation, the slave behind being half buried in flock, or emerging from a swansdown sea of loose white feathers.

The jewellers (frequently Jews) reside chiefly in the bazaars, both for safety and convenience. There they sit, sorting great heaps of seed pearl, as if it was so much rice, squinting through lumps of emerald, or weighing filigree earrings, with veiled ladies looking on, and black duennas in yellow boots ever in waiting; but still there are also a few outsiders who sell coarse European watches, with unseemly French cases, and large bossy silver basins for rose-water, or some such frivolous use, shaped like huge melons, and crusted with patterning, much watched over by the Turkish police, who, in blue tunics, red fezes, and white trousers, sneak about rather ingloriously, but for the ornamented holster at the belt, in which their pistols lurk.

It is not possible to go up a Turkish street, if it contain any shops at all, without also finding among them a furniture shop, where Chinese-looking stools and large chests are sold; their whole surface diced over with squares of mother-of-pearl, frequently dry and loose with extreme age, being now, we believe, rather out of fashion in the palaces on the Bosphorus.

But these are the first-rate streets; in the lower alleys, round the gates of the Golden Horn side of the city, down by the timber stores and the fish-

market, the shops are mere workstalls, alternating with mere sheds, and with rooms full to the very door with shining millet or sesame, which looks like carraway seed; with charcoal stores, and fruit-stands where little green peaches are sold, the true Turk preferring raw fruit to ripe.

In these Lower Thames-street sort of neighbourhoods—in winter knee-deep in mud, and in summer almost impassable for traffic, towards the Greek quarter especially—you are sure to find a comb-shop, a little place about as large as four parrots' cages, where an old ragged Turk and a dirty boy are at work, straightening crooked bullocks' horns by heat, sawing them into slices, chopping them thinner and thinner, and filing out the coarse teeth. The workman, powdered with yellow horn dust, perhaps stops now and then to drink from the red earth jug that is by his side, or deals with a mahabiji, or street sweetseller, for that delicious sort of rice blancmange he sells, yellow all through, powdered with white sugar, and eaten with a brass spoon of delightfully antique shape; or he is discussing a shovelful of burnt chesnuts, or a head of maize boiled to a flowery pulp, eaten with a ring of bread, and washed down with a draught from the nearest fountain; or he is stopping, the patriarch master being away, to listen to the strains of an itinerant Nubian, who stands under a mosque wall, yonder, with a curious banjo slung round his black neck, the handle a big knotted reed, the body as large

as a groom's sieve, and of the same shape. Some black female servants are also near, listening; and I can tell from what African province they are by the scars of the three gashes, that, as they think, adorn their left cheeks. Close to where they stand, perhaps, is a shop full of fleas and pigeons, the latter always hustling about and cooing and evidently on sale.

But shall I forget the tobacco shops that are incessant, that are everywhere, upon the hills and down by the water, round St. Sophia and close even to the Sublime Porte itself? In England, I have always from a boy envied two tradesmen, the one the cabinet-maker, the other the ivory-turner; the one dealing with such a dainty, clean material, the other so dexterous and refined in his manipulations; but in Turkey I always longed to be either a jeweller or a tobacco merchant, the one with a stock so portable and costly, the other with a trade so much patronized, yet requiring so little apparatus. The tailor fags his eyes out, but the tobacco merchant buys his skinfuls of tobacco, or his leathern bagfuls of the Syrian jibili, the patient hammal throws it down in his shop; he buys a tobacco-cutter, a pair of scales, a brass tiara of a tray to pile the show samples up in, and there he sits and smokes till a purchaser comes. No heart-breaking change, no docks to trudge to, no anything. Nothing but to drag up brimming handfuls of the saffron thread and to sell it by the oke, trebling the price of course to an accursed Frank. What did the

Turks do (I often thought) before smoking was invented? Did they play at chess, cut off Christians' heads perpetually, or murder their wives like Bluebeard, that vulgar type of the Turk? What did they do before coffee, on which they now seem to live, sipping it all day, hot and black and thick, tossing off grounds and all, without any grounds at all for such a proceeding? Does the fate of nations depend on what they eat? Did frogs lead to the retreat from Moscow, and beef to Waterloo? Such are the questions that keep repeating themselves to me. The Turk's great pleasure is "rest," of which a wise man once said to a lazy one everybody would have enough in the grave. The Turk works from necessity, but, Allah! give him means to be idle, then he strolls out to a stream, sits down, calls for coffee, crosses his legs, lights his chibouk and muses: you can scarcely call it thinking, it is mental dozing.

But what is this shop, larger, wealthier, and more European-looking than its fellows, into which are now entering those three white-veiled, nun-like Turkish ladies, who draw up their rich silks of violet and canary colour quite above their bright yellow, shapeless boots? They go in and sit down like so many children on the low, four-legged, rush-bottomed stools, so full of mirth and mischief, that they at once agitate, and distress, and delight the quiet Turkish sweetmeat-seller and his black servant, who is steeping little oval shelly pistachio nuts in a tin of melting sugar

and oil. The walls of the shop are hung with long walking-sticks, (cudgels, shall I say?) of that precious and fragrant sweetment known in hareems as "rahat li koum," or "lumps of delight," which is a glutinous sort of jelly of a pale lemon or rose colour, floured with sugar, and knotted and veined with the whitest and curdiest of almonds. It is a delicious, paradisaical gluey business, and horribly indigestible, as I found to my cost.

Those fair English friends of mine who nibble at a fowl, and sip hesitatingly at a jelly, wishing to be thought—by all watchful beaux and eligible young men of a few neat thousands a year—mere fragile angels who drink the essence of flowers and live upon invalid spoonfuls of the most refined delicacies, might derive benefit from seeing Zobeide, Scheherazade, and the other fair Persian wives of that renowned pasha, Dowdy Pasha, consume yards—yes, positively yards—of those sweetmeat walking-sticks, washing down the bane of digestion with plentiful draughts of red-currant sherbet, raspberry sherbet, and fresh-made lemonade duly iced.

Then, with a zeal worthy of a better cause, forgetful of this morning's handfuls of rice and fowl, and long, greasy shreds torn with their own fair fingers from a lamb roasted whole, they fall to on piles of sweet cakes, ending with a few spadesful of comfits, laughing and talking all the time, and evidently making light of the whole affair! I wish I could here burst forth with

some scraps of Hafiz or Ferdusi, and tell you how warm and dark their antelope eyes were—how the lucid tinge of a summer daybreak lit their cheeks, but Truth, my vigorous taskmistress, has got *her* eye upon me, and I dare not. To tell you the truth, Zobeide was a whale of a woman, and was ruddled, not merely painted, with rouge; the fair Persian had Indian ink eyebrows, joining architecturally over her nose, and Scheherazade was as white as a wall with smears of loathsome hard paint that marred her once pretty nose and dimpling mouth. Directly they were trotted off in their little pea-green and gilt carriage, guardian negress and all, I went into the shop, about which I had all this time been loafingly prowling, and called, clapping my hands, for some violet sherbet, because Mussulman tradition distinctly tells us that that great Arab epicure and sensualist Mohammed called this his favourite beverage, and now do I greatly desire to tell my readers all that I can about the flavour and flagrance of that well and euphoniously named drink; but one thing prevents me, and that is, that my Turk did not sell it, and no one else that I could find out ever did, so I did not taste it, and cannot compare it to all sorts of things, as I should otherwise decidedly have done.

Wine and spirits would not be sold at all in Stamboul, at least openly, but that British subjects claim that privilege of sale. Raki—a sort of fiery, oily anisette, peculiarly deleterious—is drunk with great

relish by the Greeks, and by those Turks who are lax in their religious observance, whenever they can get it unobserved—"on the sly," as Rocket calls it. I am afraid that tying down poor human nature with unnecessary restraints makes sad hypocrites of men, who find it difficult enough to keep even the great laws, and are always inventing some excuse to slip off Nature's handcuffs. I remember particularly, one fresh bright morning, that I was on the deck of a Turkish steamer that was ploughing through the Sea of Marmora, and just sighting the Seven Towers, beyond which the cypresses and minarets were rising in a great watchful army, guarding the crescented domes of the still sleeping city. The deck was strewn with Albanians in their hairy capotes, with slavish-looking thievish Greeks, and with Turks grave and cross-legged on their prayer-carpets. Here and there, seated on the benches, were two or three half-Europeanized Turks, attempting cumbrously to imitate the ribald ease of their Greek friends. Threading the still half-sleeping groups, stepped the cafegee of the boat with thimble cups of smoking black coffee (half grounds, as the Turks drink it) on his dirty trays. A Greek, in crimson jacket and black-worsted lace broidery all over it, suddenly produces an old green medicine bottle full of raki, and passes it round. His Greek friends drink and look religiously thankful, for the autumn morning is raw. Three times—nay, four times—he smiles, and offers it to the Turk, who

looks away over the boat-side coquettishly. There is a curious constraint in the way he pushes the bottle from him: so Cæsar pushed the crown, according to the envious Cassius; so Cromwell did not push aside the bottle, if Cavalier squibs are true. There is a thoughtful, spurious look about his eye—changing, with the rapidity of a juggler's trick, to a quiet look of content and triumph, as he suddenly accepts the bottle, and, slipping behind a fat Greek, takes an exhaustive slope of its contents. What this man did with hypocritic reluctance, hundreds did, as I was very well assured, without any reluctance at all, under the protection and shelter of a European's roof. They feel the prohibition is absurd; they know the Sultan has bartered his very throne for a champagne flask, as his father did before him: so secretly they drink and are drunken. Indeed, I was told that the more philosophical Turks consider champagne merely a sort of heavenly bottled beer: in the first place, because it froths, which Eastern wine does not; secondly, because it is of a dull yellow colour, when their wine is red. Besides, as long as nations choose the wisest, and bravest, and best of their nation for monarch, must they not follow his example, and (saving the Prophet) get wisely, bravely, and, in the best and most secret way possible, drunk from pure loyalty?

People have often laughed at Chateaubriand's French dancing-master giving *soirées* to the Dog-

rib Indians, and a better subject for a farce could scarcely be conceived; but all incongruous things are ridiculous, when they are not, on the one hand, also hateful, or, on the other, when they do not excite our pity. So, *apropos* of raki, and the Turkish rakes who drink it, I must describe a small English tavern that I stumbled into just outside the Arsenal walls. It was kept by a Greek, and was dirty in the Greek manner; but I found it was specially patronized by the English mechanics whom the Sultan keeps to superintend the Government manufactories. These intensely English men—of course despising sherbet, which they profanely and almost insultingly called "pig's-wash," and detesting raki because it was the secret beverage of "them d——d villains of Turks,"—resorted to this grimy hostelrie, dirtier than the meanest village inn in "dear old England," to cozily wash the steel filings from their throats and the sawdust from their lips with real expensive, oily, bilious, "old Jamaikey," so old that the red and green labels on the bottles were brown and fly-blown, and with "Hollands" in square, black, green, high-shouldered Ostade bottles. It was delightful to see the brave, cross-grained, grumbling fellows lamenting English climate and English taxes, d——ing the Turks, and wishing they were in Wessex and Double Gloucester again, "with all *their* hearts;" to see them turning up their sleeves and hammering on the table for more grapes

and more rum, shouting out, "It's my delight, on a shiny night," and "Don't rob a poor man of his beer," and discussing, with absurd eagerness, six-months'-old English news, reforms long since become law, and treaties long since broken.

I have heard, indeed, that in the days of Mahmoud (the stern father of Abdul Medjid, "the fainéant"), that despotic Turk who destroyed the Janissaries, and introduced European reforms into Turkey, these grimy, bibulous friends of mine had rather a risky, troublesome time of it, for they then stood upon their dignity as Britons, got feverish British beer into their brave, wrong-headed brains, and were once or twice "pulled up" and nearly decapitated in a row for not salaaming, "and all that rubbish," some grand pasha—probably but yesterday a barber's apprentice, or a page about the palace—for Fortune plays strange freaks in the East.

And now, while I am in this tavern den, trying to eat some horseflesh stew—which I have ordered as an excuse for watching Smith, and Brown, and Jones (especially Smith)—there stands before me a ragged Greek vagabond, crafty as Ulysses, voluble as the winged-worded Pericles, who, in hopes of a stray piastre, harangues me and the engineers on a certain English pasha to whom he was once right-hand man. His gestures alone would be eloquence, for he beats his chest, and rends his dirty merino waistcoat.

"He (English pasha) keep white horse, black

horse, red horse, blue horse, every sort horse; and I drive him, whip him, saddle him, break him, 'cos he (English pasha) Sultan great friend—every day at palace. I too at palace. I—I eat lamb, pistachio-nut. I eat kibob (very nice kibob)—I drink shirab and champagney wine. I wear scarlet jacket and fustanella—white fustanella—servant under me—horse under me—money—drink—all right—all good. All at once come wicked man to English sultan, whisper ear—say, 'Take care, Anastase, bad man, rogue-man.' English sultan call and tell me, flog me—drive out faithful Anastase—take away horses—everything. Now, Anastase dirty man, poor man, thief man (laughs ironically)—no raki, no kibob, no drink, no eat. Go 'bout, only ask good rich Englishman for little money. Thank, sir (smiles)—drink health."

I treated them all round, and left Mr. Smith inadvertently decanting bottled beer over Mr. Brown's bald head, and proposing the health of the unfortunate Anastase.

CHAPTER VII.

MADHOUSES IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

I HAD obtained the Sultan's permission to visit the Government Madhouse—the Demir-Khan—as the Turks call it; and I dreaded, and yet I was anxious for the sight.

I was to accompany a Doctor Legoff, a Georgian born at Teflis, and attached to the Russian Embassy, who was endeavouring to rouse the Sick Man and his ministers to the necessity of introducing the European system of treating the insane into the asylums in Constantinople, of which this was the chief. We took two hacks at the door of the Foreign Office, and, followed by our two running footmen, were soon threading the torrent-bed streets of the filthy Jews' Quarter on our way to the Demir-Khan, where a mad world had shut up some of the more flagrant and eccentric of its inhabitants. As we rode along, on those terrible Turkish saddles that propel you forward on the pommel, the huge iron scrapers or shoes being hung so far behind the perpendicular line, the doctor, who is a trifle pedantic, and

belabours you with a good deal of dog Latin, useful to conceal ignorance and astonish the vulgar, told me that the Demir-Khan, like the Greek and other lunatic asylums of the city, was far behind the times. Mere cases of drunken delirium, or temporary aberration, were thrust in there, without any hopes of release. All classes of patients were herded together, cruel restraints were still occasionally used, the keepers were cruel, and treated the patients as criminals. The asylum was not clean, ablutions and lavations were rare, and there was no amusement to relieve and occupy the mind, or avert paroxysms. Indeed, so far was recreation unconsidered, that the only room which commanded a fine view of the Bosphorus and Golden Horn, although the Turks are universally and innately fond of scenery even to a passion, was barred from the patients and left unused. True that the heavy "catenæ or fetters" (belt and collar) of ten years since were abandoned, but there was still a rumour of underground cells and many remains of old barbarism and cruelty, dating from the times when insanity was considered to be caused by a devil being in possession, or tenanting the patient, which devil only stripes and bruisings would expel. As long as insanity was considered miraculous and a divine punishment, doctors did nothing for it, and what they did failed. Cruelty brutalized the maniac, deepened his aberration, but never cured him. He, Dr. Legoff, therefore, was

desirous of drawing up a report of this asylum and of the condition of its patients, that he might state the ameliorations that might be effected. I jolted on and said nothing, for dog Latin disagrees with me, and pedantry, small or large, is a condition of intellectual pride and vanity I utterly despise. I did not, indeed, wish to discourage the sanguine theorist; but I knew very well that the indolent Sultan, wearied by the perpetual reforms suggested by Europeans, has a way, after endless audiences and petitions, of always staving them off by requesting the delighted men to visit such and such an establishment, and draw up a long report, which is then handed over to the vizier for consideration. This consideration takes so long, however, generally, that the affair never goes any further. The European, zealous for civilization, gets—what (sometimes) is all he wants—his backsheesh of guineas, and the matter is ended—ended never to be re-begun—"it is being considered" stops all further inquiries. It is a crafty means of blocking out the too energetic European, and is worthy of Oriental wisdom.

We are there. It is a large building—once, perhaps, a pasha's house—close to the great mosque of Sulieman, which far exceeds St. Sophia both in internal and external beauty. Our boy-grooms stop a man with his long pipe stuck down his back for safety, the red bowl rising slantingly from between his shoulders, and ask him which is the door to enter at.

The man angrily growls something about "Satan and infidel," and asks if they take him for a patient that has escaped. A second fellow, passing with a stand of roasted Indian corn, yellow and mealy, shows us the gate we desire, and we beat for admittance, looking through the bars into a garden and a long passage ending in an archway and court beyond. Dr. Legoff assumes an official air, just as if a suit of *uniform* had suddenly dropped on him from the clouds. We dismount and leave our horses to our mischievous grooms, who keep slapping the flanks of the gray and of the bay, and exclaiming, "Good horse, chibili!—good horse, Inglis officer!"

There is much parley at the door, which drives Dr. Legoff to violent Ciceronianisms in dog Latin, and to energetic protests drawn from a combination of Delectus, Latin Grammar, and the drawer-labels of chemists' shops. He swears that the Turkish porter, an old man who tumbles out of a lodge that is paved with a feather-bed, must have had more than *aqua pura* that morning; that it was dementia, stark dementia, to exclude a government commissioner; that the porter is a fatuous old senex, febrous with opium, and with paralysis supervening; that he (Dr. L.) will get in even if there is blood-letting; for he must and will see Dr. Tricoupi, the Italian physician of the establishment.

Leaving reluctantly his brass waiter full of rice and fowl, and his pipe and thimbleful of black coffee,

the old porter at last puts on his red slippers and toddles off, fussy Polonius and pantaloon that he is, to tell his master of the strangers, as he might have done ten minutes ago, saving my temper, which is easterly just now, for I am rather lame, and, saving the effusion of much canine Latin—Latin that the poorest scullion of an Erasmian convent would have been ashamed to use.

We pass down the paved passage, through a portico where some quiet patients are sitting, and where servants of the madhouse are drawing skinfuls of water from the fountain, and are shown into a little bare room, in the corner of a yard, where the doctor receives us. Tricoupi is not a bit like one of our own oiled and scented, bland and dulcet, flattering, fashionable doctors; on the contrary, he is a short, small, quiet, sharp-nosed Italian, kindly and rather cautious in manner. A black boy presents us on bended knee, and with a conventional sweep and flourish, with first a chibouk, and then a little cup of burning hot coffee, à la Turque. To the great red saucer-bowls of the chibouks that rest on the floor, another boy, running in like an elf, squeezing a glowing lump of charcoal between a small pair of silver tongs, brings flames and fires the saffron threads of the Syrian tobacco that hang dishevelled over the broad pipe-bowls upon the floor.

I am sure, from Tricoupi's restless manner, and the hurried way in which he shows us specimens of

mad artisans' handicraft, that he knows our *visit* bodes him no good, and that we are, in fact, come to report on the imperfections of the system which he personifies. I dare say, if he dared, he would poison us in the coffee, or throw us to some raging, shaven Orson of a Turkish madman. So he casts down his eyes, the old fox, and fences with Legoff, who tries to look friendly and innocent, unobservant and admiring, parries all our questions, and never even mentions a certain entry-book of cases which ought to be copied to-day for Legoff's report. Legoff asks his opinion about the insurrection; he is a very shy bird, and will not hazard an opinion. "He has heard"—"They do say"—"Somebody thought"—and he hides himself in a chibouk cloud of smoke, through which his thin, long nose looms, and that is all. But one thing he dare not smother up or refuse, and that is, the madmen themselves. Legoff has power to go anywhere in the Demir-Khan, and asking astute Tricoupi's leave is a mere ceremony.

Tricoupi waves us on as if he was showing a wax-work exhibition, and had come to the Chamber of Horrors. Legoff puts on the air of a man who has got handcuffs in his pocket, and will put them on his man, too, if there be need. He becomes great on the different forms of mania, and makes allusions to me in English on the utter want of causality in Tricoupi's head. As for "the occipital portion of the skull," he says, speaking of the little bland fox,

"it is not much below the average, but the sinciput ——" Luckily, Tricoupi cannot speak English.

Here we entered the large courtyard of the Demir-Khan, in the centre of which stood a plane-tree and a covered fountain. Round this quadrangle ran a sort of dirty paved cloister, upon which opened the doors of small cells on one side, and on the other the doors of general dormitories and bath-rooms. From these little huts, listlessly—from the bars of the windows, fiercely—from idle groups squatting with their backs to the wall, torpidly, everywhere—madmen's faces met ours.

"Doing nothing," said Legoff, with a sigh; "no amusement—no occupation—nothing to remove the strain and wear off the one dominant idea that has subjected all the rest."

Tricoupi took all the bright view of things, and patted a ferocious-looking Hercules of a Turk we were passing on the back. "You see," he said, "the religion of my poor invalids makes them patient. Paroxysms are much more rare than with you in Europe. 'Chismet' (it is decreed), they say; and resign themselves to fetters and the shower-bath."

"Every one of them in a state of collapse, prostration bodily and mental!" groaned Legoff, with a glance of pity at Tricoupi, who was pinching the ear of a negro madman with playful familiarity.

Suddenly, Tricoupi, waving aside the pale, absorbed-looking men that paced up and down the

cloister, regardless of our presence, or listening eagerly but vacantly to Legoff's general groans at the Turkish system of managing the insane, flung open the door of a small cell. We looked in, and saw, sitting on a small, poor pallet, in a little whitewashed cabin of a room, a tall, stiff-necked, gentlemanly man, of some forty years old. His head and neck were bandaged, the white cloth gave great lustre to his dark, black moustache and thick, curling beard, and even to his serious, deep-sunk eyes that were fixed on us pitifully yet irrationally. Tricoupi asked after his health, and he returned some restless, complaining, irrelevant answer.

"That," said Tricoupi, turning to us, and lecturing upon the man as if he was only a waxwork figure, "is a Persian gentleman, whose mind became afflicted from some decay of his circumstances. Last week, being forbidden tobacco by his doctor, he cut his throat in bed, leaving on the table a letter stating that he had done the deed himself, fearing his servant might be accused of the crime." As he spoke, the Persian gentleman bent his neck to us stiffly, as if guessing the purport of our conversation. One twist of a nerve, and all the fine machinery of the brain ajar and out of tune!

On our way to the next cell, Tricoupi stopped a moment near a row of men squatting along the foot of the wall, to point out to us a young Nubian black, with a thin, sad face—the face of a mad

Puritan—so rapt and introspective were his eyes, so regardless and forgetful of earth. He was of an olive black, his lips were ashy, and he wore a blanket, which left half his black, bony chest bare. This was a young howling dervish; perhaps some pasha's eunuch turned fanatic, who, having abandoned himself headlong to austerities, and to the hideous demoniacal rites of his fraternity, in which foolish travellers find only matter of ridicule, had suddenly been seized by the notion that he had won by his howls and mortifications the dignity of sainthood; therefore refusing to speak, he surrendered himself to divine influences. Why he should be imprisoned for this conceit I could not see, and looked with pity at the immovable, imperturbable black enthusiast. Suppose a real prophet in a madhouse—an Amos or a Joel—and you have a situation for poetry more sublime and touching than even the blinded toil of Samson in the Philistines' mill.

"Dementia, decided aberratio, a decompositio rationis," said Legoff, much too scientific for pity, much too learned for compassion.

"You have now seen our religious madness," said Tricoupi. "You shall next see our pride sunk into insanity. This is a common form of Turkish madness."

"What have the fellows to be proud of, I should like to know?" said Legoff, authoritatively.

The cell was unbolted by a brutal-looking turnkey

who wore a sort of dirty soldier's dress, and at his very approach I observed the madmen crouched and trembled. We saw, leaning against a window, seated cross-legged on a rude divan covered with some coarse shawling, a venerable, sagacious-looking old man, with preternaturally bright eyes, and a crisp, silvery beard cascading over his dull purple robe. He might have been Haroun-al-Raschid grown old, or Ali Pasha, the Pasha of Albania, with his head glued on again, he bore himself so grandly. He was acting the Sultan, that was his insanity. He looked at us as we entered with infinite contempt; he knew we looked upon him as a mere claimant and pretender to power, but he despised us. Tricoupi, longing, but afraid, to pat him on the back, humoured him by making a salaam, and requested him to write us a firman. He gave it us, but with the air of a man who, though confident of greatness, is the object of ridiculous suspicion. We bowed ourselves out very carefully, and with a sort of spite the malignant turnkey bolted the doors, for the sultan was at times violent and highly dangerous if treated with any want of respect. Poor old man, happy in his delusion!

We had just visited one of the dormitories, when a little peasant child, a cretin, wearing only a coarse tunic of sackcloth, ran to greet us. As he leaped up and down with bare feet upon the stones, kissing our hands, and putting the hems of our coats to his lips,

the brutal turnkey laughing all the time at the drollery of the thing, and at the pleasantry of nature in giving us such children, Legoff was phrenologically feeling the idiot's head, and pointing with lecturer's horror to the hollow cup of a forehead, receding at about the angle of George the Third's, and fingering the enormous boss of a cerebellum. We gave the poor child a piastre, and he instantly flew off swift as a deer, crowing and laughing, to the gate to buy bread.

"Not half fed," said Legoff.

A moment after we saw him racing back to a cell at the opposite corner of the square to share it with his guardian, a tall, haggard Turk, who had remained two years without speaking, believing himself bewitched. We saw the child crouching at his feet in the doorway, smiling as the attentive friend first chewed the baked rings of bread strewn with grains of sesame, and then crammed them into his pupil's mouth, just as if he was feeding a young owl.

It was while we were still watching this operation —Legoff scornfully, Tricoupi with crafty, assumed *bonhommie*—that a madman came up and accosted us. His face wore the agonized, purgatorial stare of sleepless, changeless insanity that faces in madhouses always wear.

"This," said Tricoupi, "is a most curious instance of the decay of some regulating mental principle. Body of Bacchus! he imagines his name changes

every minute to that of some dead sultan. I will try him."

Tricoupi put the question. The man jogged his turban, and put his head on one side, as if trying to listen, or to remember. In a moment he answered boldly, "Bajazet." We repeated the question slowly; he looked as if he was watching a turning roulette wheel, he replied, "Amurath;" a third time, and he said, "Mahmoud." It was a trifling madness for a world of eccentric people to shut you up for. Why not for picture buying, or coin collecting, or for a walking-stick mania, or for having a fancy for old china?

We had not well escaped from this madman, when a thoughtful looking man, with much of the air of a gentleman, came up to us, and with the air of one who has long been embarrassed with a topic, but at last begins to see daylight in the distance, said in good Turkish to Dr. Tricoupi, who patted him on the back, to keep up his paternal character before the commissioner,—

"I have decided on two millions."

I asked what the madman meant by his having decided on two millions.

The doctor, leaving his mad friend adding up the two millions on his brown fingers, told me that the man standing there counting with his head down, was a Turkish doctor who had gone mad, and in a frenzy murdered at once his father, mother, and two children. The two millions was the indemnity he

had agreed upon, after much reflection, as the compensation the Porte was to pay him for his professional losses during detention in prison. The murders he had quite forgotten, and his crazed mind was now wholly absorbed in complicated compound addition.

"A mere morbid condition of the organ of acquisitiveness," says Legoff, in a stately way, for he always talks of the mind as if it was a little dark cellar, partitioned off into labelled bins.

"There," said Tricoupi, pointing with an affectionate smile to a very ugly old Turk, who was drivelling in the last stage of idiocy in a corner of the cloister, a little alarmed at the turnkey, but otherwise not more wise than an old baboon, "that is the effect of excessive opium; and here"—turning to a lively, healthy-looking young Turk at his elbow—"is an instance of a cessation from the excessive use of the same drug; Achmet will soon get his release."

"Allah be praised!" said the young Turk, his eyes moistening with a sudden gush of grateful tears. Tricoupi pinched his cheek, and Legoff asking some question about the insurrection, Tricoupi thought it necessary to quietly "put him down."

"Dr. Legoff," he said, "I devote all my time to these poor mad children of mine; of all that passes outside these walls among the rich and fortunate, I know nothing. I never compromise myself with politics."

We next inspected the bath-rooms, where upon

violent patients and on new comers small Niagaras are crushed down from great heights; then we moved on with government commission formality to the miserable dining-rooms, imperfectly glazed, and with the beautiful prospect boarded out, much to Dr. Legoff's just and righteous indignation. Next we went to the sick ward, where we found two men washing their faces, and whispering with hideous witch glee in a sort of conspiracy mutter; now and then, as they turned and looked at us, breaking out into "fatuous laughter," as Legoff, always longing to pick a hole in the establishment, called it. From these poor wretches we were drawn by the querulous fears and prayers of a poor old man, who rose from his bed to entreat us for aid, for he was torn with pain, and as he spoke, he writhed and struggled as with an enemy. Coldly, and as a matter of course, the commission, deaf and dumb, passed by on the other side.

"Old man dying of sheer inanition and want of vital power," said Legoff.

"He is a troublesome, bad fellow," said the turnkey. "He eats his food as well as any of them, gentlemen."

Turnkeys are always offended at any sympathy evinced for those under their care.

As we passed out by the yellow-washed fountain into the outer portico, we found the turnkeys watching a quiet, calm Turk, who, under a network trellis of vines in the outer portico of the madhouse, sat

patiently at his task of illuminating a sheet of white paper in the Persian manner. He hardly looked up as he saw us, but with a self-satisfied smile went on with his curving flowers, azure flourishes, and crimson tendrils, which made the cretin boy clap his hands and stamp his naked feet with delight, and even the bewitched man to gravely smile, though as for the negro saint, nothing could allure him from his fakir attitude and meditative torpor.

"That poor fellow," said Tricoupi, as we walked back to the doctor's smoking-room, "is a house-painter; at home he tears everything to pieces, and threatens to murder his wife and children, but directly he is brought here he becomes soothed and tranquil, and sits down to his illumination. I have much of his work here (taking down a roll of drawings); and it is remarkable that all these were executed by him without sketch or measurement. He begins at the left-hand side of the paper, and covers it all over after some days' work with a perfect, harmonious, well-balanced pattern."

"Here," said the doctor, putting his hand into a cupboard, like a man who is dipping into a lottery, and producing a sort of long glass pickle bottle, with something swimming in a dark juice, that I at first mistook for some large, oddly-shaped preserved fruit, "do you see this, signori?"

We said we did.

"Look closer at it, signori."

Inshallah! why, as we stared through the dark liquid and held it more to the light, we saw it was a human foot cut off below the ankle, and now, pale and shrivelled, floating in the antiseptic liquid.

"That," said Dr. Tricoupi, smiling rather triumphantly, as antiquarians do when they show you some doubtful certainty, "that is the foot of a dervish, one Mustapha Aga, cut off by himself. He had turned Christian, and, after that, became rather crazed on religious subjects. It is supposed that the text, 'If thy foot offend thee, cut it off and cast it from thee,' &c., had been perverted by him, and led to this dreadful act."

Then we rode musingly home, talking now of the mad painter, now of the foot of Mustapha, Dr. Legoff impressing upon me strongly the necessity of instant reform in the Demir-Khan, and especially of ousting that false, self-reliant, ignorant man, Dr. Tricoupi (whom I rather liked, but dare not tell Legoff so). My violent medical friend then began talking of the state of the government madhouse we had just seen when he visited it first, twenty-six years ago. It was bad enough now, with its unglazed windows, dirty, pigeon-infested roofs, unclassified maniacs, and brutal turnkeys; it was without padded rooms, amusements, or annual inspection. Men were still picked up raving in the street, and thrown in there, and left to come out when they could persuade cruel men, interested in their detention, that they were

sane. "In the very first room," he said, "that he visited in 1833, there were four men chained by massive iron collars to rings in the four corners. They were crouched on the sunken stone floor, benumbed with cold, nothing on but a scanty blanket; their eyes were staring and fierce, their mouths sullen and savage in expression. The first I spoke to said he should be quite well if once outside the walls; that, two years before, he had been brought in when drunk, and that he was no more crazy than the keeper. The second told me he was a captain in the Turkish army, and had been brought there when delirious with fever. He did not know why he was still imprisoned, but there was no appeal to be made. In the next cell was a half-naked Turk, an idiot, dying of dysentery. There he sat, careless of death, shivering with cold, yet chattering like an ape to himself, and breaking out every now and then into shrieks of laughter. Close by him sat a young man with the face of an apostle, as Mr. Willis, the American writer, who also saw him, truly observed. He had tied up his chain to the grating, to relieve himself of the weight. The cells were all cold, wet, filthy, and miserable. The inmates were fed, like beasts, at certain hours, and the doors of their cells kept open, that visitors might indulge their curiosity. The keeper, with stolid indifference, showed us, I remember, one poor wretch, a dervish, who had been chained in the same corner for twenty years. He

never slept for more than a few minutes, and repeated prayers incessantly; his hair was tangled like a wild beast's mane, his nails had grown to claws. Near him was a well-dressed, rational-looking, renegade Greek, who told Willis he had lost his reason, and was glad that he was carefully confined. The boys who came with the visitors tormented him cruelly by looking through the grating of the cell and pulling his chain.

"In fact," summed up Dr. Legoff, "whether dementia or mania, aberratio or determination of blood to the head, chronic or temporary insanity is a most painful and alarming visitatio—and is still rather, I must confess, an opprobrium medici; how long it may so remain, I cannot tell. Whether it be a little too much or a trifle too little, the gorging of a brain blood-vessel, or the exhaustion and vacuity of cerebral passages, it is equally calamitous. Certainly, however, with us, in cases of an excess of intellectual labour, timely bleeding, medicines, and exercise, would save thousands."

Then I stopped the doctor's thinking aloud, by telling him how, thirty years ago, a friend of mine remembered as a boy in a Gloucestershire village, being taken with painful pleasure to see a farmer who had gone raving mad, and was chained on the floor in a room of a small cottage that formed one of a row of almshouses; there he wallowed, gnashing his teeth at the laughing boys who looked in and

teased him through the window. He remembered, too, with nightmare horror, how, with great strength, the madman tore and dragged at his chain, and beat it on the earthen floor of the cabin, and now and then lapsed suddenly into momentary fits of frightful torpor. He remembered how he used to spit on his finger, and holding it up say, with a roar of inquiry, "Is that gold, or is it a bunch of fleas?"

Just as I had completed this story, our horses, of their own accord, stopped at Misseri's hotel, and our groom began bawling for "backsheesh."

The next madhouse I visited in Constantinople was the Greek one, which lies out far beyond the Seven Towers, and outside the walls. I went alone, with a letter of introduction to a Dr. Morano, a native of Salonica. I could get no information at first where the Greek madhouse lay, nor, indeed, did I even know that it was a Greek establishment I was going to visit. All I knew was, that Dr. Morano presided over the Demir-Khan to which I was bound.

I asked a score people, I walked till I was foot-sore. Every one knew where it was, and showed me a different way. I went every way I was told, and nowhere found the Demir-Khan. I found myself in the old clothes bazaar, in the tent bazaar, in the street of the coppersmiths, among the pipe-makers, in the horse market, in a mosque court, railed at by an old Turkish priest, on the Bosphorus, in the cushioned cradle of a caique, in the valleys, on the hills,

threading an aqueduct arch, where fig-trees grew leafily out of the walls, in burial-grounds among cypresses, near barracks—but never at the madhouse.

At last, just as I was resting to take some sherbet at a stall, almost worn out, my head feeling dry and crusty with the heat as a well-baked quartern loaf, I saw in the distance a Turkish doctor, whom I had once met at a prison hospital, riding along, preceded by his pipe-bearer.

May my shadow never be less, and the hairs of my head never decrease, I am welcome. Demir-Khan? Why, miles away outside the wall, out by the Sea of Marmora, beyond the Seven Towers.

I thank him, hire a horse from one of those numerous rows of hacks that stand ready saddled in every public place of Constantinople, and push off, calling out "Demir-Khan?" inquiringly to everybody I meet, be he pasha, or peach-seller, Turk, infidel, heretic, or heathen.

Miles through lonely suburb streets, rough-paved and shadowy, and I at last emerge, in full blaze of broad sun, through a city gate into the open country beyond the Seven Towers, and strike far to the left, beyond all those long regions of leek gardens and melon beds, and the rows of samboas and cherry-trees that follow the triple line of ruined wall that girds the old city.

Here I get "warm," as children say, in a double sense—literally and figuratively I am getting near

the Greek Demir-Khan. I pass an Armenian convent overlooking the blue sea, and there alight to let my horse drink at a delicious fountain sparkling cold and pure. I trample down the wild gourds and other weeds to reach the edge of the cliff, and there, looking over to the beach beneath, see some Greek fishermen ankle deep in water, joining hand in hand, and dancing their national Romaika, not without shouts and splashings, being in the spirits that dabbling in sea water without any clothes on seems always to produce.

I arrive at the gate of a huge inclosure, and, going in, passing up through a garden that seems all mulberry-trees and sunflowers, find myself being informed that the doctor is not at home, but that the superintendent, a little servile man in a brown-holland pinbefore, will be proud to do the honours.

He claps his hands in the Arabian Nights manner, and instantly appears "to him" an agile Greek in white, voluminous, plaited kilt and black embroidered greaves, who bears in one hand a sort of shovel full of hot charcoal upon which lazily smokes some incense yielding a fat blue fume and a pungent ecclesiastical odour.

He precedes us for sanitary reasons, and leads us about the huge charity, first to the old men's ward, then to the school, from room to room, but not a word about the mad people. I believe, after all, I have got to the wrong place, for now the lean, dried-

up pedagogos makes the classes of coarse young Greeks go through various manœuvres to surprise the visitor. One young Anastase is held up to me as the object of special wonder, from his progress in acquiring Greek hymns and for his power of singing them, which I am afraid he is going to do for my edification; but I am preserved.

I descend at last and go down among the madmen, who scowl and gibber at me, pray at me and curse me as I pass. The special sight, as the turnkey thinks, is what I am at once taken to see, the smoking incense preceding me in a small pillar of cloud that sets the madmen whispering.

It is a Greek sailor chained down in a chair in a state of paroxysm, hands tied, feet tied, and a girdle round the waist; yet still he contrives, as we enter, to swerve round to us, and, half raving, half crying, to roar at us, and tell us he is a Greek admiral kept there by the Turks—for "nothing—nothing—nothing!"

On pallets round, or on the stone floor by the grated windows, were other gibbering madmen, chattering together about the follies and inconsistencies of their "noble chairman." It reminded me of certain charitable dinners I had been at, and of the intriguing whisperings and backbitings that go on till Mr. Toole, from behind the great wooden head, beating a tattoo with an auctioneer's hammer, roars out in a paroxysm of enthusiasm, "Gentlemen, silence for the chair! Gentlemen, charge your glasses!"

As the poor bound, possessed man still kept writhing with his fetters, and tossing his poor distracted head backwards and forwards, now screaming and cursing, now whining, and drivelling, and crying, we thought it better to pass on to the women's ward as soon as possible. There, with the exception of the total want of bonnet-making, or straw-plaiting, or any of those humane and wise employments which women in Bedlam are occupied in, the scene much resembled that of any English lunatic asylum. There were certainly no long airy corridors, clean as Dutch palaces; no pleasant, lofty windows; no sense of watchful, prudent care, and of almost religious regularity and order. But still there was every decency preserved, and, for a Turkish or Greek establishment, it was neat and trim. Three of the female attendants were resting, in their own side rooms, on Turkish cushioned divans; but the patients seemed tranquil and reasonably content. There was, as there always is in asylums, the woman who comes up smiling, then slyly tries to run a pin into your arm; and the dramatic, talkative woman, with wrongs; the religious maniac, ever at prayer; and the noisy, vain maniac, who all day ties bows and arranges her dress. The dramatic woman, standing up before me, with long dishevelled air, and arms crossed, looked quite the Pythoness as she poured forth, in mellifluous Turkish, an endless stream of statement, which, for the mere babble of its music, I could have listened to

for an hour; but it is rather nervous work standing among a crowd of mad people, when you feel that were there any co-operation among them you were sped.

As we passed out from the wards, leaving the astonished mad people in a mutual stare, into the small palisaded paddock where the insane promenade in a sort of restricted Rotten Row of their own, a little old woman followed us, whining as piteously as if she were being loaded with stripes. Nothing could appease her. I tried her with all Turkish words of rank and title, to soothe or propitiate. I offered her money as she squatted down crying under a wall, and she threw it away, whining and fretting like a child put in a corner, at which all the turnkeys (who have a sort of fine vein of humour that would turn a friend's suicide into a joke, and a mother's funeral into a source of sociable amusement) laughed till their red fez caps nearly dropped off, as if so "funny" a thing had not happened before in their time. But when, as one of them cautiously unlocked the paled gate, and opened it scantily to let me pass, the old woman suddenly burst through, and scudded, crying and howling, among the huge golden sunflowers in the garden, like an old Eve regaining paradise, they fairly laughed till their jacket buttons sprang open at the exertion.

Last scene of all was the madmen's evening service in the little Greek chapel attached to the asylum.

There the brutal-looking priest bowed and sang through his nose. There, in stalls, as in the choir of cathedrals, the maniacs sang also through their noses, and behaved quite as rationally as either priest or people at St. George's-in-the-East. There, among tinselled candlesticks, burning in bright noon —to help God's sun, I suppose—and among millinery flowers and dirty pink ribbons, each of them by turns went up to the screen, and kissed the tinselled barbarous pictures of the saints. My last remembrance of that asylum is a spicy wave of the chafing dish of incense as I leaped on my horse, and shook its bridle, which was strung with Turkish talismans, and a parting howl from the windows in farewell, as I cantered off down the approach, between the great sunflowers with the downcast faces.

Dr. Legoff looked remorselessly severe when, even by comparison, I praised the Greek asylum.

He said, "Bad, *bad*. No. 1 ward, with ten beds, and a space only fifteen feet square; ventilation, infamous; diseases, prevalent; generally five under restraint; water-closets in the very rooms. Horrible! Floor, stone; windows, enormous; no mats; quilts, in winter, thin and insufficient. Shame! Women, when I went there, chained by the neck to their bedsteads, and bled perpetually. Inhuman!"

I saw a light in Dr. Legoff's eye at that moment that cried loudly, "All this shall be reformed."

CHAPTER VIII.

TURKISH PRISONS AND TURKISH GALLEY SLAVES.

ONLY last night I was miles away, in a lonely bay of the Sea of Marmora, listening to the boatmen's self-encouraging shout of "Allah!" and watching the sea boil into white dripping fire, as the strong oars dipped simultaneously in the phosphorescent water. To-day I am safe in Galata, drinking Scotch ale for luncheon at a downright British store, and discussing Burns' songs with a discontented Glasgow man, Mac Phun, who is a humorist upon compulsion, and famous for his "wut" (N.B., among his countrymen). Suddenly an Armenian porter comes for me from the Bank, and, going there, I find Grimani, the dragoman to the Kamtschatka embassy, and Dr. Opinkoff, the Russian doctor—a blunt, kindly, sagacious man, and my special ally in the land of turbans. They were holding a great palaver about the state of the Turkish prisons, and the necessity of some reform. Dr. Opinkoff and Grimani were just setting out for the Bagnio, the prison of the galley slaves, the horrid den of wickedness so vigo-

rously depicted in that dear, oft-read novel of my youth, *Anastasius*, the truth of which clever book every resident in the East has testified to. The doctor was obliged to pay a periodical visit to this hell on earth to report upon any Russian subject who had had the misfortune to fall into its terrible jaws. Grimani, as a dragoman, was obliged to accompany him, to help him to converse with the prisoners. Would I, as a searcher for truth, even in dark places (here followed other compliments), favour them with my company? I should see what prisons were two hundred years ago, and understand what Howard had done for England. Of course I would go, in spite of vermin or fever. One can see happiness every day.

Off we went, hiring the kijik of "Pull-away Joe"—a well-known old Turk, much patronized during the Crimean war—who, grinning perpetually at us, and continually repeating the different imaginary sums he expected to get, which, put into piastres, would have gone a good way towards buying a sheep, landed us soon in water, black as the Thames, from the disemboguing sewers of the prison, at the steps nearest to the Bagnio, and close to the Arsenal, where, as in all other arsenals, timber was dragging about, and adzes splitting and chipping, just as Dr. Opinkoff was telling me how many stabbing cases he had among the Turks and the Greeks, and how specially dangerous and past surgery these knife wounds generally were,

being always aimed with dreadful, bloodthirsty, anatomical instinct — "downwards, inwards, and upwards."

"When they strike they make sure," said the doctor, with a sort of professional approval, a little checked by his moral convictions not quite going all the way with him; "they go straight for the heart, and generally find out where it is." Then, assuming a confidential and chatty whisper, he went on talking of the prison diseases. "We have elephantiasis here, some low fevers, and a good deal of insanity. The Turkish practice is wretched; nothing but burning verses of the Koran, and then making the ashes into medicine. I have known a pasha call in six doctors, consult them all separately, and take all their medicine at once mixed together in a basin. I have——"

Here the prison gates opened, and Grimani went up to get leave of the pasha, who was smoking in some snug kiosk, undisturbed by the curses and quarrels of the galley slaves, or the purgatorial clink of their heavy chains. We waited in a sort of vestibule between the palisaded gates, the turnkeys swinging their keys upon their fingers, while Grimani, the stalwart, with the bearing of a Crusader, strode off with his heavy whip under his arm, more as if he were going to bastinado the pasha than to beg a favour of him, and load him with flowery Eastern compliments.

Here, on strolling out to chat under the shade of a large, jagged-leafed plane-tree (favourite tree of the Turks) that stood on the shores of the Bosphorus, not far from the prison gate, Dr. Opinkoff prepared me for what I should see, as he could not, he said, tell his companion a prisoner's crimes before his face, or in the transit from one part of the prison to another.

I was not to expect trim iron doors, neat turnkeys, shining, clean floors, and quiet, separate cells as in Europe. This was a prison of the middle ages, such as "Mr. Williams Shakespeares" had sketched in his *Measure for Measure;* here the prisoners of all crimes, and all ages, were thrown together in one festering heap of vice and misery, to be tried when this pasha chose, and, if acquitted, to be released when that pasha found time to write out his release.

"Good Heavens! what, no habeas corpus, sir?" shouts Alderman Grampus.

"No, Grampus, no habeas corpus, no trial by jury, no solitary imprisonment, no gaol deliveries, no Court of Chancery, (need I say more?) no chivalrous barristers ready to plead for whoever pays them—in a word, no justice."

"I should see," went on Dr. Opinkoff, "pashas of rank herding with men who had committed murders that only God could count up. Either here or at the Zaptie, a temporary prison only, there was a pasha who was seized last week for forging (*keiman*)

Turkish bank-notes. Did I see that grave gentlemanly man now leaning against the bars?"

I said I did.

"Well, that is a feverish subject, patient of mine, once a pasha of high rank, but he robbed a government courier of a large sum of money, which his official position gave him opportunities of knowing was to be sent on such a day from the capital to some distant pashalik. His accomplice was a sort of steward of his; perpetually afraid of being betrayed, he could not rest night or day till he had got rid of this instrument of his guilt. At last, having the steward seized, accusing him of some imaginary crime, he had him kept three days in a dry well (like Joseph—so unchangeable are Eastern types), and then sold him as a slave into Circassia. There he would have pined out a miserable life, had not Fortune chosen the poor slave as a special subject for her bounty, and the avenging angel have selected the guilty and too confident pasha as a sinner peculiarly ripe for the sword of Heaven. By some singular chance, the 'destiny,' as the Turks call it, of the slave led him and his master down to Trebizond, where, while working on the quay, he was seen and interrogated by an old Constantinople friend, who was astonished at seeing one alive whom he had thought dead. Horrified at his story, the good Turk hurried home to Stamboul to disclose all, to procure the restoration of the innocent sufferer and

the punishment of the guilty pasha. You will see my patient, next week, in rags, chained by the leg, or playing at cards with some half-crazed desperado."

So we chatted under the plane-tree, but to us thus chatting, not forsaken by the gods, came swift-footed Grimani, and, with winged words, said:—

"Come, look alive, you fellows! it's all right with the pasha. Come!"

So we entered the portal where Hope never enters, but sits weeping day and night, clinging to the outer bars. While I was thinking how "Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch'entrate" would look in Turkish, and wondering how Dante's being a Turk would have affected his *Divine Comedy*, the turnkeys ground open the locks with a brutal smile, and we entered the inner court.

"Febrous, febrous!" groaned the doctor, sniffing the thick air of the turnkeys' room as we passed the portal and found ourselves among some two or three hundred wondering wretches, the very lees and dregs of the Sick Man's city. The turnkeys at first kept them back somewhat from us by penning them within a space, along the edge of which the warders kept running backwards and forwards, like sheep-dogs along the wall of a sheepfold when the hurdles are taking up. The ruffians—some, but few, unchained—fell back, as if we had lopped at their necks with naked sabres.

Beyond this heaving, restless, half-aggressive herd I could see, in the distant yard, outside sheds, or seated on logs of squared arsenal timber, unkempt Abhorsons, wrinkled, treachery and murder lurking in their eyes, cheating each other at greasy and almost illegible cards; others (old men), pipe in mouth, trying to snatch pleasure from drones and drowses of short sleep, tormented by the bystanders, or derided by the thievish mocking youth of the prison; and wretches leering at each other in horrid mockery of love and friendship, with their arms round each other's neck, and whispering in each other's ears stories of past crime or plans of deeds yet to be accomplished.

"Where's mad Costanji?" cried suddenly Grimani the stalwart, making gestures for the loathsome crowd to stand back from us to give us room to breathe, just as a shepherd would call to his dog to single out a special foot-rotted sheep, or as Charon might be supposed, from the pale, trembling crowds of dead, to pick out one who has waited long for the first seat in his black Stygian barge.

The crowd parted, as the mob of a ballet, to let the première danseuse swivel down between its files; they made a lane with grins and nudges, and wicked merriment, and sham respect, as if a pasha was going to sail through them in his Damascus silks and turban of gold tissue. The mad Costanji limped through—a squalid, gaunt, giant Greek, old and lame,

with a great iron bracelet round his ankle, fastened to a cumbrous chain with tremendous links, that was hammered round his bony waist. Madness brooded in his hollow eyes; clotted, ragged hair hung about his pale, craving, hungry face. I saw in this butt of the Bagnio a fierce fanatic of strong passions, and with a sleeping tiger in his blood that, when it woke, roared till it slept again for human flesh. Costanji was a murderer by instinct, habit, and inclination, and the fanaticism of a debased and animal Church had persuaded him that these murders were doing God's works. As he limped forward and showed the sores that the rubbing of the chain had caused, and pointed whiningly (for the tiger was dead asleep now) to the thin, greasy rags that hung scantily over his old limbs, Dr. Opinkoff drew me on one side and reassured my mind.

"Take care," he said, "for there is a good deal of fever always among these men. The drainage is open, and they are badly fed, having only a piastre a day if they choose to work, and, if they earn it, it is never paid."

Leaving the doctor to bluffly chide and restrain the noisy crowd, to refuse or grant the petitions of some dozen thieves and murderers, Grimani turned to me, and, speaking low and in English, said:—

"This mad Costanji is always here; he was in once for five years, then again for fifteen, now he

is in for nine, and will probably die in chains. He is certainly mad, and, at all events, very dangerous. No one knows how many men he has killed. He is here now for stabbing three men on the Greek feast last Epiphany, down the Bosphorus. They have a custom at that time, I believe, of throwing a cross into the sea, and a fight ensued in the water for the cross; some would pull it out, others would have it in. Upon this, Costanji, as usual, went mad, and killed his three men."

"What about his leg, doctor?"

"The fellow's bone is going, it is rotten now, rotten as a pear," said the doctor, bending down and pinching Costanji's knee-cap and shin; the poor scoundrel, giving a dreadful scream, went clinking off into his shed, at which all the galley slaves yelled with delight till their very sides shook again. Such merriment must be in hell's gateway when a tyrant enters, his crown removed, his sceptre left behind.

"Where is that rogue who is in for burning houses?" shouted Grimani sternly to the crowd. A dozen hoarse voices, a laugh still ground-swelling beneath them, called out that he was sick somewhere. Half a dozen born parasites, long out of work, ran to search for him in the upper rooms of the shamble stables that the prisoners sleep in.

"Is Walsh here?" inquired the doctor.

"No, thanks be to Allah! In the Zaptie," cried the villain chorus, bursting into a debauched, ribald

laugh, as if Walsh were some comedian whose very name turned up the corners of the mouth.

"Is that an Englishman?" I asked, sympathisingly.

"Indeed he is," said Opinkoff, "and as troublesome as ten of our Russians. He is the pest of the place, and talks like a parrot."

"Ah! Massa Walsh he *do* talk—talk debblish," said a grinning Nubian in the front row of these *âmes damnées*.

"Hold your tongue, Mustapha," growled a turnkey; who then whispered to me, the whites of his eyes still turning to the crowd, "Be on your guard, Chilibi, for these villains sometimes mob you. There are more than three hundred of them, and those chains are heavy enough to brain a man."

"Yes, only last week," said the doctor, "they got up a plot here to break loose and murder all the keepers, as they have done before, and the affair was only found out at the last moment. Katergee, the Smyrniote chief, who is chained to a post in that last shed there, was at the bottom of it. These men are quite free inside the walls; they may smoke, talk, play at cards, fight, work, or not, as they like, so they remain prisoners. You may easily imagine what a hell on earth it is. Don't let that Maltese fellow touch you, or you will go away richer than you came. But here comes the Bulgarian with the low fever."

This time the crowd did not cleave apart; but Grimani, led by a little shy Albanian, in for stealing a watch, brought us forward, followed by the seething scum of the crowd, to the dark door of one of the stable-like sheds.

We waited, but no one came. There was much talking among the prisoners. At last, a pert, effeminate-looking Cephalonian man, in for "nothing," the usual crime in prisons, was pushed forward as spokesman, and said that Balashan was too ill to come down, he was upstairs in one of the top rooms; would we go up? he thought he knew where to find him.

Grimani set a step forward.

"Don't you go," said the doctor, bluffly, slapping his hand on his shoulder, "you'll come out covered with ——, and the place is a nest of fever. Here, you fellows (in Turkish), let the man be brought down, I say, do you hear?—look alive, too—let the man be brought down! Who's going up there?"

Half a dozen cowed murderers ran to do the doctor's errand. The bolder, more selfish and more shameless, stayed to see the fun.

"Here's the Bulgarian, by George!" in a moment cried the doctor, shading his eyes with his hand, to enable him to penetrate the deep, dark gloom of the stable, and to see the sick man and his supporters advance.

And, by George! as the doctor said, there he

was. Oh, that I had the pen of Sterne, and the heart of my best friend, to enable me to describe the horrors of that sight! How pale, how wan, how woebegone, how many fathoms below the last glimpse of hope was that poor creature's face, as they led him, like a Lazarus from the cave, towards the blessed light that flows like a visible blessing through God's world! Poor Lazarus! had the knife of instant death been in our hands, could he have looked more sadly and beseechingly at us? He was wrapped in a thick, dirty capote, while bloody bandages of a dull red were round his brow and jaws. He could not stand unsupported, but leant groaning in the arms of two stalwart, smiling thieves, who seemed rather pleased at the important part they had to play in the day's performances. Wretches! there was not a man there that would not have sold his father into slavery, and untombed his mother's corpse to sell to the surgeons.

By means of an interpreter, also in for "nothing," the doctor asked his patient his symptoms; the poor fellow was so weak, he could hardly put out his tongue; feebly he groaned out the statement of his case.

"Take him back," said the doctor, professionally (only) hardened; "he won't live; yet it is only weakness, nothing but weakness. I can't do anything for the man." Then, appealingly to the galley slaves: "How *can* I do anything for this man?

he's dying; take him back and leave him alone—quiet!"

"Alone—quiet!" what tears in those simple words!

Grimani, who shouldered back the mob, and looked rather grand and dragomanish—which is worse even than donnish—shouldered his heavy hippopotamus whip.

"Now, let us take you to see the great Smyrniote robber, Yeni Katergee," said Grimani, ploughing a way to the further building, whose black door we entered.

The robber stood unflinching, chained to the post of one of the stalls that divided a long stable into separate sleeping bins. He was short and thick-set, and seemed totally indifferent to his fate, for he smiled as we entered, and bowed to Grimani. Yes, that stalwart, indomitable man, was Katergee, the robber chief of Smyrna, the idol of the Greeks of Asia Minor, who looked upon him as a sort of Robin Hood patriot, hostile only to Turks. He was originally a courier, which, in the East, means postman, carrier, agent, and commercial traveller. He had a train of horses, and was entrusted with piles of piastres and sacks of purses. He had had some education, and was always honest and trustworthy; but some pasha robbed him; he became poor and an outcast; from want and revenge he took to the road, hoping, perhaps, to collect ransoms enough

from Smyrniote merchants dragged up to the mountains, to escape to Greece, and there live as a country gentleman. He must have collected large sums, for even his cotemporary, Simos, used to ask *five hundred pounds* (*six thousand piastres*) for the release of his prisoners. Katergee surrendered at last on the clear understanding that he should be made an officer in the Turkish army, an employment that, no doubt, he would have bravely and honestly performed: and, of course, this act of injustice and treachery will prevent, for years, any robber chief coming down from the Smyrna mountains to surrender himself. There, Prometheus-like, chained to that post at the end of the dirty stall, fenced off from the next, he stands, with unbroken spirit, sending messages to Ismail Pasha, and other old enemies of his, that he shall some day escape, and that the first thing he will look after will be their heads. The Turks fear him, for, though chained, he is the ruthless king of the Bagnio.

"You have looked enough at that thick-set, smiling ruffian, who shrugs his shoulders when I tell him he is here for life," said Grimani, suddenly snapping round at me. "I will tell you the sort of men we have here; there is a coffee-house keeper from Smyrna among that horrible crowd of wretches; he and his waiter were suspected of murdering a money-changer who lived opposite to his shop. The pasha (a Greek by birth) determined to discover the

crime, and went to work with all the relish with which a detective enters upon a difficult case. All that could be learnt from the waiter was, that he had seen his master with two bags of gold. The pasha said nothing, but sent one evening to the prison to borrow an antique signet-ring of the cafigee to compare with one of his own. This ring, sent to the cafigee's wife, induced her to give up the specified gold. Next day the pasha shows the cafigee the gold, and tells him that the waiter has confessed everything. The cafigee, outwitted, becomes enraged with the servant, and tells all. He confesses that the money-changer had been, like several others, murdered and buried under the coffee-house floor. The two men were not executed, because the dead man's heirs accepted the price of the blood; but they were sent to the Bagnio, to be released probably as soon as they can bribe some pasha."

No man is put to death in Turkey unless he has been seen to commit the crime. The men I stood amongst were, literally, men condemned to death, but imprisoned only, where with us they would be hanged. Yet, physically, the wretches are not ill-treated; they need not even work unless they like. The court is small, and so is the two-storied stable where they sleep on the earth; but then these are men who, perhaps, never got between sheets, or lay on a bed in their lives. They may talk what they like, and when they like. They have a mosque, a

Greek chapel, and a Roman Catholic chapel. They can have coffee and tobacco, and if they work, are paid for the work, or at least ought to be. There is no treadmill, no crank, no solitary cells. Close to them is the Arsenal, where they work, and where the Sultan has a pleasure kiosk paved with marble, and shadowed with planes. Half the prisoners are Greeks, and, according to Admiral Slade and other thoughtful and reliable authorities, are generally led to crime, particularly murder, by the fiery raki sold in the spirit-shops, kept by English subjects in defiance of Mahometan law. Altogether, it is a sorry sight to see these murderers pigging together in dens that anticipate the horrors of hell, unpunished, unimproved, rotting there, till released by the great liberator, Death.

As I turned to leave the modern Prometheus, whom, for some touches of greatness in him, I could not help pitying, in spite of his freaks with boiling oil, and the panic he spread among Smyrniote merchants, I caught a glimpse of the dim Greek chapel which is placed at the end of a long passage of this horrible prison. It was just a breath of blue incense—a glint of light on the cord that held a faint yellow oil-lamp, that struggled with the darkness—just an instant's glitter on some gilded pictures of saints—and again the darkness hid it from my eyes, again that heavy night of despair gloomed over the chained and torpid murderers. Those glimpses,

even of a superstitious faith, still came to me as kind words have come in moments of agony and suffering —they came to me as gentle flowers seen smiling amid an Arctic winter.

Before anything more could be done, we all agreed that we must recruit our forces. The doctor and the dragoman both knew of a certain confectioner's near the Sublime Porte (an actual gateway), where one might find fodder. After some painful experience of broken pavement, rough as a torrent bed, we reached the shop, and, seated on low stools, were waited on by a black slave, who emerged from a back oven cellar where he and his master were tormenting a fire and forcing it to do their bidding in the matter of certain sugared almonds.

Recruited with cherry sherbet, Grimani, armed with about a yard of "rahat likoum" (lumps of delight), stuffed with pistachio-nuts, and the doctor's pocket filled with scorched nuts, we made straight for the Zaptie, or second prison of Stamboul, and arrived in a few streets at the door of the "house of detention" as the Turkish word Zaptie means.

A few whispers at a grating, the unbolting of a door, and we are let into the prison. We pass up a long passage like the path to a livery-stable, through a double door, overlooked by high walls, with barred apertures, where, I believe, female prisoners once were detained, and we reach the inner portal.

It is a dim, vaulted-over doorway, dark beyond all

reach of sunlight. It is barred up to the roof with huge wooden bars, enclosing between them a sort of square room, where the turnkeys sit and smoke, and where tobacco-sellers come and display their goods to the prisoners, opening by small wickets on one side to the courtyard of the prison, and on the other side to the entrance passage I have just mentioned.

In this dismal sort of giant's cage, such a crate as an ogre might have kept his Christian knights to fatten in against feast-day, were two or three tame prisoners of high rank, and an itinerant dealer or two, carelessly bragging of his goods, and alternately singing scraps of Greek songs, and stuffing proffered packets of saffrony tobacco through the wooden bars, as a young lady feeds her canary-bird with eleemosynary lumps of sugar; a few dirty sabres, hung up, were the only indications of guard or durance, though the bars certainly gave the place rather a wild-beast character; but suppose it a mob of poor, staring and elbowing round the gate of a charitable pasha, and prison and all thoughts of it vanished from before your eye.

I scarcely know who the favoured prisoners were, who were sharing the turnkey's prerogatives with quite a Macheath dignity, though without the rollicking cavalierishness of that unfortunate brave man: some pasha, for counterfeiting state papers, I think, and some morally illogical man, who had stolen something so grand that it made a sort of state

prisoner of him. As for the turnkeys, they were more Turkish and dressing-gowny than those of the Bagnio. No white trousers here, no barrack-cleaned sabres, no close-fitting red fezes with bunchy blue tassels; but rather a general sponging-house laxity and Arabian Nightishness, the air indeed rather of an amateur prison than of a government stronghold, where all the lees of Stamboul were dunghilled up into one reeking mass of infamy.

Does any one remember a legend of some early saint, one of those good men, those vivacious historians, who furnished our story-books for so many centuries with Jack the Giant-Killer wonders, that relates how a wicked hermit, led down through some Irish cavern into hell, was there kept a day in a golden cage guarded by angels, while the devils of every region of sin howled at him through the bars, and clawed in their hands at him, and poked at him, but all in vain, with red-hot pitchforks, till night came on, and the white angels led him away again in the darkness to sneak to his hermit cell and his vegetable soup, a better and a leaner man? If they do, I need not go into it at length; if they do not, I pity them.

Well, something like that caged bird of a saint I felt, as I stood in that probationary sort of a paddock, shut in like a Smithfield prize ox, and stared at by those hideous Turkish faces, now mocking at us, now threatening us; the foreman, a wretch with a sore mouth and one eye, occasionally pointing at us, then

turning round and shouting some joke, which made the great mob of thieves and murderers roar again, like a band of laughing hyenas arranging a night attack on an Arab encampment.

Now, at a signal, the big bolts grind back, the wicket opens narrowly, cautiously, a rush of the turnkeys drives back the villanous crowd of the non-elect with the mark of the beast visibly written on every low brow and in every eye, and they are shut within a second enclosure, the door of which is kept by a gaunt, gigantic negro, who, with stern, cruel eyes, and laughing, hideous mouth, chides and scolds the rabble into silence, and stands, with the handle of the latch in his hand, ready to let out any special prisoner we choose to call for.

I was anxious naturally to know if there were any Englishmen there confined, knowing how hopeless a prison must be where a beggar suffers the same fate as a murderer, and where the term of confinement depends on the caprice and memory of a selfish and ignorant pasha. Instantly I had said this, a hearty, cheery voice called out, in a slight Irish brogue, from the very midst of the crowd, and a bare arm waved to us a signal,—

"And sure I am here, your honour; only let me come to ye."

Before the doctor could well exclaim, with a look of vexation and horror, "Oh, that's Walsh!" the voice exclaimed again,

"It's me, yes, Patrick Walsh, docthor—unjustly detained by these thaving Turks."

"Let him out," said the doctor, with the faint voice of a man yielding to a necessary annoyance, and half angry with me for expressing a purposeless and ignorant compassion.

The crowd clove asunder, breasting it like an audacious swimmer, and pushing aside, in an injured way, the sturdy black warder, stepped out Walsh before us into the cleared courtyard.

His step was light and free as William Tell's (on the stage), and his bearing innocently bold, almost impudent. In dress, Walsh something resembled Robinson Crusoe, for he had nothing on his body but a tindery, ragged pair of trousers, and a chain that he carried ingeniously, to lighten the weight, on his right shoulder. He was a fine-grown, athletic young man (say of five-and-thirty), with a fresh, brown, manly, frank face, (how I dread your affectedly frank man!) square wedge of a red beard, clear, gray, rather staring eyes, and a cleverly put on air of a deeply wronged being. As he loquaciously began a history of his grievances, thrown dramatically into the form of questions, the doctor turned away, shrugging up his shoulders, as a traveller does when the shower sets in fixed and pitiless.

"English subject? In course I am," ran on Walsh, "and, what is more, a Britishman born, though my pereants is far away in the British Indies, and one of

them is in Canada in Americay. Please the honourable gentleman, (and rest his sowl in heaven, and his children after him!) all I want, your worship, is to know what I'm in here for, and let me tell you there's spies—spies in this 'ere prison, for five of us were sent to the galleys only last week for fighting, or some nothing of that sort—curse them! Father in Heaven, if——"

"Stop that villain's tongue," cried the doctor, suddenly pushing forward to confront his old bugbear, and disdaining all my expressions of sympathy. "I'll tell you what you are in for, Walsh. You've been a sailor, and you left your vessel as I suspect. You are also a runaway soldier of the 93rd Foot from Corfu. The Turkish authorities found you a vagabond, suspected of thievishly loitering in the streets, and they transported you to Malta; from there you ran away again, and came back here to lead the old life."

"Oh, be asy, sir. Docthor——"

"The fact is, Walsh, you gave us all up, and determined to turn Turk, so we left you with the Turks, and this is what they have done for you."

"Turk! Is it me Turk? Turk is it?" screamed Walsh, putting on such a stare of innocent surprise and frank astonishment, that it at once beguiled me. "What have I done?" he went on; "they've never told me. Oh, docthor, ship me off to join my pereants in the British Indies, and, bedad, you'll never set eyes on me again."

"Walsh, you are a bad fellow, and one of the devil's own, I fear," said the doctor, as at a Rhadamanthus signal the great black hustled the runaway sailor through the portal just as a farmer does a sheep who, having the foot-rot, and being duly cut and surgeoned, is again dismissed among the flock. Talking his loudest and impudentest, pelting us with "slang" and "chaff" of the vilest, Walsh was again lost amid the waves of dirty scum that seethed and tossed behind the palisading, every third man now struggling to get to the front and present his verbal petition. Talk of hope never passing the prison gate, as I foolishly said but now! Why, Hope, I see, lives in a prison, and no winged angel of heaven visits it half so often.

I shuddered to see in the front rank, for a moment, till it tossed and changed, a little, pale, Circassian boy about twelve years old, in for picking pockets in the bazaars, and for this bit of venial socialism thrown in here among branded murderers. A dreadful squint now calling out to us that he was a Zante man, the doctor said to me, "That man's eye must be punctured —he's got bad —— (some dog Latin name). I will see to that. Mind, Alishan, I do. What about that Walsh, and what can be done with him?" continued he, turning sharp round in his kind, brusque way on Grimani.

Grimani burst out at this worse than the doctor, who had only pretended to be truculent.

"He is one of our 'abandoned,'" he said, foamily; "we have given him up, we wash our hands of him. (Here typical and suitable gestures.) He would be a Turk—let the Turks have him. Only last week Father O'Mally went to him, and he told him if he once more got away, never to return."

"'Won't I, bedad?' says he; 'there are more ways than one here of getting a livelihood.' I say, let him rot in prison, doctor."

A little weak man's cry of "Inglis subjek!" at this moment caught our ears, and broke off the conversation.

"Let him out, Ali!" cried Grimani sternly, after his official manner.

He tripped out, a little Greek cobbler, perhaps from Zante, or the currant fields of melancholy Cephalonia. He stuck himself oratorically before us, and exclaimed, in a loud injured voice, "Inglis subjek!"

We put to that intrepid little Lord John of the Zaptie many intelligent questions, to which he thus simply but boldly replied:—

"Which of the islands do you come from?"

"Inglis subjek."

"What are you in here for, my man?"

"Inglis subjek."

"How long have you been here?"

"Inglis subjek."

"Don't you know any more English than that?"

"Inglis subjek."

"What the deuce language *do* you speak?"

"Inglis subjek."

"Get away!"

"Inglis subjek."

The little Lord John of the Zaptie had evidently one great predominant idea, and that was, that repeating those two talismanic words "Inglis subjek" would somehow or other release him from the durance to which he was no doubt most deservedly restricted. At intervals, for some time after, that piping little voice, crushed by the stronger mob, kept repeating, "Inglis subjek."

"Oh, he comes from Salonica," said Grimani, referring to a list, "and is in for arson and murder. He wants a good bastinadoing; that would quiet him." (Grimani was late for dinner—how that does spoil a good Christian's temper!)

Grimani thought we had seen enough, and now assumed an air of disgust at the interest felt by the doctor and myself in such wretches.

The doctor, with all his bluffness, was, however, a sturdy performer of his duty, and he would not budge till he had seen all the Russian subjects then in the prison. The negro pointed them out behind the palings, as well as a murderer of two men, and other moral phenomena, for my edification.

Grimani growled, and asked, turning to the outer door, whether we had had enough *yet?* The doctor

smiled at his impatience, and said, "No, Grimani, I am not going till I have seen more of the sanitary state of the prison where five hundred and sixty men are confined. Turnkey, show me that little room under the stairs, some eleven feet by seven, where the twelve men sleep."

We went there. O merciful God of Heaven, whom we pray to for forgiveness, and are heard, what a torture-room for sleep!

On emerging from the Zaptie, we passed across to the Turkish police courts, where rows of shoes at every curtained door indicated the exact number of prosecutors within; and from there went with Dr. Opinkoff to the thieves' hospital, where a chatty Italian physician received us with as much cordiality as if we had been patients suffering under some hopeless and profitable disease. The rooms were mean as those of the poorest English cottage, but they were clean and business-like, and everything was decently marshalled and ordered. He led us upstairs to the wards—mere small cottage bedrooms —talking to us the jargon of Molière's physicians, which in Constantinople passes for Frank learning. We visited all the beds, we looked to see if this hemorrhage had staunched, and whether that one's bandages wanted renewing. Suddenly, we stopped at a bed; as we stopped, a boy with frantically staring eyes rose half up and greeted us

"Can you tell, gentlemen," said the doctor, "from

your physiognomical knowledge, to what crime this boy has a tendency?"

We looked, and could make nothing of a squinting, half-idiotic stare.

"Diseased acquisitiveness," said the doctor, triumphantly, as if pleased at any morbid condition more than usually abnormal. "That boy is the chief of a gang of Turkish thieves, and is now recovering from a typhoid fever, almost inveterate enough to be called plague."

We were, I believe, all reasonably brave men there, but we certainly left that room rather faster than was dignified.

In the next room we stopped to talk with a poor German sailor, who was sitting up in bed, reading Luther's noble translation of the Testament.

"Armer Preusser," he said, when I asked him what part of Deutschland he came from. Poor fellow! he was only in for begging, a profession that has had respectable men in it, though it is difficult to realize a large fortune by it.

"Ah! fifty years ago," said Herne Bey, that night to me, as we walked by starlight on the lead roof of Misseri's Hotel, "I have heard friends of mine, now dead, (rest their souls!) say that the Bagnio you saw this morning was horrible indeed. At that time it had two divisions, one for Turkish galley slaves waiting to be sent on board the fleet, the other for the general criminals of the city and pashaliks.

There you found Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, and gipsies; four or five religions and a dozen nations had its representatives there. There, under the dreadful rule of Achmet Reis, a liberated galley slave and the chief inspector, you found thievish beggars, homicides, fraudulent bankers, quack doctors, robbers, cheating tradesmen, Greek pirates, disgraced servants, all groaning under a common torture. Then, even at a word of complaint, the turnkeys would run in and fell a culprit with their clubs, or load him with fresh chains."

So spoke Herne Bey, that wise Frank whom Turkey has admitted to her councils. Like other Orientalized Englishmen, I must, however, tell you that he is easily pleased with a country he seems determined to like; for the next time I saw him, when I began to say that Turkish prisons must and should be reformed, he said,—

"My dear fellow, learn to take things more quietly. *I call the Bagnio a very comfortable place.*"

CHAPTER IX.

TURKISH BURIAL-GROUNDS.

If I were to go to-morrow and stand tip-toe on the sharp horns of the great golden crescent that caps the dome of St. Sophia, and being in that painful and acrobatic position, had nerve enough to look round me, I should see, stretching on every side of Constantine's great city, a black belt of cypresses girdling the town, like some vast funeral procession, such as would befit the dissolution of an imperial dynasty or the downfall of a nation, a race, or a religion. It scarcely matters whether the sky is gold or crimson, for the trees never cease their sentinel watch and ward, and Stamboul, the sultan's city, is kept permanently in blockade by them. But for the gorgeous sunshine, and the perpetual smile of sky and sea, they would succeed in giving an undertaker gloom to the whole place, and would in the traveller's gayest moments strike thoughts of wormy, shrouded, and coffined Turk, into the most laughing heart.

There is no escaping the sight of those dull, grim trees, that seem like so many horrible repetitions of the warning word "Death," written with black ink,

and in some ancient, upright Arabic characters, all over the map of Constantinople. I grope up the Seraski Tower, where the fire watchmen stare out of the windows night and day; still I see everywhere those circumvironing cypresses, those steadfast friends of Death, that great nursery gardener who is always so busy sowing seed in his silent garden. There they are, miles of them, besieging the city walls from the Sea of Marmora and the Seven Towers, right away to the Blachernæ Palace and the Golden Horn; but on the Sea of Marmora side, the old ramparts come down too close to the green water to allow of graves, and next them come the Seraglio gardens; while the warehouses and the littering shops of the Greek and Jews' quarters press too closely upon the third side of the triangle, and verge so crowdingly to the shore, that there remains no burying-place but the Golden Horn itself and its waves, that are silent about secrets.

But to explain the city in a true geographical manner, let me illustrate its shape by a simile. It is for all the world like one of those sippets of bread that garnish hashed mutton. The sharp point, the beak, or nose, or promontory, is where the Sultan's old disused palace and gardens stand; the left-hand side is the long line of wall washed by the Sea of Marmora; the base of the triangle is the triple girdle of rampart (miles long) with the Seven Towers at the one end, and the Blachernæ Palace at the Golden Horn extremity on the other, and on this right-hand

border of the sippet flows, too, the Horn itself, where the bridge of boats joints Stamboul to the Frank quarter of Galata. Opposite the sharp end of the sippet, you must imagine Scutari sloping up from the blue water's edge with its thousands of cypresses rearing their black lances; for the Turk has a special love for the Asian land, and will always be buried in Asia if he can afford it.

And now, the spider critic, the man who reads to discover faults, and runs mad on his logical ladder if there is but a letter turned upside down by the printer, thinks he has me, and wonders how a four-sided city, or a three-sided city—"if Stamboul is, as the gentleman says, a triangle"—can be said to be surrounded with cypresses and burial-grounds. How, "on his own admission, on his own argument, can a city," says the swollen spider, shaking on his Catherine-wheel of ladders, and running fretfully and fussily spiteful up and down his editorial rigging—"I put it to any one—be said to be surrounded, when, on this writer's own showing, it is wave-washed on two sides out of the three? This writer must surely be first-cousin to the Irish policeman who, being asked how he succeeded in arresting a violent drunken and incapable man, replied to the worthy magistrate, 'If it plase your honour, I *surrounded* him!'"

Spider, be silent! keep your vile poison for the flies you live on. I know what I mean, I say what I know, and I know what I say.

Stamboul, I repeat, is a city of live men, walled in by dead men. It is true that the old city of the Greeks has but one long side closely hemmed in with blockading cypresses; but get tip-toe on the aforesaid airy crescent, and you will see them reaching—in rank and file, a funeral army—everywhere all round to the very dip of the horizon. Over in Galata, across the water, I see them, dark and close, on the Grand Champ and the Petit Champ, where, at Easter-time, the Greeks have their noisy musket-firing holiday—places of drunken revel and tumult; I see them low down on the hill, and also high up close to where Mahmoud, Abdul Medjid's father, used to practise archery with his Circassian favourite; I see dark patches of terebinth-tree, and plane too, where the dervishes bury their madmen, and where the Armenians rest from cheating. I see the same dreary, one-idea'd cypress trees, one hundred thousand strong, drawn up even three miles away yonder, on the slopes of Scutari, where they appear like regiments of grave-diggers, waiting, as vultures wait, for the great Armageddon that is to clear the once Christian city from the unimprovable Turk. There were great burials when they came here first, they say; there may well be sexton festivals when they depart, for great wrongs must have great expiations, and the Archangel's sword, from all I can see, is already ground sharp ready for that red harvest of wicked turbaned believers in a lying creed.

It was a Moslem custom, in the days of purer faith and more ardent zeal for Mahomet, for Turkish parents to plant a cypress-tree on the day a child was given to them; and again, on the day of death, the children of the dead man planted another tree on the head of his grave. It was a custom not without poetry, and it accounts for the great cypress forests that girdle the Sick Man's city. It must have been an improving occupation for serious moments to have gone to look at one's birth-day tree, and marked its green spire, rising, rising, its husky rind swelling, swelling, reminding the Turk of Time's flight, and of the summers that form our lives, that that villain Time plucks one by one, as an idler does the red leaves of a rose he has grown tired of; it would grow and become a home for doves and a stiff harp-string for the breezes of the Bosphorus, it would grow gold and ruby in daily sunsets, and a silver column, like a frozen fountain, in nightly moonshines; and then, when the birthday tree had distanced its human rival in the life race, and grey hairs and infirm limbs had come to the old man, there would be the cypress, still green, fresh, and unscarred, contemptuously waiting till the grave should open, and that other tree, its young companion, so long waited for, come to rise beside it, perhaps to outlive its predecessor, and triumph in its turn over death and decay. No burial or birth trees are now planted round Stamboul, but the forests reproduce

themselves, and they spread and widen, as Turkish conquest once spread and widened, as some day, perhaps, Christianity will advance and widen over the Mohametanism that, since 1453, has kept it under its Tartar foot. I never entered those solemn cypress woods round Constantinople without thinking how curiously they resembled the dark forests where, centuries ago, Ptolemy tells us the nameless and despised Turkish ancestors of the conquerors who slept beneath my feet dwelt, when they were mere half-naked robber hunters who hid themselves in the woods round the Sea of Azof.

How often, in the hot hush of the day, sheltered here by the very shadow of death, have I sat under a turbaned head-stone, listening to the motherly cooing of the doves that spread brooding through the trees, hoping that some old Arab magician would come, and, sitting down beside me, near some gaping grave, suddenly rise up, and, snatching a serpent gliding through the crocus flowers, turn it into an enchanter's rod, and, waving it over the burial-ground of Scutari, bid the vast army of dead arise and defile before us.

Then should I have selected a class of the turbaned dead, and examined them in Turkish history; because, when I get imbecile and shaky, and incapable of invention, I, too, intend to turn historian. There, out of that million or so of white faces, I should have met men who had driven the fifty pair of

sluggish oxen that dragged the great cannon of the conqueror Mahomet; men who had headed the twelve thousand Janissaries who poured through the Seraglio gardens, and forced Mahomet's heir, Bajazet, to surrender the throne to his fierce brother, Selim, the conqueror of Egypt. This first class dismissed, I should have then selected from that great sea of white staring faces rude soldiers, in whose arms Soliman the Magnificent had died, in his tent before a besieged Hungarian fortress; and galley-slaves, who had pulled with gory hands at the oars of Turkish vessels flying from Lepanto to bear the news to Selim the Second. Nor would I here have been satisfied; for that snake-rod should wave inexorably till I had heard truly how Amurath warred in Poland, and Mahmoud in Hungary; how Achmet signed an inglorious peace, how Mustapha was deposed and Osman murdered.

Class after class I would have called up, hearing in that place of graves "strange stories of the death of kings," and all the phases of a dynasty that, as I have heard the Greeks say, "came in with the sword and will go out with the knife." I should have insisted on knowing why Amurath the Drunken tormented Persia so, and why Ibrahim was bowstrung? Whether Sobieski defeating Mahomet the Fourth's army really saved Christendom, or Prince Eugene's great victory on the Theiss in 1697?

Nor would I have dismissed, indeed, that great yawning multitude to their dry clay beds before I had severely cross-examined them. I should ask if that hot madman Charles the Twelfth really tore the silk robe of Achmet the Third's vizier, because he would declare peace with Peter the Great; why (I should insist on clear answers)—why Mahmoud made peace with Austria at Belgrade, and wherefore Mustapha the Third allowed Russia to conquer the Crimea so easily; and no, not if they grew ever so impatient, would I let the last men sneak back to their narrow homes before I heard whether Selim the Third was much beaten by the Austrians at Belgrade in 1790; and, lastly, whether the twenty thousand Janissaries put to death by Mahmoud, the father of the present Sultan (hundreds of them are here resting under their defaced tombs), deserved their fate or not; because Admiral Slade tells me they were the defenders of Turkish liberties, and my other friend, Herne Bey, says they were rebels, murderers, and robbers to a man. Which am I to believe?

But now, dismissing my turbaned spectres to their narrow beds under the dark trees that know no spring, let me describe in any way, both by showing what it is like and what it is not, the great Scutari resting-place of the bulk of the Turkish nation. But, first, let everybody dismiss all thoughts of the "God's acre" of the English country church. There is

no funeral yew-tree here, dotted with red pulpy berries, like a hearse plume sprinkled with blood; no mossy tracery round old Gothic windows that are gold-plated with the sun, or silver-frosted with the moon; no old stone nest of a tower for dead monks' bells; no mouldy chapels, with smell of the grave about them, where alabaster knights lie recumbent with ever-clasped hands,—

> As for past sins they would atone,
> By saying *endless* prayers in stone.

There are here no green rank growths of nettly grass between the turfen mounds where the village boys play. All here is wide and national; no man can say, "I will lie among my kindred." The Turk has no quiet, peaceful contemplations about the grave; to him it is a place of terrible purgation, a prison, a spot of horror and ghastly fear after life's fitful fever. "*They* sleep well" is our thought when we tread softly through a country churchyard, reading the last epitaph, with its scraps of stale warning, and incoherent, well-intentioned, but vague praise, expressing the first enthusiasm of the legacy receiver before he has thought over how "much more" the "dear creature" might have done if "he had only——"

The Turk—not from the Koran, but from one of those doubtful traditions of the Prophet which are so numerous and so rabbinical—believes that when Mustapha his father, or Hassan his son, is dying,

Azrael, the terrible angel of death, approaches the groaning man's bed with his sword drawn. At the point of this blade are three drops of gall, which the dying man swallows: the first turns him pale, the second kills him, and with the third decomposition begins. Death, who with us is a wormy skeleton, clattering like castanets as he moves, and leading off, now the old man, now the child, is, with the vague and more imaginative Turks, a cloudy-winged, gigantic angel, striking with his sword, now the sultan on his throne, now the serf at the plough. With us death is a cold, horrid business; we connect it with slabby clay and heavy, rain-soaked earth, with rotting wood and rusted nails, at gentler moments, with golden-eyed daisies frilled with white, and with sunny grass, and with the dandelion's globe of cobweb down, with playing children, gentle memories, and the dewy benediction of April, playful in her half-forgotten grief.

But our grave friend the Turk has other thoughts of the dark pit; and though no bleak, damp climate lends terrors to the grave of the Moslem, and he knows Mustapha and Hassan will quietly resolve themselves in time into earth, dry as the desert sand warmed by an eternal sun, now crimsoning into anemones, now yellowing into the autumn crocus, yet he treads the ground between these dark trees with awe, because his religion tells him such places are the scenes of the dreadful ordeals of the dead.

Not but that the loving mother or wife, in Turkey, as in England, is not often to be seen weeping over the grave, for the cypress, like the yew, thrives on the tears of love; but still I mean to say that, while the English woman sees angels hovering round her as she mourns, ministering to her with words of compassion, soothing, and hope, the Turkish woman is visited only by spectres, that her mind, burrowing like "the demon mole," discerns struggling under the very grave she watches.

The Turkish tradition runs thus, and it is best understood by remembering the papal legends of purgatory, which are also of undoubted pagan origin. The mullahs (priests) say that when the dead Turk is laid in the grave, hooped over loosely with boards, jammed in and embedded lightly with the dry dusty earth of the Scutari cypress grounds, as soon as his pale eyes have struggled open and got accustomed to that boiling darkness, an angel appears to him, and bids him sit up to be examined as to his faith. The dead man sits up, trembling; instantly the two examining angels—black and livid monsters, Monker and Nakir, carrying huge iron maces such as the pre-Adamite kings wielded, or such as the Ginns war with—appear, the one at his feet, and the other at his head. In a searching voice they demand the dead Mussulman's opinions as to the unity of God, the mission of Mahomet, and the truth of the Koran.

If the dead man answer well, the black angels depart, and he falls again into a balmy sleep, fanned by the breath of paradise; but if he have infidel or Jewish tenets, those angels beat him on the temple with their maces till his cries are heard all through the world and by all creatures but the accursed genii; and his great sins changing into dragons with seven heads and snakes, and his peccadilloes into scorpions, he is thrown amongst them, and is stung, and bitten, and tortured by them till the resurrection. This legend resembles much that of one of the rabbis, who, however, make the examining angel smite the sinner to dust with three blows of a chain, half fire and half iron, scattering the bones, which are then collected by the angels.

But need I say that some of these undertakers' legends — easy to believe as they appear — have sceptics who reject them, as the Motazelites do. Indeed, there are many opinions in Turkey among the religious and the learned as to the abiding place of the soul after the body, its house, has gone to ruins. Some say that it remains lingering near the grave of its lost companion—a supposition which even in Europe has originated countless ghost stories. Others, not unadvisedly, assert that the souls of Mahometan martyrs become green birds in the gardens of heaven, that others rest in the fountains of Eden, while the souls of the average good are placed in the trumpet of the archangel, the bad remaining

prisoners under the devil's lower jaw. About all these things which pass the sense, the Koran readers have doubts; but they all agree that one obscure and dishonoured bone of the human anatomy—the os coccygis—is alone indestructible, and from that, at the last day, after two months of heavy rain, will sprout up the body, the germ of which is in that bone, as the flower is in the seed.

It is, therefore, for the kind purpose of letting the dead man sit up and pass his examination, that the Turk is buried without a coffin, and that is why his grave so often cracks, gapes, and falls in, much to the horror of all but undertakers, much to the comfort and convenience of the wild dogs; and to shorten the period of suspense before the examination (when the soul is said to be in pain) is why the Turks, usually so grave and slow, run at a funeral; and, as if drunk with joy, rush down steep and stony streets with their ghastly burden, dreading all the time lest poor Mustapha may have to eat of the tree Zaccoum, whose roots fill hell, whose fruit resembles the head of devils, and on which the lost are to feed, washing down the food with boiling and sulphurous water. The first time, however, that I met one of these running funerals, in spite of the stiff body under the sheet, and the turban stuck on a stick at its head, although I knew the Koran by many readings, and was not unversed from a boy in Moslem legends, I confess I felt inclined to laugh, for I

remembered with pride our own stately funeral processions on the Kensal-green Road, the red-nosed men in crape weepers, resting brass-headed truncheons on their bony hips, the depressed horses with the tails dyed black, the sable firescreens, the waggling ostrich feathers, the Hessian-booted, serious coachmen, and the general tone of grief, cheap at the lowest price of 18*l.* 10*s.* 3*d.*

Another cause of the Turkish grave falling in is from the custom of leaving a hole in the earth from where the corpse is to the surface—a dangerous practice, giving the dead a weapon with which to kill the living, and bring them to their own condition. This hole is said to be left in case the dead man wish to make any communication, but I believe the truth is, that it is a remembrance of the old custom of the Greeks and Romans, and probably the men of the Lower Empire, to leave a hole in the upper floor of some of their double-roofed tombs to pour down libations of honey, milk, and wine into the grave chamber, as offerings to the dead man's manes. It was these manes that Christianity invested in semi-pagan times with demoniac life and power, and turned into our old friends of the night—the ghosts. It is to remove the danger of such breathing places of pestilence—more terrible than even London pews built over festering vaults—that the cypresses were planted originally in Mahometan burial-grounds, the aromatic odour of those resinous, mournful

trees being thought to neutralize all exhalations. But the shrewd infidel has taken wiser means than this of avoiding pestilence, which a thick forest would, I think, rather concentrate and help to breed: he does not line his thickly-peopled streets with dead bodies, nor does he fill up the chinks between his close-packed buildings with corpses; but he takes his dead far away outside his walled city across the Bosphorus, or to the tree'd slopes high above the sea, to wide tracts outside the ramparts, or to the sides of hills, looking down upon the breezy harbour. Not that the Turk has been wise enough to resist all pretensions of pride, or all gnawings of cupidity, nor has it altogether happened that places, once perhaps safe country places, have not now been built over or rendered dangerous, for the Armenians have their terebinth-trees still in the very heart of the Galata warehouses, much, perhaps, to the decimation of fraudulent merchants; and the Jew burial-ground, not long since white with the tents of families rendered houseless by one of those fires that periodically scourge Stamboul, looks down upon the Golden Horn.

In every rite connected with the dead the Turk differs from the Englishman. He refrains as far as possible from burying near a great city. Dead Ali does not crawl to the grave with hypocritical hirelings: but friends bear him on their shoulders, quick and cheerfully; partly because they think the dead

man's soul is suffering till it undergo its examination; partly because the Koran says that a man carrying the corpse of a true believer, even forty paces, obtains the expiation of several sins. The Turks do not burn coffins, so as to make room where there is no room, but never bury twice in the same place, if they have any proof of previous interment. Severe predestinarians, they never lament a death. They do not call it a loss or a misfortune, or become inconsolable, or faint and talk of the "dear departed," or write flowery epitaphs on rogues and money-lenders, but they say, "Khismet" (it was ordained, it was God's will), and therefore must be right; and all they do is to sing verses of the Koran, and heap blessings on the head of the chief mourner.

They bury the dead at the hour of prayer, either at noon or sunset. The body is then brought to the mosque, and followed by the congregation, or part of it, to the grave. Friday, the Moslem Sunday, is the women's periodical day of mourning; then you see veiled mourners, faceless as Banshees, bowing and rocking over the earthen mounds, watching the jasmine flower or the rose, with its "paradise of leaves" set in the little chiselled-out water saucers on the tombstones, that are scooped out for that special purpose. Just after the muezzin has chanted out his summons to prayer from the high balcony of the minaret, I have met the lively funerals at these appointed times, but I never dared to follow the Moslem to his

last resting-place, because it would have polluted a true believer's grave. How can I, who have been in various countries treated thus intolerantly, ever myself be again intolerant?

But let me get to my actualities. What sort of a place is this great burial-ground of Scutari, with its nations of dead, its owl and dove haunted cypresses? I will tell you. First, let us slide down the steep street that runs from Misseri's to Tophana, the Arsenal gate, and take boat. I am in the caïque's cradle, I cross my legs, and am jerked across the Bosphorus. I leap on shore. I am in Scutari, just under Miss Nightingale's Hospital, and the English burial-ground, whose white tombs range along the sea-cliff. I throw some great copper pieces on the caïque cushions, and the boatman lets them lie there as contemptuously as the cabman the shilling I yesterday left for him on my doorstep. I scale the steep street of Scutari, buy a great hatful of sticky grapes, and find at the door of the fruit-stall, which the soldiers of the opposite hospital (now cavalry barracks) much patronize, some Turks sitting cross-legged, dozing in the shade of a plane-tree. They are enjoying the Turk's highest pleasure since opium-eating has grown obsolete. They sit with the mind asleep, but the body and eyes open; this is what they call "taking kef," and they do it when we should be cricketing, partridge-shooting, riding, or boating. It is the miserable amusement of a worn-

out race, of the Pagan usurpers of a Christian city. If they were driven back to get their bread by tilling the desert paradises of Asia Minor, these Turks might find less time for "taking kef," and more for honest work. I strike high up to the right, passing sleepy country-houses, generally painted a dull Indian red, with windows projecting and shut in with unpainted wooden lattices, close as cages, so that even a canary could not get out. I reach the skirt of the cypress woods through an up-and-down bare parade seamed with cracks in the earth. This was once burial-ground too, says tradition.

I shun a blue-coated, stunted Turkish regiment on drill, just approaching, with yellow flags and undulating bayonets, and I pierce in between the cypresses, many of whose husky and flaking stems are of gigantic size and unspannable, at all events, by my arms. I see no owls, though I am told that at night they fill these Acherontic woods with demon hooting, such as you may have heard in the Incantation scene in *Der Frieschütz*, when Zamiel appears, wrapped up in red, and suffering severely from chronic bronchitis.

I find myself in a great region of death, sown thick with sloping tombstones, every third one crowned with a stone turban. There are literally hundreds of thousands of them, in all stages of gentle decay, and they look as if death had, as a ghastly joke, turned the place into a skittle-ground

for quiet moonlight evenings; a game seems just over, and the pins are not yet rearranged, but remain tumbled about in dire confusion; miles of tombstones, which are shot about at all angles like so many crystals, like so many white pages plucked by Azrael from the great book of life, each with its square or round turban, or its red painted fez and blue tassel, its ledger-lines of blue and gilt letters, and Koran verses; around us everywhere rise the black spires of the cypresses, which receive the sun, as the dusty surface of a pall does.

An outlaw might remain hid among these tombs, and be seen by nobody for days; but still there are great roads bisecting the burial-ground, wide, dusty, silent tracts, with loose tombstones paving them, and fractured stone turbans rolling about their banks like gathered fruit. Here and there, even at the edges, you come to a coffee-shed, a Turk digging a grave solemnly, a dervish praying and swaying, and telling his beads, over a tomb; or a black slave rides past, dead asleep (*sic*) on a donkey; or some soldiers lounge through, and talk to the people going by to market. Otherwise, all is death, though you are here but half an hour from the very heart of Stamboul.

But burying in the city is not quite so rare as some writers, partisans of the Turks merely because they dislike the wily, dangerous Russians, have declared. In dozens of quiet Stamboul streets you suddenly

find the shops fading out, and come upon a yellow dead wall suddenly pierced with gratings, through which are visible blue and gilt tombstones, shaded by plane-trees. You see graves in mosque yards; and, going in, find the tombs littered up with rags, and old boxes, and turned into shameful dunghills, as loathsome as anything your London churchwarden can show. Then there are the mortuary chapels of the sultans, which I shall refer to again, where you are shown the royal coffins covered with gorgeous Persian shawls, and decorated with royal turbans, on which the agraffes of diamonds still glitter starrily.

At Galata, too, half up that dreadful hill to Misseri's, on the right-hand side, is a dervishes' burial-ground, where planes grow green, and the tombs hold up their inscribed tablets warningly to your eyes.

But the greatest place of interment, next to that at Scutari, is the long range of ground that follows the triple ramparts from the Seven Towers that look out on the Propontis to the Palace of Blachernæ, that commands the Golden Horn. It begins with vast levels of kitchen garden, which gradually give way to turbaned tombs, which border the carriage-road, as the Roman graves do the Pompeian road and the Appian way. There, where knots of young Greeks now wrestle, and run the gauntlet, and dance in rings, flows the white river of tombs, out by the Janissary barracks, and on the road to the Greek madhouses,

and down to where the street slopes to Eyub (Job), that brave adherent of the Arab Prophet, whose grave still makes the potters' suburb of Stamboul a sacred and a holy place.

CHAPTER X.

THE VALLEY OF THE SWEET WATERS.

I SHOULD, perhaps, rather say *valleys,* for Constantinople has two parks of this name—the one, the valley of the Sweet Waters of Asia; the other, that of the Sweet Waters of Europe—the one, the resort of pleasure-seeking Turks; the other, chiefly of pleasure-loving Greeks.

The first is far up the winds of the Bosphorus, and just opposite the ivy-wreathed Castle of Europe; the other is far up the Golden Horn, in Roumania, and is on the Scutari side. To both you must go by boat, which, in Constantinople, where the caïques number, not hundreds, but by thousands, is as ordinary and fashionable a mode of transport as in London in Elizabeth's time, when you could not see the bear-baiting in the Borough, or Shakespeare's *As You Like It* acted, or the Queen passing from Whitehall to Greenwich, without taking boat. The Stamboul boatman is as important a personage as the Elizabethan waterman ever was.

I had heard much from those "gushing" and

imaginative creatures, book-making travellers, who are always stopping away from dinner (after a heavy lunch) listening to the "bull-bull" lamenting the picking of the rose, of the ravishing loveliness of the Turkish ladies, of the Sultan's seven hundred houris, of their slippers of seed pearl, of their black hair flowing in dark cascades down their backs, of their complexion soft and clear as rose-leaves, of the diamond flowers upon their turbans, of their grace, and of their spangled trousers, and I credited as much of it as I could. I do not believe in polygamy or in slavery, and I cannot think beauty of the mind can spring from either, though the skin be white, and the nails a red orange colour. So I put the subject on a high shelf in my dark brain-cupboard, and waited till I could see for myself. On the Turkish Sabbath I would go to the Sweet Waters of Asia, on the Greek Sunday to the Sweet Waters of Europe. "There," I said to my quiet inner self, that is always ready to listen, "I shall see all the Greek and Turkish beauties, and will judge for myself." My impression was that they were wax-works hideously blanched, with cheeks ruddled red, and thick corked eyebrows; what they really were I must not tell you yet.

I was told the right day and hour for each place—the Turks going in flocks, like wiser people nearer home, and driving out in their very Rotten Rows all together or not at all—though they (like us) are fond of nature, and have nature worth looking at. A thou-

sand of the most beautiful Turkish ladies (wives of pashas) and Sultan's daughters-in-law, &c., were to astonish my eyes when I had got over the first dazzle of a thousand different coloured satins, and ten thousand sprays and clasps of diamonds. I half resolved to prepare for the sight by stopping two previous days in the dark.

But the time has come; and I must start for the Sweet Waters of Asia, for it is only on a certain day (Friday, the Turkish Sabbath) and at certain hours (from about three to six) that the full concourse of ladies is to be seen. Escaping being torn into pieces by the rival boatmen of Tophana, avoiding a boat that has for its cushions a dirty old feather-bed, and another with a dirty doormat rug, I tumble down into the cradle of "Pull-away Joe's" neat caïque, which, because it is a pattern boat, I will describe. It is long, and sharp at both ends, and at both ends is boarded over, to prevent shipping seas, with varnished planks, crossed at the top with little crowning rails of gilt carving, very dainty and very smart. The cradle where I lie, my back against where the coxswain would be seated in our English wherry, is lined with neat red cushions and white lamb-skins. There are two boatmen, because the Sweet Waters lie far up the Bosphorus, and Windybank, the projector, is with me, holding forth on the stock subjects of the white minarets and dark cypress-trees of Constantinople, on the blueness of the water, and

on the Neapolitan look those whales' backs of islands out in the Sea of Marmora have, reminding us, as they do, of Capri, the lovely den of Tiberius.

Windybank, who affects the cicerone, bids me observe how the caïquejee (boatman) fastens his oars by a leather loop to a peg on the side of the boat, which has no rowlocks—a simple plan, that prevents their ever being lost, unless they break in some of the whirling and impetuous currents of the Bosphorus. Every time I look, Pull-away Joe laughs with all his teeth, and says affirmatively, "Bono Johnny;" upon which I call out, authoritatively, "Chapuk!" (quick, quick!) and to which he invariably replies by saying, "Yawash—Yawash!" (by degrees, by degrees), meaning, "No hurry—all in good time." I should mention that the caïque is not painted, but is lined inside with simple clean-shaved planks of plane-tree, gray with perpetual sun-scorch; the ornamented parts are covered with a brown glaze, such as you see on the crust of a pigeon-pie. Pull-away Joe is proud of his boat, and whenever I touch a part of it, and say something to Windybank, he furls up the striped Broussa silk gauze of his dandy shirt-sleeves, and says, "Bono Johnny—pek ayi" (very good).

Past the Maiden's Tower, a sort of legendary lighthouse that stands on a rock at the entrance of the Golden Horn, opposite Scutari; past long lines of vessels and rows of dark-red wooden houses, with broad-brimmed flat roofs, and cellar-like boat-

houses; past half a dozen tinselly Italian palaces of the Sultan; past plane-trees, and cypresses, and fishermen, and coffee-houses, and other caïques, flying by like swallows, with here and there a dead lump of carrion, bobbing swollen and horrible,—we reach the Sweet Water meadows, where the caïques are gathering thick as cabs round the opera door. Some are ambassadors' and consuls' barques, for the boatmen wear red fezes and a sort of uniform, and on every seat is a pad of white lambskin, and much gilding lines and studs the gunwales.

"We are in grand time," says Windybank, who has been boring me about the Tanzimat, and the Hatti-Scheriff, and how this pasha was a butcher's boy, and that a bazaar shopman, and how universal corruption reigns among public men in Turkey, quite different from England, where the profits of place are never thought of, and where nothing but merit can secure promotion. You know the man who has always just come from a chat with a cabinet minister? That was Windybank, who tosses about millions (in conversation), as the Stranger does bags of tin money in Kotzebue's ridiculous old whining play. We land amidst a cluster of coaches waiting for ladies who are gone farther on to sit down under the plane-trees and drink coffee, or hear the itinerant musicians. Poor slaves, this is their only out-of-door amusement, except shopping in fine weather, for in wet, Constantinople streets are knee-deep in fluid

mud, and at night no one goes out. They seldom read, and if they did, they have nothing to peruse but the rambling lies and self-congratulations of the Koran.

Before I go farther into the trampled meadow of the first or second valley on the shores of the Bosphorus, let me stop with a sort of Long-acre lingering to describe the teleki, or ordinary Turkish carriage, which has been well compared to Cinderella's pumpkin carriage. It is literally a small brougham, only that, instead of being on the box, where a Christian coachman would be, the Turkish coachman, generally in a tight, blue frock-coat, stiff with gold lace, and a red fez, walks on one side of the horses, holding the red reins. Then the teleki is not a glossy dark green, or hidden claret, with padded drab lining, and gravely brilliant silver-plated harness, and on the centre door panel just one shield of azures or gules. Oh dear, no, it is smaller, more rounded, much more of the "gim-crack," pinchbeck, and ormolu style. It seems shaped out of French plum-boxes; sometimes a gilt bird flutters on the top, sometimes roses and tulips are painted upon white panels in borders and garlands, in a sunny, rather theatrical and meretricious air. To me the telekis never seemed real, but only fit to pass across the stage in *Cinderella* or *Bluebeard*, when sister Anne's brothers arrive in the very nick of time. They are not for our dull, fitful, scowling, torpid climate, but suffice for a

people who are two hundred years behind us. They are, however, fitting egg-shells to box up Zuleika, Katinka, and such white and red beauties with shrouded faces, with bodies mere shapeless bundles of violet and gold-coloured satin ferijees, between folds of which here and there peep out sprays of diamond and bosses of emerald.

But getting for the present out of the reach of that tall, stalwart Abyssinian, with the enormous three-stringed banjo, round whom are gathered some hundreds of grinning negress slaves, his country-women, telling the grape-sellers, the boilers of Indian corn, and the Anatolian water-vendors to "Haideh!" (Get out of that!) leave us to describe the other vehicles that throng this outlying Hyde Park of the very Sick Man's city. For a moment or two I will curb in my pen and prevent it from rushing to drink at my inkstand, and proceed to describe the evanescent loveliness of the slave wives of the Turkish pashas.

Barouches, broad and sweeping in their graceful curves, and holding bouquets of beauties as flower-pots do nosegays, there are none; snug broughams (in our sense), quiet and trim, there are none; high-poised, swift gigs, there are none; fleshy-legged foot-men, hanging on in bunches behind blazoned car-riages, there are none. Instead of our John Thomas with the corpulent calves, I see only black eunuchs with crescent sabres, scowling faces, and lips each

enough for a small family. There are rude, coarsely-painted red and yellow telekis, not like the others, but I suppose hack ones, with daubed landscapes on the roofs, but no windows, no blinds, and no doors, so that you have to take a harlequin leap in, knocking your head against the wooden top. Heavens! how different from the neat fiacre of Vienna, with its little old-fashioned looking-glass staring you always in the face! how different from the London Hansom, swift and impetuous, with its wooden apron and black leather wall in front, its trap-door, and its juggling window! The teleki has no springs, and a dreadful life you lead inside it upon a stony Turkish road. Bang, jolt—bruise, crash, topple—jolt, bang! creaking, too, as if it were in personal suffering. If anything could keep Turkish ladies at home on the fashionable day it would be these bone-breaking telekis.

Peacock-fans, with your emerald eyes, get ye behind me till I have described the third and most barbarous and fantastic of Turkish conveyances—that is the araba, in which ladies, all rose-colour, satin, and apple-green, and mulberry, and silver sprigs, still take the air, though I should imagine that Tamerlane's grandmother and Amurath's great-aunt were tormented in just such cumbrous Tartar vehicles. I think I have heard that the Sultan's mother herself, or some lady of equal rank, used even to ride in such a caravan. It is something

between a pleasure-van and a dung-cart in shape, with a queer scaffolding of poles about it. It is drawn at the funeral rate of never more than three miles and a half an hour by white oxen, whose foreheads are dabbed red with some sort of rouge or pinkish dye. The wooden collars of this stolid, meek-eyed pair, so antagonistic to railways, rise three or four feet high, and are covered with red and black tassels of great weight and length. Sometimes a black flood of tassels and steel ornaments sways down from the yoke, and sometimes red cords run from it to the oxen's tails, which they loop up. At the four corners of the ox-waggon are four poles supporting a clumsy canopy of red cloth or velvet, and within, on gold-fringed cushions (the bruising araba need be wadded), lie, in a heap of colours, negress duennas, children in red fezes, and veiled ladies, lovely as Aurora when she wears a gauzy veil of mist, amid white feather fans, and a sense of jewels everywhere only partially concealed. French parasols, looking as if they were made of flower leaves sewn together, also crop out, for France always leads the van of fashionable civilization in flimsy essentials and charming foolish unessentials—France, whose women dress so well because they are so ugly, and whose cooks are so ingenious because their meat is so poor. A very unreal, fantastic, degrading, debasing life is that of the Turkish slave wife, with no amusement but the bath, the ribald jokes of dwarfs and

jesters, and this senseless one day's exercise in the week.

Windybank, who, like Admiral Slade, praises every thing about Stamboul, being in good-humour at some successful negotiation about his railway through the Andes and over Chimborazo, says the Turkish women are beautiful and happy, that it is all nonsense about the Sultan's seven hundred slaves, he having only seven real wives; that he is, in fact, a mild, melancholy angel of a man, but that, sad to say, his troubles and distractions, and the ambassadors, and all together, "are making him drink champagne and brandy too freely, *even for a Frank.*" Simple-hearted Windybank, you know that the Sick Man is a worn-out debauchee, but you will not say so. To turn the conversation, you bid me look at the telekis drawn up under a hedge, just like the drags on a Derby-day, close to the kibob sellers and the itinerant fruit merchants.

But we have now got far from the Bosphorus, and the little stone quay, where the caïques lie, their gilt mouths nibbling at the wall, like a shoal of monster fish; far from the Sultan's over-decorated Italian kiosk, gay monument of national bankruptcy and ruin; far from the square, broad-roofed fountain, with the long slabs of blue and gilt inscriptions in Turkish, telling you that "the water that poured below into the tanks is sweet as the Zemzem well that Abraham drank of, and delicious to the hot and

thirsty as the rivers of Paradise;" far, too, from the plane-trees with the jagged leaf and the white dappled bark.

I and Windybank, who is calculating what the next call on his shares must be, and looks a very Bidder as he counts his inky fingers, stroll up the valley. The place is more curious than beautiful. I would rather have a green, nestling, hill-girt Devonshire valley any day, but for the strange sights and associations here, and the Bluebeards and Camaralzamans, who sit cross-legged about on the dry turf, patrol in jolting telekis, or loll in the clumsy state of the unwieldy arabas.

We got tired of the laborious idleness of the gala day, of seeing people you might not talk to under pain of a blow from a eunuch's sabre, and of the dreary mill-horse grind of carriages, and pushed on down an intolerable dusty lane, deeply banked, making for the inner valley, where the Sweet Waters that feed the fountain on the shore wind and whisper.

The lane that connects this Hyde Park with this Green Park, to use a simile that realizes the position of the two places at once to most Englishmen, is not a model lane. It is a mingle of dust and mud, and is walled in by brambles and the snaky roots of old fig-trees. Its ruts are as deep as those of a country by-lane in England, after harvest or a wet summer. They half bury the wheels of those painted egg-shells of telekis, and as for the ox-waggons, they are

so wide that they fill it up altogether, and drive the pedestrians to the prickly edge, the fig-trees, and the elevated bank. Windybank and I, who escape with difficulty being Juggernauted to death by the ponderous wheels of the ox-waggons, and the toe-crushing circumference of the more volatile telekis, by elongating and compressing ourselves against the brambly bank, get at last into the inner valley, to find nothing but more tulip crowds of shining satin ferijees, flaunting negresses, Nubian musicians, painted veiled ladies, with more moored-up carriages, with Turks smoking composedly out of the windows, more rows of hack horses and noisy groom-boys, shouting out their praises, as every now and then a pert Levantine clerk clumsily mounted one, and dashed round the meadow with laughing audacity.

When I dare to confess that I think even Rotten Row and its slow daily procession insanely tedious, need I say that I thought the Sweet Waters by no means lively. To fish up boiled Indian corn from a caldron, to listen to Nubians screeching songs, to see cross-legged men smoking, and veiled Jezebels sitting under walnut and plane trees, taking coffee, and talking frivolous and mischievous scandal, can be only amusing for the first time. To see the poor women sloughing along in loose, soft, yellow boots; to see Turkish babies, in pink jackets and trousers (skeleton suit) and tiny fezes, tumbling about in a

negress's lap; to see Croat gardeners, Crim Tartars, in their gray wool caps and pink trousers, Hindoo fakirs, swinging their hollow, pumpkin alms-dishes, hideous beggars, with elephantiasis arms, large as brown bolsters, Montenegrins, Bulgarian vine-dressers, Anatolian shepherds in black sheep-skins, boatmen, Circassians, Armenians, sherbet sellers, dervishes, royal in their rags, Persians in receding black caps, pashas with beards dyed a ruddy brown with henna, boys smeared between the eyes with black to keep off the evil eye, and fat captains on horses, grand with gold embroidered saddle-cloths—these were the sights which alone redeemed this insufferably dull place of amusement.

Then the silks and satins gleam and glisten like Regent Street shop-windows on a summer morning, and the golds, and pinks, and blues, and crimsons waver about in ever-changing woofs of kaleidoscopic patterns. Yet a pedant traveller, fresh from Damascus, dares to stop me and Windybank to tell us the scene is quite European, and that to see the real East we must forsooth go and live on the banks of Abanar and Pharphar—far too far for me. You know that sort of man who is miserable till he has proved that the one very thing you have not seen is the only thing in the world worth seeing.

Was I then in that valley of Sweet Waters, thinking only of the mottle of sun on the hills around, of cypress-trees and red kiosk, of stream and fountain?

Was I rejoicing, like the mere Pepyses of travel, only in the rolling satins and the heaps of diamonds that, spread out, would have covered that valley all over from blue Bosphorus to the mountain? Had I no thoughts of anything but the strolling-player look of everybody and of those gazelle eyes, that I was absurd enough to think just now brightened and dilated as I stared at them in abstracted wonder, careless of black footmen and eunuchs' swords? Yes, I was dreaming that I saw pale, dripping spectres, with clinging cerements of white, with paint washed off and undiamonded hair, gliding about among those groups of slaves and wives, wandering and gliding round the circles of negresses who listen to the Nubian flutes, passing unseen among the water-sellers, and past the plane-trees, with restless, unhappy, vague search, as for some child or sister that might be here, a look of tender, heart-broken reproach in their pale eyes, as they glide round each ox-waggon, and look into every teleki, still on the same endless search!

What! a ghost in sunshine? And why not? Is not this the land of crime and horror? Have not friends, whom I trust as my own soul, seen over and over again poor dead women, foully murdered, floating here on the Bosphorus in open day? Have we not record, some years ago, of women being drowned in this fatal water, in open daylight, with crowds looking on? Are not the hareems perpetual scenes

of poisonings and stranglings, the result of the accursed system of polygamy? It is because I am fresh from stories such as these, that I know to be true, that I see these ghosts in the very sunshine mingling with the brilliant crowds; and, as far as that goes, I have seen, before this, even in Rotten Row, skeleton coachmen driving old noblemen to Death's door, and Atra Cura, blacker than ever, clinging, in the guise of a tagged and tasselled footman, behind a great rich duke's carriage.

But, to return to the women. Must I say what I thought of them, after scanning with the care of a portrait-painter some thousand faces; and must my reply be ungallant and unfavourable? Truth says, "Yes; and speak out like a man." Unfavourable, indeed! The lower order of Turkish women are almost invariably ugly, always dwarfish in stature, with staring dark eyes, fleshy, stupid, bowsprit noses, that protrude through the often dusty yashmaks, and "hog mouths," as an old Stamboul resident characterizes them to me. In walking, what with their sloppy boots and their awkward dress, their gait is a slatternly shuffle, painful to see, and ungraceful as the waddle of a swan.

The higher classes, especially the Circassians, in extreme youth are often lovely as imagination can conceive; but they soon get old, and their white skin becomes of a soft nankeen leather colour. What with the tons of sweetmeats they eat, the want of

exercise, and the trying vicissitudes of the climate, they are often unhealthy, and the state of medicine (still even in Europe rather empirical, in Turkey barbarous) is such, that most of the serious diseases become chronic. Painting is now fashionable in Turkey, and every face I saw shadowing through a thin white cloud of yashmak was hideously ruddled with rouge, smeared on up to the very brows, which were charcoaled threateningly with some black pigment, perhaps the kohl that Eastern ladies use to dye the eyelashes and eyelids with. Their very lips seemed stiff with cerement, and the skins that were not hard red were of a ghastly cosmeticized whiteness. I saw all degrees of horror in rouge, from a becoming perpetual hot blush, to that sort of fiery dab that a butcher rubs upon a doomed sheep's side.

I am told, however, that naturally the Turkish girl has skin of an alabastrine whiteness, with just a pale inge of pink, such as there is on the cold leaves of a winter rose. I am sadly afraid, poor creatures, that generally their best beauty is of a sickly and artificial character, inconsistent with all our ideas of sound health and cultivated mind. The yashmak has a strong tendency to drop off the face, as it has really done in the last few years with most of the Armenian women at Broussa; during the Crimean war I was told that it got so alarmingly thin, that the police at last arrested all women who went about the streets



TURKISH LADY.

or bazaars without the old mask of the conventional thickness. I do not deny that I saw certain houris of grace and loveliness, with wonderful eyes of the "first water" peeping through the vizors of their yashmaks, but I think they were exceptional, and I do believe that, on a fine day in London, Oxford Street alone would present more beauty than was gathered in all that Asian valley. It may be prejudice, but I do not like doll beauty.

I must tear myself away from Zobeide and Scheherazade; the frowning, rolling-eyed blacks, the merry, good-tempered, motherly negresses; the terrible tom-tom players; the flutes and lutes; the water-sellers and the chesnut-vendors, to take boat, and go back, quite the opposite way, up the Golden Horn, to the other park of Constantinople—the Sweet Waters of Europe—where you must suppose yourself, not on the same day, but on the next Sunday, or on one of the ever-recurring Greek festivals. You may go there in three ways: either by caïque up the Horn, or over the Pera hill, or across the bridge of boats; then, turning to the right, past the poultry shops and the fish market, and the timber stores and boat-builders, who live opposite the arsenal, and so on through the Greek quarter, through Eyub and its potteries, along dusty roads, and across a bridge at the upper end of the Golden Horn, following a little stream that appears suddenly and offers to guide you with its clue of silver thread, till you reach

the valley of pleasure with its solitary fountain, coffee-shops, and shady trees. When I was there, there were no flowers anywhere about the city, but a sort of leafless yellow crocus, that sprang up in the burial-grounds, and a few scented tufts of some sort of thorny *mimosa*, that boys offered you for sale in the streets; but I dare say, in early spring, this hill-girt valley is an amaranthine field of blossoming hyacinth and gold-spiked and gold-starred crocus. Now, it was a brown, hide-bound meadow, with a treeless brown stream (not boatless) severing it in two. The same people seemed to fill the place—Levantines, bedizened in vulgar and ill-understood French dress, instead of the piquant national fez, set sideways on the head, and the plaits of hair wound like a turban round the classical, but pretty silly numskull. No flaunting white fustanella kilts on the men; no pouch full of arms, forming a threatening fan of silver handles.

I see and detest the false, stealthy eye; the large caricature nose; the bragging, cowardly, Quixote face—in a word, the vulgarity, insolence, pretension, and impudence of the Levantine generally; I pass telekis, full of veiled ladies, and satins, and fans; no ox-waggons with looking-glass ornaments on the oxen's brows, and festoons of steel crescents, but one or two ridiculous painted sedans from Pera, and some cockney-looking pedestrians out for the day from some Galata Greek store. Under those plain folds

of satin in the telekis, just wrapped together like a dressing-gown, and otherwise unornamented, I suppose lie hid the diamond-studded turbans, the ponderous emerald earrings, the wide-sleeved selmas, the embroidered scarfs, the striped gauzes, the Cashmere fur-lined jackets, that I am told Turkish ladies wear in their fountained rooms above the Bosphorus, where perhaps they may one day rest as thousands of murdered women have done before, and nothing said.

But, lo! as I am looking at the beautiful itinerant wax-works, a tiny teleki, that seems hammered out of gold and silver, it is so gay, and drawn by four horses, sweeps down into the valley. It contains the Sultan's daughter, whom he married to his favourite page and pipe-bearer. You may know the royal carriage by the red braided reins, the blue and silver livery of the kawasses, drivers, and eunuchs, and the stiff, half-European dress of the negro guard and the attendant eunuchs: of the attendant carriages, some are like blue boxes without doors, and one has a silver bird with outstretched wings quivering on the top.

Tiring of the incessant patrolling of carriages, and the monotony of seeing Greeks galloping hack horses, we go and take coffee; and Windybank, who is with me here also, is soon writing a ledger row of figures in the dust, and then casting them up with his umbrella, hoping to show that the stone procured from

tunnelling the Andes for a railway, would pay the expenses of its making. We are near a great plane-tree, and opposite a sort of blacksmith's shop, where coffee, black, hot, and half grounds, is sold. At the door sit some Greeks, taking sherbet, and one or two poor Turks smoking water-bottle narghilés, the glass jars of which are painted with red and blue flowers. The Sultan, who has been in the valley, has just left; I can see, winding up a distant hill, the red and white flags of his tawdry body-guard of lancers emerging from a thick rolling cloud of dust. We were sitting meditating on I know not what trifles, which were rising in our brains, thick as motes in and out the Jacob's ladders of sunshine, when a teleki, belonging to the Seraglio, drove up and stopped at the coffee-stall where we were. There were no court ladies in it (court ladies were just then in such bad commercial odour in Stamboul that they were refused credit at the bazaars), but a kawass, coming to the door, opened it respectfully, and indeed timidly, and out stepped a very tall, thin eunuch, of great rank and of gigantic (self-)consequence. As a type of his favoured class, he must be sketched. He wore a fez of the finest scarlet cloth, the tassel of the bluest and the fullest. His robes were of the costliest amber Cashmere, and his boots and overalls of the glossiest patent leather. He had a broad nose, and swollen pale black lips, black lustreless eyes, an imbecile forehead, and when he spoke it was like

a fife out of tune. The sickliest dandy to be caught in Bond Street, at a fashionable hour, could not have put on such an exquisite air of languor, indecision, and weariness of all the elements and life in general as our friend the head eunuch, who, I believe, can bastinado and strap whom he will in the palace. He stood, not condescending to rest his eyes on us "forty pig-power of infidels," one small patent leather foot on the carriage step and one on the ground, a perfect example of fashionable indecision. With slavish servility came out the dirty blacksmith cafigee, whom no entreaties could have brought near us, and asked his eminence what he would have. He scarcely knew; it was too warm and oppressive to decide; perhaps he should wait to have coffee, perhaps he should follow his lord the Sultan. Allah! let the slaves wait till he can think. No, Satan, he will go back to the palace without anything. Satan, slap up the steps; Satan, drive quick! Satan, flog the horses, fast. Away! curses on all coffee-shops, and this one, in the Sweet Waters of Europe, in particular. Satan, away! The cafigee makes a gesture of hatred and disgust, and goes back to his fire and his coffee-pots, as the great but irresolute great man's carriage bounds off across the turf, already sharp-lined with pattern-cutting wheels.

And now, in their wake, Windybank and I, mounting two hack horses, follow the Sultan's flags and gingerbread carriages. When I thought of the

Dying Man, and the fading race and rotten religion, I felt as if I was following a funeral; and as we mounted and mounted, entangled in a train of dusty carriages and curveting horses of pure Arab and Turcoman origin, Windybank, who has just been triumphant with his somewhat confused sums in compound addition, gets warmed by his coffee, and becomes communicative. He tells me a story relating to Monsieur Valencini, dragoman to the Kamtschatkan Embassy, very illustrative of Turkish jealousy and the flower-beds of beauties we have lately been viewing:

It was about a year ago, now, that a jolting silver-studded teleki, gay and gilt, and brimful of veiled Seraglio beauties, came bumping and tumbling along a crowded street of Pera, not very far from the Dutch Embassy. The ladies were attended by the usual grooms on foot, a negress duenna, and a mounted black eunuch of rather fierce temper, very new and zealous in discharging the onerous labours of his guardianship. The carriage bounced and trundled along, now nearly killing a Greek priest, now threatening with death a Roman Catholic patient Sister of Mercy, now scraping a French perfumer's door-post, now crushing a vagrant melon at a Greek fruiterer's door, or disturbing a butcher-boy who, with a horse-tail brush, is flapping the flies from a newly-killed kid, opposite an open-windowed café, where English sailors are dividing a pillow-case full

of Syrian (jibili) tobacco, with many well-intended expletives. On waggles the carriage, the ladies staring at everything, and ogling and whispering as much as they dare, the grooms clearing a way insolently, the eunuch frowning and clattering his long gilt sabre, as violent and cynical a misanthrope as you could meet on a summer's day. As they pass a sweetmeat-shop near the theatre, a newly-arrived Frenchman holds out a handful of red and white "tens and thousands," and smirks out some ill-timed compliments, at which the eunuch clutches his sword-hilt, rolls his eyes till they become all white and yellow, and beats the horses on faster out of the infidel's way. At this unlucky crisis, who should step out of a barber's shop, and appear on the scene, but poor, ill-fated, innocent M. Valencini, who, seeing a Turkish carriage jerking fast towards him, drew himself up close against the wall, to prevent being driven over. So little room, however, had he, that unavoidably his face, as the carriage passed, approached near the window. The angry eunuch, looking round, and seeing a second Frank, as he thought, trying to speak to his charge, began to think that the Mussulman religion was being defiled, the Koran spit on, and generally that the end of the world was come, so at once drew his sabre, and rushed at poor Valencini, who, with great presence of mind, seized his arm and managed to wrest the blade out of it; upon which the eunuch prayed for mercy, and

entreated, as did several of the bystanders, that the noble Frank would return his weapon, and let him ride on with the ladies of the hareem. Suspecting no harm, Valencini generously gave the black his sword, upon which the villain instantly flashed it in the air, and pursued Valencini, who ran down the street alarmed, being now perfectly defenceless. Valencini's body was half in a shop when the eunuch came up, and, missing his enemy's head, slashed him across the loins, and then sullenly followed the carriage containing the ladies. Had that sweeping blow fallen on the poor unoffending man's head, he would have fallen lifeless on the moment. As it was, his brother came up soon after, the dangerous wound was bound up, and Valencini in due time recovered.

"But, Windybank," said I, "do you forget how the Great Kamtschatkan ambassador himself was horsewhipped by a Turkish watchman who had jostled against the driver of the potentate's carriage."

Windybank made no answer, but when I looked at him, to my surprise the forefinger of his right hand was resting against one side of his nose, in a warning and admonitory, but still ridiculous manner.

CHAPTER XI.

INSIDE A MOSQUE.

It was night. I was in my bedroom at the Pera hotel, listening to the silence, if I may be allowed to use an Irishism. It was but half-past ten, and the Turkish city—never very wide awake—had now gone calmly fast to sleep; all lights were put out in Stamboul, and no sound was to be heard, even in Pera, but the occasional howl of a street dog, that some bitten watchman had beaten with his staff; dervishes had ceased their holy waltzing and their demoniac howling; priests had left the lofty minarets for the night; the Sultan had sunk into his champagne trance; the vaulted bazaars were barred and bolted up; the coffee-shops had quenched their charcoal fires; the beggars on the bridge had dragged home their stumps and sores; the soldiers were in their barracks, dreaming of a revolt; viziers laid their uneasy heads on silken pillars; the Sick Man's dying city, in fact, was dead asleep, and it made one sleepy to feel even near six hundred thousand sleepers. Human nature is imitative, when it sees eating, wants

to eat, and when it sees sleeping, wants to sleep. Besides, did I not know that my own band of two hundred thousand Frank souls in Pera were by this time, too, wavering in their allegiance to the pleasant king of midnight, and though still jostling about billiard-balls and ground-planning, black-spotted dominoes, were half of them stretching, and yawning, and looking with frightened eyes at the two uplifted clock-hands?

No wonder I am awoke in the very dark dawn by the screaming cries and war-whoops of itinerant fishermen. These Turks, who have no amusements, go to bed so early. Why, at this time, or a little later, the London theatre streets are dark with cabs, that rattle and chase each other in swift procession never-ending; shivering maidens in blue and crimson opera-cloaks, and fantastically netted hair, are standing at opera porticos, like so many Lord Ullin's daughters waiting for the ferry, and hundreds of "swells" are scenting themselves for diamond-lighted, star-crowned ball-rooms. In London, the day of pleasure is but beginning; but here, in Turkey, we are back in the fifteenth century, and it is dangerous to stir out after dark, unless you have a steel throat or an iron back. If you carry a lantern you are a fine mark for a knife at the first black corner of a street; if you do not, you will be taken up by the police, and perhaps thrown among the galley-slaves before you can let your consul know.

I was sitting at the window of my bedroom, meditative—one boot off and one boot on—wondering if there was ever a minute, day or night, since Constantine was placed in his porphyry tomb, that some wild dog had not barked protestingly in Stamboul, when a tap came at my door.

It was Antonio, the dragoman, and thus he spoke:—

"Monsieur, sare, nous avons—we 'ave gote the fareman for the morrow."

"Oh, you have! All right, Antonio; I shall be ready."

"Bon soir—good naite, sare."

The firman!—the Sultan's gracious permission—gracious, but expensive: 250 piastres; fees, 350 piastres—4*l.*, with a chance, as it does sometimes, of rising to 10*l.* Well, but still I shall see Saint Sophia; that great temple for nine hundred years Christian, now the desecrated, polluted shrine of an impure faith! I shall see that stupendous work which, when completed, made Justinian, the purple wearer, exclaim proudly, "Solomon, I have surpassed thee." Now I should see that concrete of wealth and intellect—that epitome of the spoils of heathen temples—that mountain of gold mosaics, verde antique, lapis lazuli, Egyptian syenite and porphyry. At last, I should see and compare with our solemn Gothic cathedrals that strange semi-Oriental Byzantine style, that, back through Venice,

spread through Europe even in our Canute's time. At last, with the sure feet of common sense, and the far-reaching wings of imagination, I should traverse this wonder of the world, perhaps one day to be again restored to Christianity: and there I should see the very throne and altar of Mahometanism planted upon the grave of Truth, now years buried.

I fell asleep to dream of the Porphyrogenitus in his sea palace, of Zoë and Irene, of the Comneni watching the great horse-races in the Hippodrome, or starting for forays against the Persians; then anon I imagined myself a member of the new rifle corps at Thieves' Inn, and engaged in single combat with a Turk as tall as Bow steeple. Suddenly planting a ladder against him, I cleave his acre of a green turban broad as a meadow, when, lo! I find it is Turkey itself I am partitioning like a Christmas cake, and all the Allied Powers at my back are elbowing me on. That slice is Anatolia, this slice—

Here I suddenly fell down a black trap-door, which I suppose led to the country of Sleep, for I remember no more.

But, before I start with that gorgeous kawass whom the consul has sent to guide us—he who glitters with gold lace, and has pistols and sword in his belt—it behoves me to tell you how, the very first day I set foot in Stamboul, I rashly entered Saint Sophia, that Kaaba of true believers, and got nearly stoned in the rash enterprise.

The way was this, and it is necessary that I relate it, because in that sweet stolen glimpse of a few minutes I obtained my first and deepest impression of the old Christian church, its beauties and defects. It was the morning I arrived, when, an hour after breakfast, the blind, white sea-fog having burnt smoulderingly to gold, I charged out alone, for I was impatient of hindrance, to see all I could see of the great city I had read of for twenty years, and longed to see ever since, as a boy, I pored in rapture over Gibbon's glowing descriptions of a place he had never himself seen, and of Turkish battles taken from authors he had never read in the original.

I had not got twenty yards from the door, not well passed a consul's house and a photograph shop, when, in the dervishes' burial-ground, through which the hilly street leading to Galata runs, I was stopped by one of those Jew boys who wait for hours near Pera hotel doors.

Solomon Raphael was his name, Israelitish his nation, dancing black were his eyes, rosy wet were his full lips, crimson-brown his cheek with unctuous health, fair and ruddy was he as shepherd David. This daring young mischief, for half-a-crown, would have taken me into the Sultan's presence, or introduced me, on some lying pretence, to the head of all the Moolahs—the Turkish Archbishop of Canterbury—who resides in an enormous yellow palace

close to the great madhouse, and near the mosque of Sulieman.

I rejected the boy; I bid him get behind me; I took him short and snubbed him; I outwalked him; I tried to entangle him among strings of fruit-laden donkeys and heaps of building rubbish; but it was of no use—he was a bur; he would stick. For a moment, perhaps, I might think I had got rid of him; the next, he was grinning at my elbow, or poking fun at some panting porter, the toiling Atlas of a mountain of English luggage. He managed me as skilfully as ever jockey managed a bad-tempered runaway horse. He bore with me for the sake of certain contingencies; he turned me when I took a wrong road; he led me by near cuts; he paid the toll at the bridge for me; he suggested places for me to see; he found out what I liked and what I disliked. In fact, after some struggling, he safely brought me tame and quiet to land—his hook was in my mouth. Here was I, a stout, middle-aged, travelled, over-civilized man, twisted, and ruled, and outwitted by the superior cunning of a little Jew boy of Constantinople. A pretty thing! What use my hydraulics and hydrostatics, my Greek or my Horace, when here I find myself circumvented by an Israelitish youth of a fair countenance, who is laughing "consumedly," I dare say, at me in his sleeve.

My young master rides me with a very loose rein

—I scarcely feel that I am led at all, which is the perfection of leading; but this I know well, that the boy's broken English chatter amuses me, and that I have brought him already so far that if I turn him off now I must in mere decency give him as much as if I kept him half the day; besides, he has so entrapped me in a net of streets, that I could not get home without he led me. All this time he encourages me with deprecating waves of his hand, and cries of "Banabak Chilibi" (Look at me, sir), wanting to find out what I most want to see, and what my tastes are.

"Horse-bazaar? eh?—plenty horse. Atmeidan, eh? Mosque, eh?—mosque? Kibob, eh? Bazaar—yase, eh? Plenty silk—chibouk, eh?—plenty sword, eh?"

To all of which I have but one answer:

"Aya Sofia" (Saint Sophia).

Saint Sophia, of course. Why he is so eager to secure himself as my guide, and so confident of getting piastres from me, yet at the same time so uncertain of what I know, accustomed as he is to the rapid tangents and eccentric abruptness of Frank energy, that he would offer, I am sure, to show me anything and lead me anywhere.

Away we go across the bridge of boats, cleaving the fezes and turbans, up into Stamboul, to seek out Justinian's temple. I am new to the city, and feel confused as I pass by fountains, and market-places, and khans, and streets with green leafy threads of

vines strung across them from shop to shop. I listen with great delight to hear a boy call out to a hidden Kadijah, who is somewhere behind a window lattice, because Kadijah was the Arab name of the rich widow whom Mahomet married, and who was his first convert. I look up at minarets, looking like giant lances planted in the ground by the early conquerors. At the foot of the tent-like fountains I see mosques rising dome over dome, crescent above crescent, and everywhere round them the dark cypress, which is Death's sceptre. Women, veiled, shuffle by me in yellow slippers; beggars, in red papooshes, sing nasally under dead walls, and screech verses of the Koran, enough to make one disbelieve in it for ever.

Suddenly we dive down a doorway, opening into a dark passage, where some men are sleeping. The boy shuffles off his slippers with amusing humility, and with just one look right and left hurries recklessly in with me.

We are in Saint Sophia, the temple of Justinian. He leads me smiling, yet a little timidly, further on, where, looking through the arches, I can see the whole of the enormous building, which is like a town vaulted over. I observe the Byzantine capitals, the coloured marbles, the women's gallery, the Turkish pulpits, the lamps, and emblazoned texts, and the great dome, the yellow matted floor, and the worshippers kneeling in oblique lines. I was slowly drinking in the great

beauty and wonder of the place, in fact, changing into current gold the paper notes of my old readings and imaginings about Saint Sophia, when a dwarfish, rolling-eyed, bandy-legged eunuch, one of the door-keepers of the mosque, suddenly catching sight of a Jew boy and an infidel with his shoes on, wandering with calm impunity about the Holy of Holies, ran violently at Solomon, and striking him in the face, dragged him off, as I really at first thought, to murder him in some convenient fountain court.

Ghostly white turned Solomon, and he shook till his brown knees beat together at the grasp of that hideous Mussulman. I, expecting my turn next, was uncertain whether to retreat, stand on the defensive, or remain looking about, to prove my complete innocent ignorance of Mahometan proprieties. In vain Solomon looked groaningly at me as the eunuch muttered and looked death at him. Every moment I expected the shout of "Deen, deen!" (Faith, faith!) that rouses a Mahometan mob to frenzy. Was I to die yet, with only half life known, only half the devious lines on life's chart studied and traced out? While I am still standing with a dazzle of imaginary knives before my eyes, a grave Moslem, of a higher class than the mere fanatic doorkeeper, advances to me down the dim corridor, as ghostly fiends do down the avenues of dreams. I ask him whether I have been doing a forbidden thing. He replies to me, "Yes, indeed, by Allah! that I must

retire at once, for that without the Sultan's firman no infidel" (here a gurgle in the throat, which I am afraid was a curse) "could enter the mosque of Aya Sofia." Then, hastily snatching up my Jew boy, who shuffles on his slippers, I and my guide, with tails between our legs, Solomon like a whipped dog, and I like a sullen and disconcerted mastiff, retrace the twilight passage, and break out, free and relieved, into the torrid sunshine, Solomon to gallantly propose fresh sights, I to indignantly reject them, and push back, ears unbored, feet unbastinadoed, head unoperated upon with sabres, rather glad of my escape. At luncheon-time, at Misseri's, when over a bottle of creamy Bass, that left raised lace patterns of dry froth round the tankard as the ale sank goldenly lower and lower, I narrated my adventure, there went a perfect shudder among the sightseers. Windybank called it "imprudent," and Rocket said it was "a very near go."

But before I enter Saint Sophia with the firman, boldly, no longer adventurous and skulking, I must describe the external and internal of the ordinary mosque, for Saint Sophia is like all the rest, and except in internal architecture, has no special peculiarities; no magnificent square ushers it, with houses drawn aside, as if in wonder and worship. It has domes, but not like that great black bubble that dominates over Ludgate Hill; it has towers, not like our gray belfries, but slender white shafts,

coroneted with balconies, where the turbaned caller to prayer may chant out his periodical summons, rising into such perfect, enchanted blue air, and pointing to a sun twice as big and hot as our English ones, so that their beauty becomes something quite by itself, and the charm is a charm that will not transplant, and that it is difficult to translate into words.

But let me sketch the abstract mosque. In looking from a Constantinople tower down upon the city, you see, here and there scattered about, rows of caldron-looking low domes, with glass bull's-eyes stuck here and there all over them: those are public baths, and above these you see rising nests of crescented domes clustering together and guarded by minarets at each corner: these are mosques; and they are the chief features of modern Stamboul; not one of its seven hills but is decorated by such a broad-based pyramid of what seem to be tent-roofs turned into lead and stone. All these domes are the children of Saint Sophia, which is the grandmother of all domes, past and to come, genealogically speaking, stepmother to Saint Peter's and godmother of Saint Paul's, being itself the only child of the Pantheon in Rome, whose genealogy was lost in the Tiber some centuries ago—lost beyond all fishing up even by heralds, who live on guesses. The centre dome of the Turkish mosque rises above the rest like an old bantam hen sitting on a nest of Cochin-china eggs, which, do all she can,

she cannot quite cover. It rises, sharp and clear, bronzy in colour or leaden-gray, scorched white by the intolerable sun. It is sometimes fluted into sections, and always crowned by a spiked boss, on which a crescent blazes as if made of gold just hot and bright from the lying Arab's furnace and forge. Below it spread out the thirty or forty tributary domes, covering side-chapel spaces, and scooped out hollows in the roof; now side by side, they vault a cloister that runs round a fountain-court; now, they cover strange little nooks and bins of rooms, where I suppose, the priests, or watchmen, or Koran readers, or doorkeepers live; and sometimes they rise on little pedestals, like shafts, leading to the roof or the minaret.

I can scarcely conceive any difference greater than in this mosque, with its scorched gray domes, sharp and keen-cut as Janissaries' steel helmets, and the country church of Bobshire that I see so often in my dreams, with now a procession winding round its porch, now a funeral train passing from a new-closed grave. What has this vast interior, crutched up by huge marble pillars big as towers, in common with that sun-freckled chancel where I used to love to hear the blackbirds in the vicar's laurels flute their responses between the pauses of the psalm; where, between the hushes of prayer and penitence, I could hear the old clock breathing like a listening monster up in the great belfry, where the purple-necked doves

cooed audibly softly and motherly, when the vicar's voice sank lower in the more tender parts of Joseph's story, or in reading how David wept for Absalom his son? Dear me! what religion is there in this broad matted space, looking out on a garden where huge wax-flowers grow, and I see turbaned boys picking grapes already half turned to raisins?

But now let me sketch the interior of a mesjed (mosque), where the brown matted floor is perhaps strewn with rows of prostrated men; who are not merely kneeling in a refractory way with heads thrown back as in English fashionable churches, but are abased, indeed, doing literal homage to Heaven, their heads resting on the very floor between their outstretched arms. At certain intervals they raise their heads, mutter some prayers with half-closed eyes, and then again prostrate themselves with an air of the deepest abasement, and a reverence not to be despised by travellers even of a purer faith. You will observe there are no square horse-stalls, nor snug benches with appropriate poppy-heads, emblems of sleep under the shadow of pulpits, no hassocks, no chairs. In fact, as Mrs. Windybank observes, "there is a shameful neglect of comfort and civilized people's arrangements." No one has shoes on, those have all been left in rows at the door in charge of the door-keeper. Fancy old Bootes, our squire down in Bobshire, being compelled by the vicar to take off his Wellingtons at the door of the church;

would any respect for Christianity, do you think, prevent him roaring for a boot-jack, and making responses painful to hear? I trow not. True it is, that some of the richer and more Europeanized Turks get over this ceremony by wearing a sort of patent-leather golosh above their shoes, and pacify their consciences by slipping off only these superficial envelopes. Apart from this, I do not think that the interior of the mosque is held in such almost superstitious reverence as religious men among ourselves hold the consecrated ground that greed has encircled with death, and which we visit only once in seven days.

The mosque is always open to roaming children, gossiping friends, Christians when they pay their piastres, and the train of ecclesiastical attendants that are attached to the building. At the gate of the fountain-court you will see the priest, or reader, in a sort of large cobbler's stall, or palanquin with windows, where he smokes, eats, and sleeps, or reads out of a magician-like book. Sometimes he is seated under some patterned wall, a little coffee-cup without a handle at his lips, the burning black liquid smoking fresh from the cafani, and in his grasp the glossy old cherry-stem of a chibouk that has been his companion many a year. Between the services, what time the Bobshire vicar presides over his rosy, laughing family, with difficulty kept in order by their grave mother at the other end of the table, the imam

is taking his coffee with serene enjoyment just by the archway, where the forked chains are hung to prevent mules and horses entering. There he sits, old Abdallah, I can see him now, with his dull green turban that shows him either to have been once in his life a pilgrim to Mecca, or to be of direct descent from the Prophet. His brown old arms are bare, and he wears a loose yellow dressing-gown lined with blue and spotted with scarlet pine-apples, for Abdallah has not the least idea that nothing but black should be worn by a man of real religion, and as for his chibouk, tobacco being unknown in the Koran time, was luckily not forbidden, as pork and wine are. The vicar of Bobshire partakes of wine and pork, which would throw old Abdallah into fits; but then Abdallah wears golden dressing-gowns and smokes chibouks, which the vicar thinks irreligious, so let us strike a balance.

Those brown balustrades—the old legs of venerable Abdallah—are thrust into loose crimson slippers without heels, and with turned-up toes; altogether, his dress is a curious compound of the English washerwoman and the Eastern magician. I do not think Abdallah's fine linen costs him much, for I see his brown chest through the cross folds of the robe of yellow. Still, with his grey moustaches and his venerable beard of silver-wire, I consider him a fine specimen of the priest; as with his crafty, wrinkled-up eyes, and his lined, puzzled brow, broad and full,

he "makes up" very well, as actors says, for a rather astute Melchisedek. There, with his truncheon of cherry-wood and the little fireplace glowing in his pipe-bowl, he is very calm, contented, and happy, now giving half an eye to the letter-writer at the corner of the street, the Greek with the rings of bread hanging at his belt, who has just planted his tall, spindly telescope-stand at the yard-gate, the boys drinking at the fountain, or the lemonade-man, who, with his bottles corked with fresh lemons, is talking at the coffee-shop to a joking porter, whose knot and rope are ready for hire. Who can tell what the old fellow is thinking of? Perhaps of some of the more fantastic traditions of the Moslem faith; perhaps of the great tablet of the recording angel, which reaches from the east to the west; perhaps of the pen of that industrious angel which is made of pearls, and is of such length that it would take the swiftest horse (even one of the mares of Solomon) five hundred years to gallop down it from top feather to nib.

Perhaps of nothing but the pleasure of idleness after screeching texts of the Koran all the morning, till one's old throat is dry as leather. He is waiting for the signal of sunset, when the muezzin will come out of the little dog-kennel door in the minaret balcony over head, just for all the world like the little fretful and jerky man in a cuckoo clock; you will hear the voice of the priest, who looks small as a doll,

rise and lower as he chants out his summons to prayer, alternately north, south, east, and west. How low and muffled sounds the monotonous nasal voice when the shaft of the minaret comes between you and the man who owns the voice. Directly the sun turns to blood, and the west to crimson fire, and all the clouds shine like huge tropic flowers blown to pieces by the wind and driven round the sky—directly the west grows a molten caldron of colour, like a dyer's vat on fire, and Nature covers her palette with all the aërial pigments, showing us "all she knows"—when night throws darkness over the earth like a net, and the cypresses, those trees that seem like vegetable hearse-plumes, grow black as ebony, and day is, as it were, slain and tossed into his dark tomb in a moment—then the imam will repair to his prayer-carpet within the mosque where we shall find him bowing towards Mecca.

That niche he turns to is the Kaaba, which is what the altar is in a Christian church, and is the specially sacred spot of the mosque. Unless a Mahometan pray looking that way, his prayers have no wings and never reach heaven. It is the centre of all human prayers, as the real Kaaba, which was taken up into heaven at the Deluge, is of the angels' prayers. The Kaaba of Mecca is supposed by tradition to have been originally a tent pitched by the angels on the day of earth's creation, one thousand years before man was made. The angels and demons made pilgrimages to

it, and in it Adam halted when driven from Eden. At the Deluge Gabriel removed it to heaven, and afterwards Abraham replaced it with a house of stone. It is the focus of the Turkish faith, and those who cannot see it with their bodily eyes, are obliged to look in the direction of it, just as the Mussulman who, being in the desert, and unable to obtain water for his religious ablutions, is allowed by the Koran to use sand instead.

The Englishman takes off his hat when he enters a church, and keeps on his shoes; the Turk takes off his shoes, and keeps on his turban; "out of mere opposition," Rocket says, but I cannot myself see it logically quite in that light.

One thing always struck me inside a mosque, that is, the square railed-in enclosures where the lower servants of the mosque seemed to live; there were divans and other furniture, and a general pervading sense of residence about them; and amongst the household gods always towers up, specially conspicuous, a real old-fashioned English farmhouse clock, with its long coffin case and large weathercock hands. These clocks, I presume, are intended to regulate the hours of prayer; for though that eternal clock, the sun, is always visible here by day, there are no clocks fixed upon the outside of public buildings in Constantinople.

These mosque clocks are frequently of great value, having been sent out to the East by Harrison and Co.,

the careful sound old London makers of James the First and Charles the First's time. It would pay some English Barnum to come out here and buy them up. The mosque is not an unusual place for men to take a siesta in, and I have seen men sleeping in the little matted shady enclosures under the mosque pulpits while waiting for one of the five hours of prayer.

Another special feature of the mosque is the network of thin iron bars and cross wires which, joining pillar to pillar, serve to string together those circles of small custard-glass lamps which are used at night and at the great annual rejoicings, when the painful fast of Ramadan ceases, when the minarets arise in the air like burning lances, and every mosque wears a diamond coronet of light.

Another special feature of the mosque is the fountain which is in the centre of the outer court. It is not the silver tree that rises in the courtyards of Italian palaces, but a square, solid, font-like erection, guarded by slender pillars, and with a conical tent-like roof crowned with a star or crescent. The water escapes by taps, and the surface of the fountain is covered with a cage of wire like a meat-cover. Round it and under it are steps where the water-carriers sit and gossip, all the more pleasantly if there is a generous plane-tree growing green near.

These fountains are always alive with pigeons, the favoured birds of the mosque. There, on its rim, they sit and coo their thanks, and display the jewel-

lery of their necks, that move like those of snakes. It is a mosque the Franks call the "bird mosque"—the same place where I saw Abdallah, that "grand old buffer," as Rocket called him—that the pigeons most frequent.

The mosque is but the usual combination of gray domes and round-headed windows, full of roundles of glass; but it is much visited because its founder, or subsequent charitable men, left money to maintain innumerable flocks of pigeons, that still murmur their gratitude all day around that fountain.

Rocket was with me, and I could imagine bright visions of the Red House at Battersea looming within him as he saw those gray and white birds arise in a whirling cloud as we entered the gate, round which some beggars, forgetting their grief at seeing the Franks amused with the birds and speaking all together, pointed to a ragged old Turk who sat behind the door dipping a wooden cup into a large chest full of millet-seed.

Puzzling it out in Turkish, we soon discovered that a few large pieces of copper studded with the snail-like signature of the Sultan would purchase for us a cupful of millet-seed to throw to the pigeons that were darkening the roof of the quadrangle cloister.

I dived into the wells of my pocket, and brought up, not Truth, but coppers. I placed them in the hands of the stolid and immovable keeper of the

chest, who, instantly bending down and removing the hasp that shut the lid, threw it open, and dipped in his cup. He seemed pleased at the Frank's interest; but the Turk is not a demonstrative man, and he only showed mirth by a slight wrinkle of the further corner of his left eyelid.

Were the birds ready? How would he call them? Ready! directly the iron hasp rattled against the wood, the air was dark with wings; down they came, from plane-tree, from leaden roof, from Sultan's dome, from fountain cone—yea, from the very golden crescent that topped the highest apex of the mosque!

They were black upon the courtyard floor; they were elbowing and jostling like a crowd at a levée, an illumination, a coronation, or an execution; nay, they were three deep, fluttering over each other, pushing, struggling, every neck working—a perfect little troubled sea of purple and emerald scintillating feathers, of gray wings ruffling white. There were thousands and thousands: they must have been as numerous as a small army, and every moment those that flew away were replaced by others, who dropped down from dome, or roof, or fountain.

Swish! swish! went the seed the old Turk rinsed out in cupfuls, to the glee of the beggars and the exultation of Rocket, who spoke of pies, of the material delights of Fortnum and Mason's, and of pleasant English picnics.

Then, while we stood there, a spectator dervish broke out into extemporary verse in our praise, which drove us away in confusion:—

"Alms quench sin," he cried, "as water quenches fire; alms shut the seventy gates of evil. An angel stands at the gates of Paradise, crying continually, 'Whoso giveth alms to-day shall be rewarded of God to-morrow!' Generosity is a tree by which men climb up into Paradise——"

We gave him some pence, and he blessed us as we departed.

CHAPTER XII.

THE BAZAARS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE word *bazaar* came to us from the Magi's country: and the English bazaar in its shape, and character, and purpose, is Eastern from top to toe. In Stamboul, as in London, a bazaar means an arcaded covered walk, lined on either side with shops. To convey the character of the Turkish bazaar as definitely as I could to an Englishman, or a Londoner—which is the same thing a little narrowed—I should describe it as in build not unlike a metropolitan arcade, with the shop-fronts taken off; the shops themselves narrowed into open-air cobblers' stalls, and piled round with bales of goods, in the centre of which sit the bearded Turks who own them. The bazaar of Turkey has nothing in common, however, with such places as the Pantheon in Oxford Street, London, except that it is a cluster of shops, collected under one all-embracing roof: there intended to keep out the sun, here to keep the rain out.

The bazaars are also unlike ours in this, that they are divided into districts, or parishes of trades; the

jewellers keep far from the armourers, the silk merchants from the henna sellers, the fez makers from the slipper vendors. The same practice of guild subdivision extends even outside the gates of the bazaar; for, now you find yourself deafened by the clattering violence of the coppersmiths' street, and now you stroll into a district of clog-makers or confectioners.

I hardly know what originated this old Eastern custom. It must have been of early origin, for, looking back on England, one finds that Saxon London had its Bread and Milk Streets, its Cornhill, and its Fish Street—"birds of a feather." We suppose early advantages of propinquity and aid, and, above all, the mediæval necessities and jealous secrets of guild association, sent our Jews to Old Jewry, our clothesmen to Holywell Street, our money-lenders to Lombard Street, our clothiers to Watling Street, our butchers to Newgate Street, and our weavers to Spitalfields. In large cities, this classification makes shopping more easy; and in troubled times of Janissary revolt, bales of silk, Persian sapphires, and such valuables, were scarcely ever safe in Stamboul outside the iron gates of the bazaar.

But let us get out of the intolerable sun, off the laming street, and enter the bazaar; round which a perfect irregular cavalry regiment of hack Turkish horses, and their impudent boy-grooms, are

clustered, with some ugly veiled women, some blacks, a Hindoo fakir, an Arab, half a dozen Greeks, an Armenian, and some black slaves, who, to judge by their great boxfuls of white teeth, are in a condition to laugh at dentists for many a long masticating year.

A low stone archway, the cumbrous iron doors now flung back, admits us to the busy labyrinthine world of the bazaars—quite a small city of shops, with streets crossing and recrossing, with fountains, coffee-shops, street-vendors, of its own. Stop here a day, and you will see all the routine of Turkish life gone through: periodical prayer, religious ablutions, buying, selling, love-making, quarrels, thieving, eating. To many hundred Turks these walls are all they ever see of the world. One day a death spasm will seize them; they will turn pale and die, and the next night be run off with to the place of cypresses and forgotten; the day after, a new beard and pipe will reign over the little open shop. So the wheel spins round.

Before I go and buy a handful of pearl seed, a jaunty fez, a Persian pen-case, or aloes wood to fume in my chibouk, let me warn the reader against thinking all here is cloth of gold and silver, that "gemmed daggers" and "jewelled hilts" strew the ground, that the pearls are in sacks, or the diamonds in pailfuls, as some dazzled travellers of thirty years ago describe the place. Why, the great

bossy gold cups and gigantic salvers of a London jeweller's window would outshine all you see in a Turkish bazaar put together. I suppose the false glamour that Byron threw over Eastern wealth gives rise to the tone in which Englishmen still get in the habit of talking of everything Oriental. What delighted me in the bazaars was not the splendour of the merchandise, but rather the unusual aspect of everything, and the quiet, simple, out-of-door life which these laggers in the race of civilization lead.

Let me describe a single street in the chief bazaar; and it will, in its general features, stand for all streets: though the arms bazaar is more mediæval, and the drug bazaar, with its dim lights and horse-shoe entrance, more intensely Oriental. But I take the Bezestein and its Slipper street, because it is Eastern without being exceptional. My street is a plain vaulted tunnel, lighted by small-sided apertures; its roof is everywhere whitewashed, and round the small dungeon-like windows meanders a thready pattern of blue flowers. This is all the ornament. Below, on either side the avenue, run the shops, each shop with its two yards or so wide of counter show-room, and behind, a little inner room for richer goods, entered by a low stone arch, which gives it a dog-kennel look. In and out of this works a little handsome fat Armenian shop-boy, dragging out bales of poniards, silk purses in heaps,

embroidered handkerchiefs, Syrian scarfs, inlaid boxes, or sequin bracelets. But the master sits brooding, and never rises except in the moment's excitement preceding the visitor making the purchase, or departing in peace. Between the banks of shops runs the uneven earth-floor of the street, where the slinking wild dogs forage with their usual idle pertinacity. On the low counters in the next street, breast high in spongy Broussa bath towels, striped silks, white and rose colour, bales of Manchester prints, brown and purple, sit the Turks, cross-legged, pipe in mouth, slippers parallel before them. But just here we have all slippers; and among these stands a lean nimble Greek boy, haranguing on the merits of a pair, fit for a sultana, that he holds on his hands like gloves. They are very dainty—so small, that only a fairy-queen could wear them, had they heels—and are made of pink and blue satin, starred and banded with seed-pearl, in a manner fit for even the fair Persian.

"Bono Johnny!" he calls out as he sees a Frank pass, and the words are echoed by a Jew tout, who runs to my elbow; but when he sees I disregard his stacks of yellow leather (canary colour) boots, heavy red slippers, and patent-leather shoes, and that I bear towards Zenope's shop, the Armenian general store, he slaps one slipper in the other, and calls out after me, in a noisy, taunting, irritating voice:

"Bad man, Zenope, cheat man; no good, no bono,

Zenope—you lose piastre—ah, you Johnny! Yah! Allah!" and, upon turning round to hear if he has anything more to tell me, I obstruct the road for two Turkish women, who at once slap me in a petulant, contemptuous way, and growl out something about "infidel," which I bear patiently, partly from prudential reasons, partly from remembering the gallant Spanish proverb, "White hands do not hurt;" though this hardly applies, for, looking again through their shroud-like yashmaks, I see they are Abyssinian negresses, with the usual blubber lips and scolloped right cheek. At all these slipper shops, among gorgeous slippers sewn with gold-thread or spangles, and fringed with silver tissue, I see everywhere that patent-leather overshoe which the Turkish gentleman generally wears to slip off at the mosque door.

I pass a marble tank, into which falls a broad silvery web of musical water, and turning down a cross street, find myself at Zenope's. I know the shop, because a little signboard, with that Eastern name on it, hangs across the street, and also, because three fox-eyed Jew-touters, who have been long hanging on my skirts denouncing my certain ruin, now call out with one voice:

"Zenope bono—all good, Zenope; Englishmen all buy Zenope—beads, slippers, daggers—everything Zenope." Indeed, there is no time to retreat, for Zenope, a sleek, short, well-to-do-looking Armenian,

with the deep rich darkness in his eye that Armenians have, comes forward, bowing and asking me to enter in the European manner; plus, a little not unpleasing Oriental abjectness. No cross-legged Turk here—in fact, no out-of-door display—but only a little deep well of a room, lighted from the top, and hung with silk robes, camel's-hair cloaks, trophies of amber-coloured shields, and Janissary maces. No couch to lie on here, no pipes, no touching of breast and brow, for Zenope is as bland and dignified as the richest shopkeeper in Bond Street. He claps his hands—one of my gang of Jews comes smiling in from the outside. He rolls me up two cigarettes in a moment, and praises something he sees my eye resting on. Zenope whispers him—he flies for lemonade. If I were at a Turkish shop, this my friend Haaman, or Lazarus, would interpret, and gain a handsome per-centage; here, too, he will have the per-centage, but he has no need to interpret. Zenope knows I have come chiefly to look at things, and tries to find out my weaknesses. From what I ask about at this first visit, he will lay traps for me twenty visits hence. He lets me have, he says, small things, such as perfumes, &c., for nothing to-day, because he knows I am a rich English effendi, who will go home laden with presents, and because I shall return to-night to Misseri's, and tell gentlemen how cheap everything at Zenope's is.

Then, he takes down from the wall, and out of

nooks and pigeon-holes, and off shelves, all sorts of rubbish in the worst condition. He takes down an Arab haik of black camel's-hair, with rich gold-thread embroideries over the shoulders and hood, which he recommends as indestructible for travelling; he streams out before me coarse ruggy Persian shawls (reds, blues, and yellows), and looking always as if they were turned on the wrong side; he drags out, and dusts with solemn care, crackled old tea-caddies inlaid with chessboard patterns of mother-of pearl, so old and dry, that the lozenge flakes are half loose; he unhooks rusty maces and paltry poniards with clumsy carved handles; he tires me with sequin bracelets, and beautiful twists of silver wire such as the Sinope people have manufactured for generations; he makes me smell the best Albanian otto of roses, and flourishes about great rattle-snake bunches of sandal-wood rosaries, such as are used by dervish and monk; he then, in despair, routs out wooden Persian pen-cases, painted with stag-hunts, and combats, and amorous scenes from the poets, straw-plaited cigar-cases, gilt pastille-burners, and rose-water sprinklers; but I shoulder away all, and buy only some jasmine pipe-stalks, some gold tissue for slippers, and some sequin bracelets: Zenope all the time looking deeply depressed at the low prices he pretends I exact and grind from him. If he smile, he smiles ruefully, and with an effort; but I suppose when I am well out of the

door he makes up for it. At all events, he will revenge his wrongs on Rocket, who is planning the purchase of an Oriental dressing-gown—for I don't know how many hundred piastres—besides a prayer-carpet of great value, and an ivory chest of Indian work. I observe that everything costs Zenope the Armenian more than he sells it for; and yet that whenever you talk of buying anything outside—mouthpieces, slippers, fez, or turban—he seems to wish to be the scapegoat, and to buy for you.

I tear myself from Zenope; two Jew touts fighting about their claims to me just outside his shop; turn down a cross street to the right, and enter the jewellers' bazaar, which shuts at three or four o'clock. The stalls in this quarter differ from those in the other villages of this great Tyre and Sidon under cover. They are not small banked-up platforms, with a dog-kennel door behind and shelves all round for goods, but they are small panelled bins, looking like cumbrous pews, or heavy timber sofas, or four-post bedsteads cut down into enclosures. One would think that the Jews who watch you from them expected a rush of turbaned men some day at the diamonds hidden away inside, in chests and trebly-locked drawers. Not that there is much visible: nothing but a few upright glass-cases, such as country dealers keep lollypops in, of coarse cornelian signet rings, and turquoise earrings, of little talisman triangular gold plates, and a few ill-set brilliants.

Though emeralds are the fashion just at present with those rather whimsical beauties the Turkish ladies, I saw none on show except two or three that looked like fragments of chemists' bottles. The emerald, with the essence of eternal spring in its heart—rubies, with undying fire at their cores—opals, with the dawn breaking their mist, yet never piercing quite through—were here, I knew, somewhere, up those sly fellows' loose jugglers' sleeves, or in the centre of those carved, cut-down bedsteads, but see them I could not. Indeed, the attention of the Shylock merchants seemed entirely taken up by some itinerant, ragged-robed peripatetics, who, holding high over their heads amber mouthpieces filleted with "sparklers," as the English cracksman affectionately calls diamonds, or large, round, embossed silver vessels like metal melons—used, I believe, to contain sweetmeats, or trifle, or syllabub, or Beelzebub knows what—kept pacing through the rows of chattering, cross-legged dealers, shouting some imaginery bidding as "Yetmish," "Elli," in screeching tones, most vociferous, most intolerable. These stray dealers, whose whole capital had, I suppose, been expended in the saffron mouthpiece or the rough silver melon, seldom obtained any attention, except now and then a robed arm, right or left, from either side of the street they threaded, snatched from them the melon or the mouthpiece, and then pushed it back scornfully into the violent talker's hand, at the

same time repeating a number very low down in the scale of numerals.

These brokers seem to itinerate the bazaars all day long from prayer to prayer; now with a belt full of pistols, now with an armful of Persian books, now with a sheaf of chibouk stalks, now flourishing a tinny-looking yataghan, now waving a tobe, now making great play with an ambery rhinoceros-hide target, bossed with brass, from Abyssinia. I looked for some time at a Turk at the entrance of the bazaar winnowing a pile of seed pearl, and at another shaking loose diamond sparks about in a drawer. I looked at cameos, and at one little stray oval of Wedgewood's, which the dealer evidently mistook for some Greek work of alarming value. I stayed for a moment to see an engraver working a little lathe with a sort of fiddlestick, while he gouged delicately at the cornelian signet. Presently, before one of the stalls, a Turkish lady, blooming with rouge, came and sat down, and began to cheapen some silver bracelets, upon which her black, motherly-looking duenna frowned me away to the arms bazaar, where I was bound. Now, as only a day before Rocket and Windybank had heard a shopkeeper in the bazaars threatened by soldiers for selling to an infidel muslin handkerchiefs with the "Mashallah" embroidered at the corners, I thought I did right to go when I saw the shopkeeper's eye turned uncomfortably on me.

The arms bazaar is dim and eastern, and lighted by dark glass eyes high over head. The first stall you come to is, perhaps, a Persian's; he sits moodily among a row of broad poniards and Korans. He is reading. He shows you at your request several daggers, some with handles of agate or of a certain opaque green stone not unlike marble. He brings out a little bit of steel, like an English table-knife, on which he sets fabulous value. He has broad, double-edged knives, tapering to a point and grooved down the middle; others, with tinselled handles, worth hundreds of piastres. You begin to get afraid that the solemn man in the black retreating cap is a cheat, all the worse for being plausible, when he suddenly frowns, as if he had discovered that your views of cheap and dear were unworthy of any one but an infidel, replaces all the daggers against the wall, and goes on moodily reading. I think he must be a dervish, for there are dervishes in the bazaar, as well as dervish soldiers and dervish sailors.

The next dealer is a bland man, all attention and anxiety—Armenian, I think, for the dealers of that nation are greater rogues than even the Greeks. I buy for a sovereign a javelin head, needle-shaped at the point, inlaid with gold. I drive it on trial through a half-crown at one dig. The ripple-mark all over it shows it to be good stuff, if not pure Damascus. So at least I think, until night, when, producing it in triumph after dinner at Misseri's, I

am told that such spear-heads are made by thousands in Russia to send to Persia, where they are fitted to cane staves, and used for wild-boar hunting. I also buy a kind of rough butcher's knife with an ivory handle, which I despise, but with which *per contra* a learned Nimrod at Misseri's cuts two pennies through without injuring the edge, and with which he tells me, if he had a fair slash, he could separate a wild dog at one blow.

Zohrab, the sword-merchant next door, dazzles my volatile imagination with a lathy yataghan in a red velvet sheath, which, I am told, belonged once to nobody less than the Pasha of Tripoli. It is very top-heavy and awkward to me; but I learn that its use does not depend on main force, but on leger-demain, and that one razor-like shave of it, outwards and then inwards, will move off a man's head (provided the man is willing) as gently and neatly as you can tip off a wild-rose shoot with a riding-whip. Zohrab next tries to inflict on me a bundle of hide whips and a Janissary's helmet. Here I must pause to say that the Cid himself, or Scanderbeg, or Kara George of Servia, could not have worn a more chivalrous and artful head covering. It consisted of a steel cap, spiked at top, and worked so skilfully for lightness that it was not thicker than a cocoa-nut-shell cup. It bore over the brow a legend from the Koran, worked in gold, and on one side of the spike was a tube to receive the plume that its proud Janis-

sary owner must have carried through the flaming torrent of many a Hungarian battle. From the edge of this steel cap, which was padded thick and soft on the inside with red velvet now faded to yellow, fell a finely-woven steel tippet, strong enough to keep out an inquisitive sword-blade, but worse than powerless before the almond-shaped rifle bullet, that, driving into a wound a link or two of this artful steel, would render the injury mortal, and past all probing. Then I was tempted with a sort of chocolate frother of steel, and with a double battle-axe with a dagger in the handle, and other charitable inventions of no commercial utility.

But I had been a month in Constantinople, yet had no fez; that must be remedied. A Jew tout, one Barsabas by name, guided me to the fez store. I have white muslin to buy to wind round my fez, and keep off the pertinacious sun.

"In the name of the Prophet, fezes!"

"My lord shall be obeyed. England is a paradise, its people are all sultans, and do as seemeth them good."

The dealer slips his hand, accurately as a compositor's, into a pigeon-hole; he draws out a bundle of fezes, folded flat, one tucked in the other. They are of all shades of red, from peony crimson to poppy scarlet, carnation colour, and the hue of a boiled lobster's shell. At the top of each there is a little stalk, Chinese in effect, to which the full blue tassel

is to be bound. He tries one on, hands me a mirror, and falls back, as does Barsabas the Jew tout, in sudden spasms of delight, wonder, and astonishment. I look a son of war; it fits me as if I had been a true Mussulman all my life. It is worth, however, three shillings, and he asks me ten. Barsabas wrangles, with anger and vexation, but only to keep up appearances, for he is accustomed to help Franks to bazaar goods at three hundred times their real value. A man with water-skins passing, stops to smile — at which I feel flattered; a raisin-water vendor puts down his tins and gives advice; the dealers all round whisper and laugh together, as much as to say, "How that villain Achmed is plundering that miserable infidel! Allah!"

I buy it, however, resolutely; it fits my head like a skin. I give two shillings for nine pennyworth of muslin with gilt fuzzy ends, and twist them Levant-wise round my frizzling brains. Barsabas, who has been twiddling for some time a diplomatic cigarette, now hands it me. I am, indeed, tied and bound in the hands of the Philistines. Still I am lucky, for I have only been slapped once to-day, and spat at twice. I am thirsty and lame, and have been environed by dogs several times. I feel my liver out of order, and I have been much cheated, otherwise I have spent a pleasant Turkish day; though rather plagued by Jews and tormented by guides.

I have come across several old Oriental customs

too: for instance, that grated window of the dervish's tomb, where votive bits of rag tied to the bars fluttered so strangely; then, the khan with the yard full of skins of Syrian tobacco; and the mosque where the porter was praying at the door, while the priest was throwing seeds by handfuls to the courtyard pigeons.

Now, I plunge out into the sunshine again, feeling as if I had suddenly emerged from a cave tomb, and dive down another vaulted tube, which is also a bazaar; but of what? pearls of Ormuz, silks of Samarcand? No; but nutmeg-graters, candlesticks, and Cheap John Birmingham gridirons, half of them evidently such as my country has reason to be proud of producing. Turning back, half frightened at this romance-dispelling vision, I take Barsabas and bid him strike out through the streets for the Egyptian or drug bazaar, staying to look for a moment at a neat ivory spoon shop, and at a gold-beater's where men beat at little books, from whose red pages oozes gold leaf, drossy and crumpling like sensitive plants at the air.

Now, because I do not people the bazaar defiles with any one but myself, Barsabas, Zenope, Zohrab, or the other dealers I have patronized, you must not suppose that from early morning, when the gates open, till four o'clock, when they shut, this city under cover is not crowded, for it is. It is chokefull all day, as Cheapside when the counting-houses

are closing. Black slaves, eunuchs, yellow-booted ladies slopping along, children, water-carriers with triangular water-skins on their backs, Turkish policemen, soldiers, oil-carriers, hammals with looped ropes hanging over their galled shoulders, and their knots strung like reticules on their swollen arms, Armenians with large fleshy noses and ox eyes, little harlequin bundles of children, Franks sturdy and rapid elbowing the crowd, and itinerant vendors of all kinds, form but a small part of the human congeries.

The drug bazaar is my favourite, because it is so Oriental and so mysterious. Here the plaited baskets piled with roots and spices, the broad measures full of yellow-brown henna smoothed at the top to a cone and crossed at the top with two clean boxwood spoons, are evidently quite of another region than your own. There are little black lozenges of pastilles, covered with gilt, and intented to beatify the tobacco of your chibouk. The measures and baskets edged with coloured paper (purple to the brown henna, for instance) are ranged in tiers of different sizes, like the nosegays in Covent Garden, or the roses at a flower-stand; and rather higher up than usual among these, sits the Turkish "lord of drugs," still as death, only the dark waver of his eye telling you that it is not a stuffed figure guarding the roots and gums. Here are poisons enough to last even a Borgia a lifetime; but I came for perfumes and

can find none. Sulphur they have, and senna they have, but oil of jasmine, no.

So again I break out into the sunshine, and make, led by two wrangling Jews, for some yet untrodden district of the bazaars: I find it in the old-clothes district. This bazaar has an impoverished look about even its buyers and sellers—nay, its very walls and windows are harmoniously suitable to the commodities exposed for sale. Here is a place for Sartor Resartus to moralize in, over the disguises of the pure Adam. The turban, being a home-made article composed of two parts—the eternal fez, or inner kernel, and the outer striped or many-coloured wrapper — is never exposed for sale in the East, the folding being renewed daily, and requiring the knowledge of a lifetime to give it the careless grace that a Mussulman dandy gives it. As for the street vagabond, his turban is but a rag round a sort of sallow brown night-cap, and he slips it off and rebinds it twenty times a day, just as a London costermonger perpetually twirls his "love lock" with his dirty finger. No; no turbans, cream-coloured or leaf-green, or yellow or blue, are here, but great dirty tapestries of greasy robes and dressing-gowns of the stage magician kind, and curtains of red and yellow, and brown Syrian scarfs yards and yards long, and tufted at the end with little fly-fishing crimson and yellow knotted silks; and eyeing the dealer and his circle of gossips suspiciously, stroll ruffianly Greeks, with black

gaiters gartered with crimson, huge ruffling kilts, and long curved daggers in silver-embossed sheaths sloping across the waist-belt. And these defiant weapons are tucked in over a huge pad of brown leather, which is the Greek's purse and pistol-holder, though it looks like a mere small blacksmith's apron. I sit down on a dealer's counter on the right-hand side, and have dealings about some Syrian scarfs and about some skins of lambs from Astracan, which Rocket wants to line a travelling-cloak with. They show me white skins and black skins, fit for an emir in point of luxury, but, alas! fit for that emir too in point of price. Showers of Turkish numerals assail me as I pass out in search of pastures new.

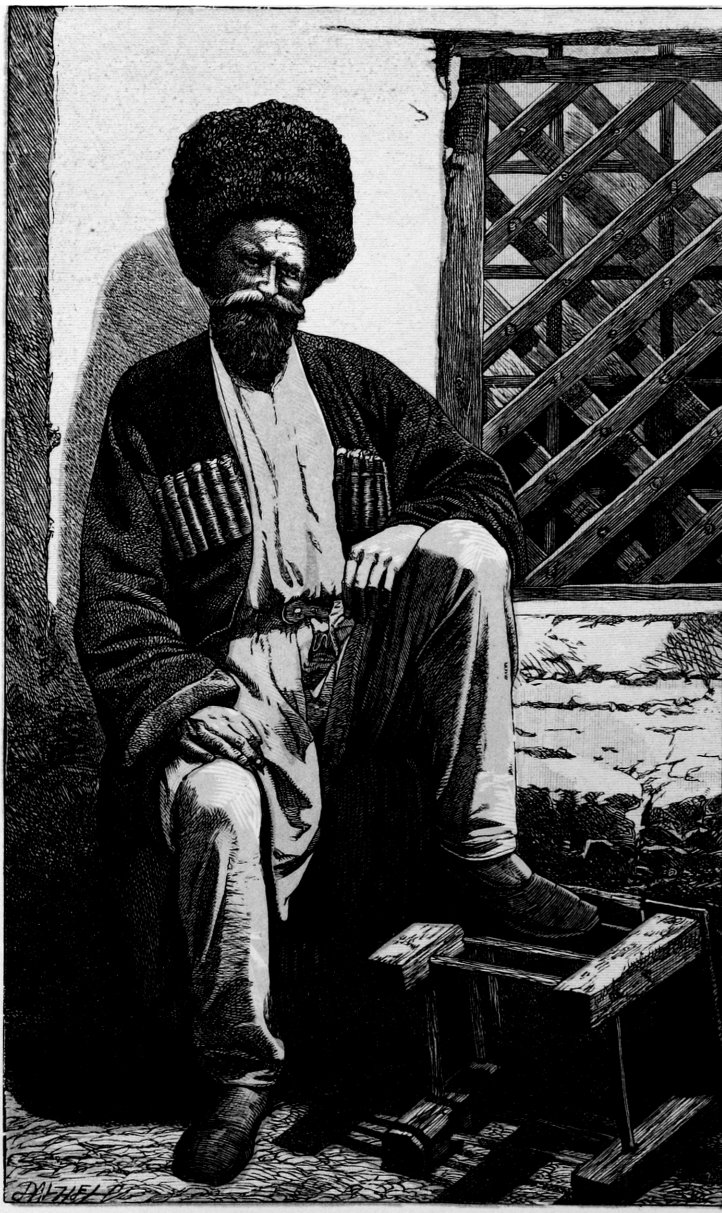
This time I aim at the Tent bazaar. I find it after much trouble; and this word "trouble" is my cue for describing how it takes the keenest traveller some weeks before he can be ever sure of getting straight from Misseri's Hotel to the central mass of bazaars. It requires a map-maker's head, and the sagacity of a Columbus, to find the way between the two points. In the first place, Turkish streets, except up in Pera, have no names; they are known only from the nearest mosque, fountain, or barracks, so that you can ask for no special street, and if you do, the Turk can give you but very generalized and vague answers. Ten to one it is a Persian you ask, or an Armenian, or an Arab, or a Crim Tartar, or an Arnout; and if it be really a Turk, the miserable

creature perhaps does not speak *your* Turkish, but some horrible *patois* and *baragouin* of his own, substituted, it seems, on purpose to spite you. Then the crippling streets, the thirsty fervid heat, the perplexed lanes, the dangerous crowds, make you so irritable, dry, perspiring, and lame, that you soon get worn to a thread, and have no courage to do anything but walk on by mere dogged animal instinct. You know the bazaars are low down the hill, to the right of St. Sophia and the Seraglio, and under or to the left of the Hippodrome. On the wooden bridge you feel positive that the bazaar is just here. You get in Stamboul, ascend the river-side steps, turn right and turn left, then you are confused and uncertain—you disdain to inquire—you push on—hesitate—are lost! You look round; a hammal sets you right for a street; you come to a house you are sure you remember, because green tendrils of the vine are trained right across the way. You look up a turning to the left, and you see a similar vine at the tobacconist's at the farther corner; you are tired, hungry, helpless; you are hopeless, but you are not forsaken. Benjamin and Barsabas have been watching you for half an hour. They fell into your unconscious train at the bridge of boats. They then, unknown to you, hovered about the enemy, and marked the road he took. As you look round, you see the smiling rogues, knowing your helplessness, drinking at a fountain. They come up and accost you. Two turns, and you

have shot into the needle's eye. Another hour and you meet Rocket "slanging" a Jew attendant, yet doing all he suggests, and loading him with new purchases of shawls, bags, bracelets, yellow slippers, Janissary pistols, and Turkey carpets. He is a Queen's messenger, remember, and half these things will go back in his "bags" as "despatches," under the care of the Right Honourable Ignis Fatuus, removed to Vienna.

END OF VOL. I.

London: Printed by SMITH, ELDER and Co., Little Green Arbour Court, E.C.



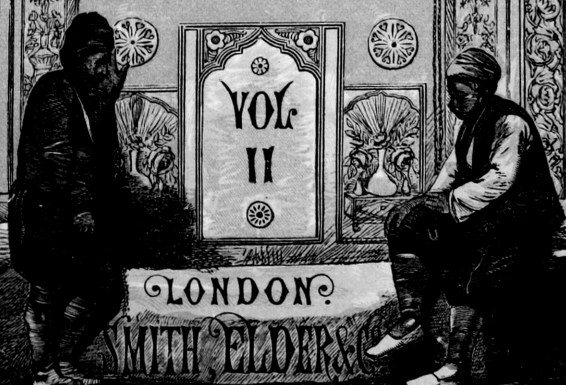
CIRCASSIAN EXILE.

TURKISH LIFE AND CHARACTER.

BY

WALTER THORNBURY.

VOL. II



LONDON:
SMITH, ELDER & C°

TURKISH LIFE

AND

CHARACTER.

BY WALTER THORNBURY,

AUTHOR OF "LIFE IN SPAIN."

"A malignant and a turbaned Turk."—*Othello.*

"Entranced by the magnificent spectacle (*i.e.* of Constantinople), I felt as if all the faculties of my soul were insufficient fully to embrace its glories: I hardly retained power to breathe, and almost apprehended that in doing so I might dispel the gorgeous vision, and find its whole vast fabric only a delusive dream."—*Anastasius*, vol. i. p. 68.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

SMITH, ELDER AND CO., 65, CORNHILL.

M.DCCC.LX.

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TURKISH LIFE AND CHARACTER.

CHAPTER I.

A TURKISH STEAMBOAT.

I NEVER shall forget the shudder that went round the table at Misseri's, nor the chattering chorus and gabble of alarmed dissuasives that followed, when I announced to my friends at that Perote hotel my intention of going for a day or two to Broussa, at once the Cheltenham and Malvern of Turkey.

Broussa! What, Broussa in Bithynia, at the foot of Mount Olympus! What, the very nest of infectious diseases and den of fever! Why, I must be stark mad! The sun had turned my brain, to prevent it burning! No one ever went there and came back without fever—a party of five last week, to wit! But the pack of talkers soon forgot me and my expedition in silly rapture at some bazaar purchase of Windybank's; so off I stole up to my room, leaving word to be called in time for the

early steamer, I and Gadsting, the young Irish traveller, just fresh from Damascus and a terrific fever, which had not improved either his complexion or his temper.

I have an hereditary touch of the bookman's disease—hypochondria,—and I confess I secretly felt rather alarmed by the dinner-table's bodings of evil. I was not well; I had a nasty, choking feeling at my liver, and a periodical dry colic that no camphor or ginger essence would remove, for I had been nipped by the old Constantinople complaint through falling asleep at an open window at sunset. After a hard day's walking I had got chilled, and I was not my own man at all. But I am rather a bull-dog when once I clench my teeth; so go I would, were a coffin at the end of the journey. Gadsting and I, being both old travellers, knowing the country was wild, were not going, not we, to burden ourselves with luxuries. Into two Syrian saddle-bags of Russian leather we crammed our nine-alls, a guide-book, some linen, and some brandy. We were still debating, next morning (Gadsting never did anything else but debate and brag), when the porter of the hotel knocked at the door, and said, in Turkish, it was time to start.

No breakfast! But that may be redeemed on the boat. Away went the stolid Turk with our saddle-bags, and we, with whips and umbrellas, followed down the hill. In the bright hopeful sunshine I began to despise the croakers at Misseri's. The

Perotes never see anything, never go anywhere, never know anything correctly; they live on rumour, and are as unenterprising as Turks. Nonsense about fever! Ah! bah! the fever? Mouthfuls of sunshine will cure fever, or anything else, outside the mind.

It was about six o'clock; the terrible hill already crowded; burdens struggling up, burdens struggling, opposing, down, with shouts and screams, up the stone steps and down them, like provisioning the Ark, I should think. Stolidly imperturbable, the ragged Turk strides to the watering-place, and throws our saddle-bags into a caïque. It takes more than all my Turkish to explain to him that we have no change, but will reimburse him for his trouble as a guide on our return from the Turkish "city of waters." He clutches the bags to his dirty breast, and manifests a strong desire to return with them to Misseri's, unless ransomed by many piastres. I call out to him all the words expressive of future time, such as "To-morrow, my ally;" "the day after to-morrow, my friend;" "Monday week, my succourer," &c., which so bewilders him that he throws down the bags (breaking my pomatum-pot), mutters a curse, shakes his head, addresses the boatmen in a short harangue against the treachery of infidels in general, and vanishes unpaid up the hill. We get into the caïque, and are pulled out half a mile, to the supposed Broussa steamboat.

Far away on the blue water, we see the Turk turn back upon the hill to take a last fond look at us, shifting his kidney-shaped knot, adjusting his turban, and wiping his forehead. Stupid as a deaf old English labourer is Bedreddin, and I know he heaped woe and ill-luck on us, but with no particular result, I think, except that I and Gadsting quarrelled perpetually, that we were in danger of our lives in a boat fight at Gimlek, and that I was nearly lost on Mount Olympus; only so far did his Turkish curses roost on our English (and Irish) heads.

"Bad luck to the mother's son of him, the thief ot the world," said Gadsting, who had been threatening to injure the boatman because he did not pull quicker.

We did pull quicker, and soon found ourselves under the side of *Petro Paulovsky*, a Russian steamer bound for Odessa at two o'clock that afternoon.

"Roosa!" "Roosa!" the boatman kept calling out, to intimate that it was to a Russian vessel the angry hammal had told him to pull us to. "Away back for the Broussa vessel," we said, dreading to find it gone. But no; hurrah! there it is, puffing, broadside to the wooden bridge, about twenty yards from where we took boat.

We are there, and have still half an hour to wait. Nothing Turkish ever pretends to be punctual. The cargo is not yet half in, and passengers arrive mo-

mentarily. Waiting is tiresome; but there is much to see, and I take out my note-book to sketch some of the motley crowd passing to and fro on this great central bridge of boats, while Gadsting is comparing the Golden Horn unfavourably with Dublin Bay, and the minarets with those chimneys of burnt-down Celtic factories—the round towers.

I was very hungry, and it was very broad daylight, far away from all twilight fairy time, or any other accident or enchantment. I was ill, cross, hot, and thirsty, yet I think I could have stopped five hours looking at that human river, where they seemed all Haroun Alraschids and Calender Brothers going to spend Arabian nights together. Six in the morning, and all the city alive! No late hours here —no drunkenness—much quiet, old-fashioned industry, were my reflections.

There were all sorts of wonders, as native to the climate as minarets or red fez caps, peripateticizing up and down the hills of that billowy wooden bridge, with its separated lines of quivering pathway. There were straining ox-waggons, never making more than three miles an hour. Greek boys, selling fresh lemons, with the glossy aromatic leaves still on the stalk; Turkish women in slouching yellow boots, and loose unwrinkled wrappers of blue, red, and dove-coloured satins; children, pinched up in orange-dyed pelisses; half-naked Turks, selling scorched chick-peas to wandering Greeks; itinerant vendors,

with round loaves strung on a rope; Greeks, with silver-butted pistols or gilt cartridge-boxes fastened at their waist-belt; and men, with panniers of peaches, their pipes stuck down their back, flitted before me in many-coloured panorama.

In the steamboat itself the passengers were varied enough, and Eastern enough. There were mountaineers, wrapped up in great white shaggy capotes, resolving themselves to sleep wherever they could crawl out of the way; there were irregular soldiers, with rude dagger swords, busy catching fleas in the interval of conversation; and round the mast, gravely, each on his square of prayer-carpet, sat, cross-legged, some Turks, with their water-jugs beside them, and near that their pipes and swords; one in a quilted rhubarb-coloured garment reaching to the heels, and a white turban, and another in a green pelisse lined with fur, specially attracted my attention.

Some Greeks, with neat trim legs, and huge black calico knee-breeches, falling down in heavy folds to their ankles, were ordering coffee of the dirty truculent-looking cafegee of the ship, who was beating the boy who served as waiter, and, at the same time, reading what a dumb Turk was writing down on a small slate. Breakfast, I soon found out, there was none to be had, and I and Gadsting groaned deeply at the news, for five hours in a burning sun, without food, is no laughing matter. There was not much chance of comfort either, for the deck was too crowded

for walking, and our quarter-deck was heaped with ugly old Turkish women, who filled all the seats, and scolded if we dared to look at them as they munched their chick-peas, divided their pippy pink pomegranates, or tore to pieces their rings of bread.

I had done watching a wild dog who had made his home in the scaffold-work under the bridge, the dragon-fly caïques with their gilt carvings, the Turks playing at draughts in the cabin on deck, the bundles of men rolled up like cargo in their white capotes, which were starred down the front with red cloth, from which grew long blue strings; and Gadsting, indignant at my indifference to his discussion as to the superior merits of Bush-mills or Kinahan whisky, had retired to a quiet corner to forget his grievances. The steamer was just snorting its angry warning to tardy passengers, the paddles beat up a froth on either side, an effervescent path was whitening out behind us—we were off. The cypresses of the Seraglio gardens, the striped red walls of St. Sophia lowered and lowered, lessened and lessened; the minarets became no larger than darning-needles. Stamboul sank behind us to a toy city, to a town built up by children with cards; Gadsting said, "Bedad, he preferred Dublin after all," and subsided again into a state of fretful torpor, suggestive of vexed hunger and an advanced liver complaint. The few mouldy frigates that form the

Turkish fleet, we sighted, came up to, and passed; we were driving fast across the Sea of Marmora, hot, thirsty, and without food. I am afraid that I and Gadsting were most unphilosophically ravenous, and irritable as wounded bears, both of us resenting all allusions to scenery as insulting and irrelevant affectation.

I was sitting with my back to the ship's bulwarks, just opposite a lady and gentleman, who appeared to be Franks; but I would not have spoken to them, no, not if you had put a pistol to my teeth! I felt so hungry and disarranged—I was dozing, torpid with fatigue and with the heat. Vexation of Tantalus! they open a neat basket, and begin to lunch! I clench my eyes, for fear I should look at them piningly or suggestively.

A voice, straight levelled at me, rouses me: it is Dr. Legoff, the Georgian doctor, whom I now first make acquaintance with. With the true, courteous kindness of a gentleman, he has, somehow or other, detected my hunger, and read my story in a moment. His eyes, and those sensible, frank orbs of Mrs. Legoff, are upon me. Without fuss or parade, he begs me and my friend to share the lunch he and his wife have had the good fortune and forethought to bring: a fowl, some snowy bread, and some peaches and cakes, are all at our service. I am overwhelmed with gratitude, I apologize, I regret, with such (I am afraid) evident fear that I may be taken at my word,

that I think I must have appeared a pitiable spectacle of embarrassment. The literally craving for food, the almost leap for joy at suddenly having it bestowed, is a new sensation to me, and comes as physic to my pride. But how can I hesitate? They evidently have enough—they give it with sincere kindness written in their eyes; why should I be such a proud brute as to refuse it? I accept it with a superb bow, and a thankful look, I trust, even more unmistakeable. I hurry to Gadsting, who receives it as if he were every day fed by miracles; he grumbles at the fowl's tendons, but falls to with the eagerness of a starved cannibal. The fowl melted in our fingers—that animal disappeared from the earth in about three minutes!

I now went as a deputation to thank the doctor and his lady, just as a bold, bare, rocky shore came in sight, and we tried to distinguish villages. The doctor, we found, was bound, like ourselves, to Broussa, to examine the mineral water and analyse its contents. From there, he should ride through Asia Minor, to Smyrna or Ephesus, if the roads were "tolerably" free from robbers. Whatever he did, Mrs. Legoff, the calm and sagacious, would do too. Would I come and see if his luggage were all safe? Would I! Why, after that blessed fowl, I would have fought three Turks hand to hand for him! We left Gadsting telling Mrs. Legoff about the beauties of "Faynix Park, Dublin," and the

magnificent timber (*i. e.*, hawthorn bushes) that adorns that pleasant locality.

The doctor and I threaded our way through patches of smoking Turks, bundles of sleeping Albanians, and chatting Greeks, with their enormous swagging trunk-hose, and found the luggage in the after-part of the boat, safe enough. Such a mountain of it!—dear good doctor!—gun-cases; large sarcophagi for Mrs. L.'s gowns, that must not be crumpled; great wooden cases, full of empty glass calabashes, buried like ostriches' eggs in sawdust, intended to contain waters of the different hot sulphurous spring of Asia Minor; then, large Russian leather saddle-bags, and umbrellas in cases, riding-whips, and saddles (male and female), sewn up in matting. I tell you that mountain of luggage filled up half one end of the boat, yet the doctor flattered himself he had come in quite a light cavalry trim, with "impedimenta" portable and adapted for a country without roads, and where the carriers' caravan of pack-horses had been only last week stopped and plundered by robber matchlockmen. Kind man! I had not the heart to undeceive him, but I did say, "Heavy, doctor?" Upon which he said, "No, no, but requiring great care in the transport." Good, mistaken man, where was he to find vans in Asia Minor?

The doctor was one of those sturdy, phlegmatic men whose irritability never squibs out into a blaze, but keeps always burning, like an asbestos fuse, at

a steady, undeviating white heat. He took a kind, tolerant view of human nature's aberrations, yet was always prepared for old Adam's craftiest and basest tricks, moving as if at war with the common world, yet standing chiefly on the defensive. Beyond a certain line of concession he would not budge an inch. There he drew his sword and would fight it out. Not to concede something, he seemed to think base; to concede too much, the act of a poltroon. I soon saw the doctor with his quills up, and bristling like a porcupine, ready for what he seemed always to have expected.

One of the greatest annoyances of Turkish travelling is the Moslem custom of separating the two sexes. The women on board a steamer, whatever be the place they have taken, always congregate together on the quarter-deck, where they gossip at their ease, away from the jealous eyes of their lords and masters. No concession will quiet them. They scold, and tease, and wrangle, and push, and slap you, till you leave that quarter of the ship in disgust. Old or not, if you look even near them, they draw closer the white yashmak's folds, and frown and jabber like angry monkeys that are being teased. Having changed our seats once or twice, we refused to move any more, which made these fanatic crones more angry than ever. They sent for sailor after sailor to warn us from the quarter-deck, which they considered their preserve.

Dr. Legoff would bear it no longer. The first sailor, who took it for granted we should obey, he waved off with a regal air of contempt. No. 2, a more pertinacious man, he took no notice of at all, but went on discussing a case of spinal disease he had recently been studying. But when No. 3, the mate, came up, angry and threatening, goaded on by the chattering of all the women (their nails stained orange-red with henna) speaking at once through the white visors of their yashmaks, he resorted to stronger measures, to show he was not to be trifled with; he then roared, "Bah!" and, flinging open his black coat, exhibited a broad, shining, black-leather belt, in which hung a grave-looking revolver. Compressing his eyes, crossing his arms, and planting his legs in a Henry the Eighth attitude, he asserted his right to remain in the place he had paid for; and, upon seeing this, the sailor shrugged his shoulders and shuffled off to coil up some stray rope, and the women, exchanging curses, lifting their eyebrows, and clutching their robes closer together with their dark orange-stained fingers, lapsed into a lower and more quiescent witch-like jabber of settled petulant disgust.

In due time we sighted Moudania, the landing-place where we were to take horses for Broussa. I and Gadsting, afraid of troubling the doctor—our pride, perhaps, a little afraid of receiving more favours—agreed to land before the doctor could

get together his mountain of luggage, which he and his servant, a raw-looking Greek, in manner like a runaway recruit, but with a happy, dull, faithful air about him, were now sorting.

We had heard of the difficulties of landing, and of the cruel black mail the boatmen compelled you to pay; but we laughed at difficulties, because we had no luggage. We were in no hurry; we would find out the tariff, and pay that, and no more. The doctor, I could see, was haranguing like a Cæsar the boatmen who gathered round him as a special prize. He was in battle array, and not to be discomfited.

The Turkish women are being let down like so many nuns, bundles of white robes, perilously, without steps, into a tossing boat. Every moment I expect to see one of those henna-fingered crones who so tormented us, go plump into the turbulent green sea. The boatmen here are not the conciliating, bland sharks of English watering-places; but fierce, rough men, who seem to think it a favour coming off for you at all in such a surf. They offer to drag Gadsting to the boat; and when he squares his fists they look irritated, and offer to go. They look more like pirates than boatmen. They see fewer Christians than the Stamboul men; and therefore, I suppose, suspect them more. As to price, they disdain to say anything, but laugh sardonically, in a way that bodes us no good.

Nevertheless, go we must; so Gadsting, with an Irish howl of delight at reaching our destination, which makes the boatmen's eyes roll, starts, for the turbans were running over the ship's side into boats, and we were nearly the last, barring the doctor and his mountain of "traps." We get in a boat with our saddle-bags, from which stick the obdurate handles of hair-brushes. I have my brown plaid with the blue stripe, and my umbrella, which is so indispensable in an Eastern noonday. The great green waves lift us like leaping horses new to the saddle; now we are in the trough—the green valley between the hills—now diving down from the top of a watery hill. Gadsting says the motion is worse than it is in the "Bay of Dublin," and looks white about the lips. On we go, rocking and tossing, up and down, see-saw, no nearer, no farther; a horrid suspicion comes over us—the infidel rascals are keeping us out in the heavy swell to force more money from us. We see other boats landing—we order them to pull straight in. The nearest man, resting his oar under his leg, hollows one hand, and pays imaginary piastres into it with the other, grinning insolently, and pulling us again, with lusty chest-strokes, away from the shore. Gadsting grows violent. I, in my best Turkish, command instant landing without additional charge. I point to the other boats now breaking through the surf. The men pretend to comply, but just outside the breakers,

much to the delight of the other boats, again poise and rest, and wait for fresh offers.

"By my sowl!" says Gadsting, "I'll brain them!"

"As sure as I live, I'll knock them overboard," said I, forgetting that I should have been, on landing, instantly torn to pieces by the turbaned crowd on shore.

Gadsting, seizing a boathook, caught firm hold of a passing boat that was driving fast in, intending to leap into it. The boatmen shouted and drew away, still making no sign of going in through the surf, declaring that their boat drew too much water, and that they must lie off. I don't know how long they might have kept us, had not I first flung the saddle-bags into the next boat, and then seizing a spare oar, shortened it, and run in at the boatmen, who, intimidated, or afraid we should leap overboard, as I threatened to do, and was resolving to do, pulled a few strokes in through the curling froth, through which suddenly appeared two brown men wading, who told us to leap on their backs. We leaped on, kicking them as if we wore spurs, and then jumping off with a half-indignant push, we landed in Moudania, a feat which ten minutes before seemed impossible.

A jostling, laughing crowd of fishermen, beggars, and idlers, received us rather dangerously and threateningly, I thought, till I had paid them a shilling for each of us—half what they asked. Of the doctor

there were no tidings yet; but then he knew the place well, had his servant to defend him, and all his hill of luggage to give him dignity. He must have paid so much in the steamer that he would be passed on by the captain to the boatmen as quite a sultan.

A turn or two from the landing-place, and we found ourselves in a long, dirty street, with some butchers killing a sheep in the centre of it at one end, and at the other a long string of some thirty saddled horses, waiting with their guides beside them for hire. We were five hours' journey from Broussa, the Turkish watering-place, and the sooner we took horse the better. Thirty horse proprietors laid hold of us. Thirty horses with dirty blue rugs, high-peaked Turkish saddles, and stirrups like shoe scrapers, were moved up and down before our eyes. It was like a Turkish Tattersall's. Sixty voices vociferated round us in Turkish, demanding sums varying from fifty to two hundred piastres.

Suddenly the doctor appeared, a little flushed from recent battle and victory, but still grave and triumphant.

"Give no more than ——," he whispered; "we shall meet again at Broussa."

And he strode off, wife, servant, mountain, and all, to some retired nook, where he retreated from the first assaults of the crowd of cheats, and blow-flies, and carrion crows he so despised. Now the

attack on us began fiercer than ever. We recite proverbs, much to the crowd's amusement. We haggle. At last we close with an old Turk, mount his horses, and clatter off; but we have not gone twenty yards before we are requested to dismount, and a sort of man like a rascally English horse-dealer, with a wideawake on, who keeps saying in English, "Good 'orse, brown," and nothing else, mounts us on two fresh steeds, and with a neat-limbed stripling with bare legs to act as guide, we break out into the vineyards and desert tracts of the open country of Bithynia, hoping to reach before night the TURKISH WATERING-PLACE.

CHAPTER II.

THE GREAT CIRCASSIAN EXILE.

SOME months ago, Constantinople was filled with exiled Circassians; a brave nation had succumbed to the power of Russia; another race had been absorbed by the great creeping glacier that turns all it meets to death. Ten thousand dagger-wearing, woolly-capped Tchirgees, as the Turks call them, were swarming in the bazaars, coffee-shops, kibab stalls, and khans. They were to be seen, rude and sullen, chafed and spirit-broken, at every fountain, and under every mosque wall. The Sultan had received them as guests, and had lavishly given each man about fourpence a week for his support: an ample, yet not a fattening largess. He had also cleared out a huge khan or barrack, a vast building that would hold thousands of people, for their use. Some restraint was laid, I think, upon their silver-ringed matchlocks, for the sake of the safety of true Mussulmans; for the Tchirgee is a good marksman, and is of a choleric and rather tigery nature. Besides, a man just escaped, bleeding and rib-broken, from the gripe of a bear, is not in the best of

humours. Therefore, when I relate that these mountaineers sometimes used their broad daggers a little hastily—about so small a thing as even a smoky kibab, or a damaged melon—you will not allow your opinion to be lowered of a brave, devoted, and unfortunate people.

Constantinople—never a convenient or luxurious place for the promenader, with its narrow wells of streets, its want of side pavement, and its loose bouldery *trottoir*—was rendered still more irritating and uncomfortable by these bands of proud exiles. You ran against them at fruit-stalls, and at the corners of streets. They gaped about, at the pearl-sewn slippers, and the rich kincob stuffs in the bazaars. In their choleric pride and their savage dauntless bearing, they reminded me of how a Clan Chattan man must have borne himself in Edinburgh streets in the Flodden time. As for mere Franks, they elbowed you and walked you down, and claimed the wall as insolently as the Turks. They evidently thought a Circassian beggar a more honourable being than an English Christian in a cramped-up coat and ten horse-power spectacles. Their pride did not hurt mine; they did not tread on my corns, nor draw their daggers on me; so I left them alone, and these English knuckles of mine disturbed the symmetry of no Circassian nose. I could pardon the pride of a gentleman beggar. I pitied the brave exile, and gave some of their children food.

Let us place ourselves on the queer, up-and-down, hillocky bridge of boats, that joins Stamboul to Galata: that wonderful bridge which has four divisions, and which all day is crowded with Turkish carriages, horsemen, beggars, Franks, steamboat passengers, sailors, boatmen, Greeks, Crim Tartars, Arabs, pedlars, water-sellers, fruit-sellers, santons, fakirs, soldiers, and Turkish women in sloppy yellow boots and quakery dresses of crimson and gold—purple and chocolate brown—Arabian Night silks. On one side of the bridge are lying the Bosphorus steamers, snorting angrily at being kept waiting; on the other, is a sort of latticed larder where the shaven Turkish youth splash and bathe, with much noisy laughter.

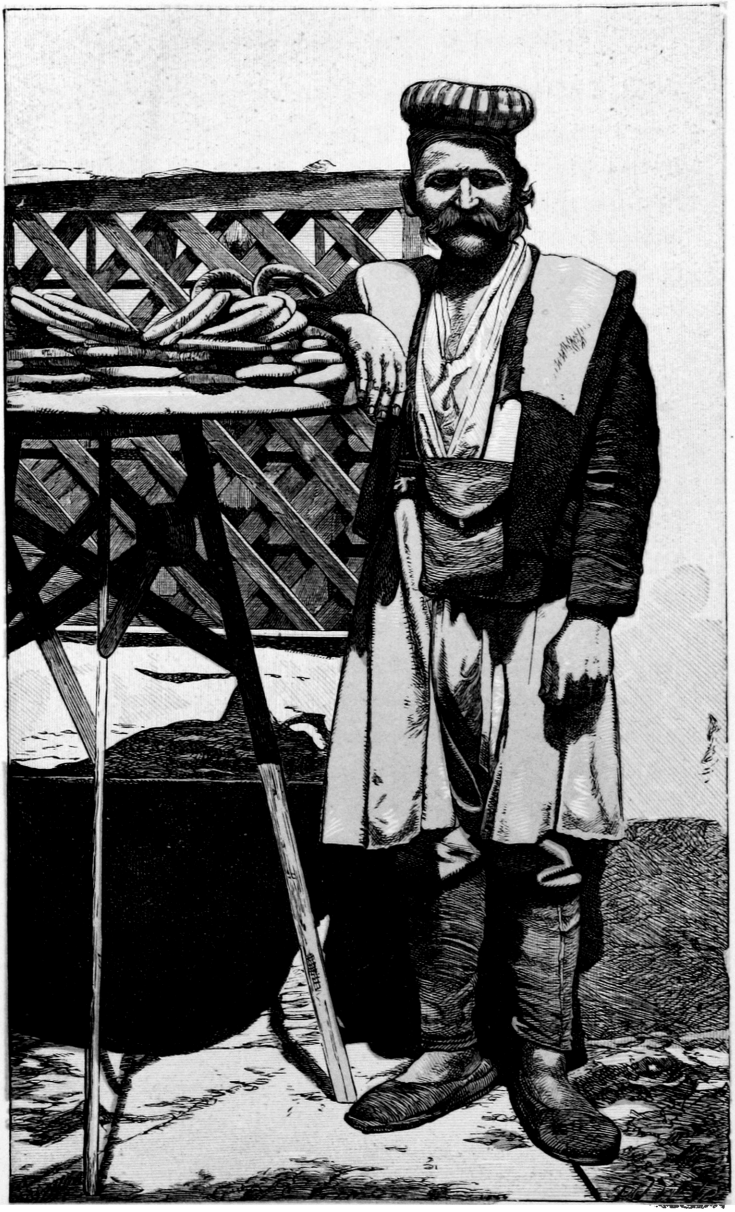
I pay my quarter-penny to one of the four or five Turkish toll-takers; escape the clutch of the horrible beggars, who squat in rows just beyond the toll-taker's room, and who, baring their elephantiasis legs and hideous stumps, chant nasal verses from the Koran, and hold out all day little brass basins for alms; I escape a fat pasha's overbearing Arab stallion; I dodge a gang of asses laden with bricks and sweeping switchy, deal planks; I shun the importunities of a Solomon Eagle kind of Indian fakir, with elf hair and insane hungry eyes, who swings about a huge wooden sabot, suspended by a brass chain, for the alms of the true believers. I avoid his verminy robes and his flowing rags; and, wonderful to relate,

he neither pronounces the name of Sheitan nor spits at me, for which I am thankful. I fly, too, after some entanglement, from a wily Persian in a high black cap, shaped like the mouthpiece of a clarionet, in whose girdle I see some dozen daggers stuck, for he is an itinerant trader in arms. Then, resting for a moment my back against the strong wooden balustrade of the bridge, to observe the keen swift kyjiks poise and skim over the Bosphorus, I turn to watch an Arab water-seller, who is more than usually Oriental. He is a tall, wiry man, from some distant desert or palm-tree village, wild and gaunt in look, and having more the abstracted bearing of a devotee than the shrewd, anxious look of the street trader. He has on his brown nut of a head the dirty green turban of a pilgrim who has accomplished his religious course. He is apparelled in a long tunic, that reaches from his neck to his ankles, of stiff, brown, quilted leather; while attached to his leather water-skin, that he carries by a cord that goes round his brown shrivelled neck, hang several brass bowls, carved with Arabic talismans, and fringed with brass spangles. Such a man, it seemed to me, must have been Aladdin's wicked sham uncle; such a man might be first-cousin (twice removed) to Sindbad's Old Man of the Sea, that troublesome acquaintance, as difficult to shake off as Horace's.

But, tired of the golden fire rain of the vertical Eastern sun, the dangerous passage of horses and

arabas, the jostling of Turkish women who delight to insult and generally inconvenience the infidel; tired of being treated by every member of the Turkish crowd, from the fat pasha down to the leanest fig-seller, as if I were what nursery-maids call "a naughty boy," and were to be snubbed, and slapped, and put into the corner accordingly—which to an infidel, with what old writers call a "high stomach," is rather difficult to bear; I leave the bridge, "shunting to a siding," to use a railway figure of speech, and passing the row of bare, brawny-legged Greeks, who stand balancing huge glass bottles, big as you see in chemists' windows in England, on their left knees, and tingling half a dozen tumblers in their thievish hands, I steal off down the river-side street, and, passing through a huge gateway, not unsentinelled, leading to one of the quarters of the Turkish city, I enter the quiet courtyard of a retired mosque, and breathe there, far from bustle and buzz.

And here let me step into the small side chapel of pardonable episode, and explain that Constantinople is a noisy city, though its traffic be small, and its population a poor handful in comparison with our own black Babylon. There is a sense of excitement and of dangerous confusion in the deep defiles of streets which fatigues the worried brain even more than London. There are no rattling roulades of cabs, no rolling thunder waggons of omnibuses, no



BREAD SELLER.

Juggernaut Pickford vans, no undeviating hundred-yard-long coal-waggons, no bounding Hansoms, with drivers the very fiery Ruperts of London streets. No; but you scarcely gain much when you have, instead, tormenting and incessant Indian files of blundering, stolid, overladen asses, trailing along timber, or bruising you with corded panniers full of bricks; noisy fruit-sellers, bumping you with peach baskets; water-carriers, laden with greasy oil-skins; pashas and their pipe-bearers, who respect no infidel toes; jolting, suffering, grinding ox-waggons, ponderous and slow; fiery, dashing black grooms, regardless of Martin's Act; and bread-sellers, with long-legged stands slung at their back, which keep perpetually poking your eye out.

But to my courtyard of the mosque, where, on the steps of a fountain, tired, hot, and hungry, I sit, to munch some baked chesnuts I have just bought of a street merchant, who exclaimed, "Allah is merciful," when I gave him exactly one farthing more than he asked: a generosity for which one or two Circassian boys, roving near in search of melon rinds and other alimentary trifles, made faces at me behind my back, strongly expressive of a doubt of my sanity, for which insult I "heaped coals of fire upon their head" by instantly treating them to a pennyworth (such a turban full) of green and bullety wild peaches, just then providentially offered me for sale.

I sat down, repeating to myself that beautiful short

prayer, which forms the first chapter of Mahomet's Koran (more for its poetry than its religion), and thinking, if I dared to go now into the next street and shout out in Turkish, my private opinion, that "the Koran is a foolish, dull, long-winded, crafty, incoherent book, with nearly all that is good in it stolen from the Bible," how I should feel going home to Misseri's hotel carrying my own head in my black leather carpet-bag!

I was seated under the broad brim of the roof of a fountain which, as usual in mosque courtyards, filled the centre of the "quad." Twenty years ago, and I suppose the slice of a reaping-hook sabre would have been the first intimation that I should have had that I was in the sacred court of ablutions, and breaking the law of the Prophet. But things grow changed in twenty years; no one disturbed me now; and if there was just a spice of danger in the situation (for among Turks, when they are really fanatic, you are never safe), it gave a spice of pleasure to the situation, such as one feels in sitting on a sea-cliff, and hanging one's legs over among the fringing flowers, so that one may look France-ward, which is sea-ward, with more ease.

I was looking out between the slim Aaron's rod pillars, at the mosque pigeons that were flickering their emerald necks in the sun, thinking of I know not what—perhaps, if of anything, of a dead nation's dead faith—when I accidentally looked round and

found that a Circassian—one of the great band of exiles that filled Constantinople—had, unobserved by me, entered the courtyard, and seated himself near me. Perhaps he came from prayer at the mosque; perhaps merely to rest from the sun. Be that as it will, there he was; a fair type of his race in face, dress, and bearing: a huge, round, high cap, muffy and ridiculous as an English grenadier's, crowned his head. He wore loose red trousers, and a collarless, loose-sleeved robe, open down the middle, showing a loose-belted blue tunic and reaching to the knees. His shoes were sloppy and Eastern, and one of his feet rested on a square, thick-legged, low stool which lay on the ground—left there by the priest when he quitted his chibouk and coffee-cup to mount the minaret, as he did twenty minutes ago, at noon, to call the true believers to prayer. At his belt, lying across his stomach, ready for the hand, hung a broad heavy hanjar, not unlike the Roman sword, some two feet and a half long only, but heavy enough to cleave a bear's skull—or a Russian's—in two at a stroke, and with a point needle sharp. On either breast of his brown outer tunic were sewn, or hooked on, six red-plugged yellow tubes, which at first I not unnaturally mistook for the Pan-pipes of some wandering musician, whose business it was to amuse the Turkish coffee drinkers. I had forgotten that the Lesghians and the Daghestan followers of Schamyl never moved without arms, and that these tubes (which even the

children wear) contained fire-food for the matchlock, now shut up in some Turkish guard-house. Checknian or Lesghian I knew not which, yet I guessed him a tormentor of the plains of Georgia, a terror to gray-coated Russian soldiers shut up in mountain forts, a beheader of Muscovite spies, and a fierce chanter among the foraging horsemen of Vedenno of Koran battle-songs. Had I known any scraps of Georgian, or more than half a dozen sentences of Russian, I would have drawn my Tartar mountaineer into conversation about his chieftain; but, as I knew he could not understand English or Turkish, I contented myself with offering the sullen warrior, the terror of the Orbelianis and the Ahlahzans of Georgia, a handful of chesnuts, which he accepted in a lordly and patronizing manner, and, without speaking, turned round towards me as sociable men do when preparing for conversation.

So I sat there, admiring the rough warrior, whose keen shaska had lopped off Russky heads like radishes, and observing the shrewd, half-closed eyes, the wide prominent Tartar cheek-bones, the sweeping mustachios, and stubby grey beard. There was something original to me in his black curled wool cap so tall and large, in his blue Oriental tunic, in his rude shoes, in his thin pink trousers, and in his brown rough robe, with the woolly lining turned back over his sinewy and veined hands, that I felt myself obliged to invent some excuse for further

looking at him without rudeness. I knew, from experience, that with Turk, Persian, Armenian, Greek, or Circassian, there is one subject on which they are never tired of talking, and that is, the temper and value of their arms, whether the weapon be matchlock, sword, javelin, or dagger; so, putting an enormous degree of good temper, sociability, and sagacity into my voice, I first said, in a solemn, sympathizing voice, expressive of deep sorrow for a broken nation:

"Schamyl!" and then shook my head, as Lord Burleigh is once said to have done.

The mountaineer, looking fierce and roused, muttered something in his language, which I could not follow, and therefore did not.

I followed up my first success by growling, in a savage tone, between my clenched teeth, to express my national antipathies, and win his confidence:

"Russky bad."

Upon this the Tchirgee's eyes brightened, and he touched his dagger.

Thereupon—for I did not know very well what next to do, unless I had offered to buy his daughter, which I was not prepared for—I tried to apologize for the act, and intimated my wish that he would show me the weapon that had, among the avalanches and forests of Daghestan, been so terrible to the tea-drinking Russky.

He at once acceded. Putting on an air of eager

connoisseurship, I examined the dreadful double-edged ponderous weapon. It was some two feet long, broad as the palm of your hand, the point sharp as a rose-thorn; the handle was heavy, but without a hilt; the blade had this specialty about it, that it was of good Damascus steel, as I could tell by that peculiar rippled water-mark, that indicates the hard welded metal of Syria; down the middle, grooved deep as the thickness of a goose-quill, in the centre of the steel, ran a channel, to drain off the blood from the handle and surface.

I pointed to this as I returned the weapon to the Circassian's belt, and exclaimed, with considerable effect and much appositeness,—

"Russky."

Upon which the violent chieftain brandished the weapon dangerously near my eyes, and went through a sort of drill of imaginary stabs, slashes, and scalping slices at an imaginary Prince Daniel, or Russian General Ivan Damanoff, much to my alarm yet edification.

And this, thought I, is one of those hardy horsemen who can live for days on wild flowers and mountain grass; whose luxuries are dried plums and apricots, spongy cakes, white cheese, and flour paste; and to whom the snowy pine forest is as welcome as the carpeted divan, or the gold-brocaded beds of a pasha. This is, perhaps, a chieftain who, in his own now enslaved country, has had his flocks and herds,

his obedient horsemen, his rich robes, his patient servants—now, he is all but a beggar, munching my chesnuts in the streets of a Turkish city. These broken shoes were once yellow; beside that still faithful dagger once, perhaps, hung gorgeous pistol-cases. His aoul (fortified house) is now a Russian's —his wife has (O cruel destiny!) been, perhaps, sold to pay his travelling expenses.

Yes—start not, reader—such is the economical but eccentric mode of conduct not unfrequently adopted by Circassian husbands, in these times of necessity and exile. It was only yesterday that I strolled past the spot where you take boat, on the Stamboul side of the wooden bridge before mentioned, and I saw three caïques full of Circassian wives, going off to the Bosphorus palaces of the Turkish pashas, who had paid for them in ready money. It may be that piastres and Medjids, when of good current metal, have a tendency to allay grief, but so it was, that the sorrow evidenced at that melancholy and eternal parting was of a most silent and suppressed kind. Perhaps, the tears, choking back, fell down in a cold death-dew upon the heart; perhaps, the blow to the broken-hearted and starving exiles was too stunning and dumbing for noisy tears; but so it was, that the fair ladies, wrapped up until they became mere bundles, parted from their fathers, and husbands, young brothers, and friends of the family, with a most commendable serenity. They

sat down in the boats, and, without looking back, were pulled off to new friends and slave's homes. If the men had been cattle-dealers, merely superintending the starting of cows from Cork to Bristol, they could not have stood more stolid and unmoved. Those white, statue-faced women, with coarse black hair cut level across the forehead, crowned with strange mitre-shaped helmets of silvery tinsel, were, it seemed to me, thinking more of the future than the past; more of the silk dresses and savoury pilaffs of the pasha's house, than the sour milk and verminy sheep-skins of their Daghestan home. Perhaps perpetual hunger and want had hardened their hearts, and driven out love; perhaps this was a Roman parting, where grief was stifled and trodden under foot, only that a Circassian warrior might not appear womanly before the infidel.

I have myself a contempt for that hateful hypocrisy in literature, sham sentiment, and therefore I may as well add that, knowing something behind the scenes of Circassian life—for my Russian friend, Major Sutherlandsky Edwardsky, had not talked to me for nothing—I knew well, pitying, as I do deeply and sincerely, the brave nation now (shame on England!) crushed and driven into exile, how savage were the wild race whose representative sat munching chesnuts before me. Had not the gallant Major told me how brutalizing was the long warfare carried on between the Russians and the Circassians? Did

I not know that the Georgian Prince Cutemoff used to sit in state at Tsenondahl, to receive, with promises, thanks, and grateful signs of the cross, the Georgian militiamen, who, after a skirmish or a foray, brought their sacks full of Mussulmans' heads, to roll out before the highly-civilized and scented Muscovite, the dandy of Moscow balls? Did I not know that the Murids returned from their forays with screaming, bleeding, sabre-cut women tied behind their horses, with the hands of dead Russians tied to their flag-poles, and with sacks full of Russian saints and Parisian barbaric finery swinging dustily by their stirrups? I knew, too, that only two days ago a disturbance broke out in the great Circassian khan, on the top of the hill, in which five men were stabbed—and all about what? A pump? A legacy? A bit of property? A Chancery suit? No; about a child that had been slapped by a woman that did not belong to it. Upon this arose angry tears, hysteric laughter, scratchings, huggings, tearings. Then supervened male interference, partisans, nudgings, reviling, blows, stabs—till in stepped Death, and banished five of the exiles at one word of his for ever, not merely from Daghestan, but from the *totus orbis*, the globe, the *totus teres* of it. I do not want, indeed, God knows, to show that the Circassian is a Red Indian, but I do say he is a wild, headstrong, virtuous, religious, untamable semi-savage. Like all habitually armed men, he is pugnacious and prone to argue by that wilfully bad

logician, the sword. He is of a fierce, rough nature, fond of war, by nature predatory, and impatient of even Schamyl's command. He has been, ever since George III. gave Georgia to the Emperor Paul, a forager, a moss-trooper, and a vexatious borderer, goaded to frenzy by the handcuff ligature of Russian forts. In Constantinople he is a brawling, irascible, conspiring, dangerous exile, whom the Sultan dreads, and is daily carting off to Anatolia.

I used to enjoy sitting down on one of the four-legged, low rush chairs, without backs, that are always piled up for customers round a kibab stall, which, though more pretentious, because more patronized, corresponds pretty nearly to the London hot potato tin, or rather to the quiet old woman near the Angel and Fiddle, who sits with a basket of sheep's trotters spread open on a clean white cloth resting on her knees.

There, rejoicing in the scented smoke, and the breath of frizzle and burn, I used to sit down and call out grandly to the obsequious bare-armed Turk, in answer to his insinuating,

"Bir shei yemeyah istermisiniz, chilibi?" (Do you crave anything to eat, sir?)

"Kibab isterim" (I want a kibab). And then, as a sort of crack of the whip after him, I cry out the hurrying signal, "Chapuk" (Quick).

Away runs the attendant; beneath the umbrella of the kibab stall there is instantly a sound as

of feasting and merriment. The black oil fizzles. The little red and white periwinkles of mutton are quickly strung by nimble fingers on a dozen clean skewers, and laid on the gridiron bars to hiss and bubble. The flat pancake, large as a pillow-case, is slashed by the cook's huge dagger into sections which are plunged in dyspeptic oil. The fire is aggravated; the charcoal blown up into a delicious crimson, as of a burning and enchanted camellia. Meanwhile, an attendant watches with smiles, as if they were his babies, the little kibabs, all in a row, alternately slaps the oily cakes as if they were fritters, and twiddles round, and winds up the frizzling skewers; another attendant, unmeaningly attentive, rubs the chairs with his apron, and cleans what is already as clean as it can be, to give an air of business to the stall. And all this time the whole market-place becomes anxious about my open-air dinner, my late lunch, or whatever you like to call it. One or two dervishes stand with paternal interest near me, saying silent graces and thanksgivings, and telling their sandal-wood beads. Some Turkish soldiers, engaged in cheapening a pumpkin as yellow as a toad's belly, wait, with the curiosity of schoolboys, to see the infidel begin his meal; a moollah, who has been bargaining for quinces, and amusing himself, at various turns of the discussion, by beating the helpless Greek salesman about the head with his bathing clogs, draws near; five Persian senna merchants,

with their high retreating black caps, order kibabs, too, that they may have an excuse for watching the fun. I am going to dine, like Henry VIII., in public. One would think that infidels ate with the back of the head, or dined, like herons, on one leg, there is such a crowd of Mussulmans round the unbeliever.

Now the alchemic moment of ripeness and perfection has come; the fritter refuses to imbibe any more oil; the kibabs on the lark skewers are frothy and done through. There is a great sensation as the waiter places a clean round brass tray with a rim to it, upon a stool before me, and, upon that, a bowl of kibab, piled with oily cake, and sauced with pickled cucumbers, stuffed with rice. Knife and fork there is none. Red sherbet, like raspberry vinegar, is brought me from a neighbouring stall. Grapes, turned here and there to blue raisins, await me. I dine like Dives, though my linen may not be so fine.

I have done; my fingers are greasy and fatigued. I have swallowed the kernels of meat, I have rolled up in tubes the muffin-like cake, and bolted them; but still they heap the bowl, and I shrink before the herculean labour. My stomach being full, my heart becomes full. I burn to feed a starving world. I look round for beggars, and even throw a kibab to one of the wolfish street dogs prowling near.

There are yonder three Circassian boys: the eldest about seventeen, the youngest may be ten: sons of

that exile chieftain whom I lately met by the fountain—at least, so I suppose, for I see him watching them wistfully at a distance, like Hagar, as I beckon them near, and they come in a shy, wild, untamed way.

Djemnal is the eldest, I find; Labazon, the second; Machmat is the Benjamin. The father, Hadjo, is a Checknian, and from Schamyl's favourite fortress at Dargi-Vedenno. Their high Circassian caps of cream-coloured wool have top coverings of red. The eldest, a broad-faced, Tartar-looking, fierce boy, carrying a tremendous dagger, seizes the food I give him ravenously, and devours it without thanks. After fourpence a month, and melon rinds, with stray snatches of the bones of swordfish and buffalo milk cheese, this roasted meat rejoices the Circassian stomach, so that in a few minutes they all grow quite greasy and tame, and father and three sons squat near me, grinning satisfaction, with mouths full, I may say swollen, with dripping sections of oozy cake. How few paras all this charity cost me after all I am really ashamed to tell; but I trust kindness is not necessarily estimated by its expensiveness, or else woe be to him who gives but the cup of cold water, and wishes the poor wayfarer a mere God's blessing!

I know not how I should have "got off" the scene, as actors say, had not, luckily, just at this moment, a Deus stepped in for me, in the shape of a crowd

and tumult at the end of the street of the Mosque of Sulieman.

We all ran to see what it was, and found it to be a long and melancholy procession of ox-waggons, laden with Circassians: a jolting, drawling train of rude carts, filled with red leather covered chests, withered old women, and rosy children; these were the first band of exiles, starting for their new home in far-off Anatolia. Beside the carts paced pale, hard-featured women, in their dirty gipsy finery, their silver-tinselled helmets, their veils, and their coloured scarfs. When I looked at those women, with the hair cut straight across the forehead, and falling down the cheeks on either side in long wavy droops, I fancied myself gone back, by an express train of memory, to the reign of Tamerlane, and that I was beholding one of those weeping emigrations which his gigantic conquests produced.

As the long train of sick children, jaded women, sullen men, fierce youths, and dying old women who would never live the journey out, passed me, I sat down on the step of a melon-seller's door, and fell a thinking how this cruel banishment of a brave but unhappy nation had removed one of the great bulwarks between the steadily advancing Russian frontier and our rich India. Ever since the bequest of Georgia to Russia, the Muscovites have been trying to tread the life out of Circassia, and push on to Persia. Slowly the iron wall of forts closed in upon

Schamyl—the Abd-el-Kader of Daghestan—and, at last, turned his mountain home into a prison.

Only a week before the sad news of his surrender reached Stamboul, an English consular agent from Erzeroum told me that he had lately been visited in Armenia by a confidential messenger of the hero, who informed him that unless England sent speedy help, he must shortly surrender. He was so dogged by Russian troops, that he could no longer sleep two nights running in the same aoul, so that he grew aweary of his life, and wished only for rest.

Let us hope that the day may never come when England will bitterly rue the selfish and niggardly and stupid indifference that let Circassia, after so brave a resistance, fall for ever under the power of Russia.

CHAPTER III.

STREET DOGS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

It is my private, and therefore my unshakeable opinion, whatever clever Eothen, or Mr. Brunswick, Senex, or anybody else says, that the street dogs of Constantinople, in spite of the natural benevolence and chronic almsgiving of the true Mussulman character, do not fare sumptuously *every* day.

I have many invincible reasons for this opinion. One of them I may as well bring forward and throw down as an outside card of not much consequence, except as saving the half-dozen red and yellow kings and queens that form my argumentative hand. This is, that once, when just by Sultan Achmed's mosque—that one in the Hippodrome, with the gigantic marble pillars—I saw four street dogs making a simple, hearty dinner on the remains of an old beaver hat.

I do not mean to say that the street dogs of Constantinople live on nothing but old hats. On the contrary, I have intimate reason for knowing that they live on dead cats, dead pashas, dead horses, dead asses, melon rinds, water-skins, old saddles,

shreds of ribbons, and nut-shells. Have I not sat down and watched their frugal meal with the interest of a brother a thousand times? Have they not, like poor relations and friends, snapped at my legs on a dozen occasions? Have I not, too, taken up my stick at last and drubbed them till I was weary, just to show them that I really loved them?

I think that, striking an average, the more retired and short streets of the great Turkish city would furnish in the dog-days, let us say from about seven to nine dogs to the great unpaid dog army of Constantinople. By a short Turkish street, I mean one about the length of our filthy Fetter Lane, and by retired I mean a street somewhat removed from the chief mosques and bazaars, about as lively as St. John's Wood, and about as peopled as the big new houses at Kensington.

Now, you must not—you must not run away with the notion that the pariah dogs, perhaps of good lineage, are mean, ugly, or debased in face or bearing, not they! They may not be as bold and chivalrous as the shaggy Newfoundland, as lithe and crescenty as that shivering exile the Italian greyhound, as droll and muffy as the Isle of Skye, as sturdy and sagacious as the Spanish pointer, as vivacious and hearty as the smooth terrier, or as dogged a dog as the bulldog, that most costermongery and bloodthirsty of "our four-footed favourites," as Mr. Woodstock, the popular lecturer, would call it. They are

not very thorough-bred, though they do keep to themselves, and are as strict as Mr. Borrow's gipsies about losing caste and position by lowering marriages or even civic alliances. They are not ridiculously small-eared, large-thighed, or large-jawed; their hands and feet are not aristocratically too small for any honest use; but they are just such downright, brave, sharp-teethed, strong-backed dogs as the Great Shaper first made, and Adam first named, in the fruitful mother of all languages — Hebrew — the "dodger," *i.e.* "wise animal," from whence, as Mr. Trenchant tells me, came the Venetian word "Doge," quasi "master spirit," *i.e.* "wise being," from whence is deduced, or dragged, our own degraded slang word, "dodger," or "knowing one," still retained in the far East Whitechapel.

I observed that, while the dogs in the quieter and more lonely streets on the top of the Seven Hills towards the ruined walls were sullen, ascetic, fierce, shy, and cynical, the dogs of the busier streets near the Bosphorus and down by the Seraglio or the bazaars, were slinking, mean, timid, and cowardly. Philosophy soon discovers the reason. In the quiet streets, these dogs prowl and scavenger, doing the strolling, unpaid sanitary commissioner, being the terror of Turkish urchins, and the dread of gossiping servants at garden doors; but, nearer the busy haunts of men, these same dogs become so kicked and drubbed and driven and "chivied" (for you

cannot beat that London thief-epithet for persecution), that they get quite broken-hearted, and, laying down abjectly all pretensions to savage freedom, become acknowledged and branded pariahs, rogues, and vagabonds, servants of the public, doing willingly the "meanest chares," yet as terribly worried in return as any unpopular prime minister. So that, while, when alone in the higher streets, it is possible that you may be followed by a growing train of dogs, who in time will gather courage and fall on you, leaving, for all I know, nothing but your shirt-buttons, which they will spit out like cherry-stones, according to the precedent of the unhappy sausage-maker; so in the other streets, it is nothing all day but one incessant charging out of protesting shopmen from doorways, stick in hand, a shower of blows and a scuttling away ending with a groaning howl (dismal to hear), that lasts sometimes a good five minutes.

I do not know what Professor Moler makes of these dogs, whether they are of Roumelian or Anatolian origin; whether they are dogs of the Lower Empire, or truant dogs that, absconding from Turkish houses (embezzling, say a leg of mutton, or eloping with my lady's brach), have since taken to a free, strolling, houseless life, which, in that climate and in that nook-and-corner city, is not so unbearable as an Englishman, looking sourly through a crystallized November window, would imagine.

But, first to describe our friend "Canis erraticus,"

as Moler would call him. He is a fine-made animal, nearly as large as a retriever, but occasionally sinking to the smaller fox-hound size; he is generally of a ruddy brown or rufous colour, now deepening almost to black, now lightening to the pale brown of a rather underdone ginger biscuit. His tail is nothing particular, but his head is well made and sagacious; his eyes are bright, wary, and untamed; his teeth generally large, white, and singularly strong and sharp. As for the old legend of the necessity of going armed with a perpetual stick, it is now at least sheer nonsense. Except at night, when the unlighted streets are dangerous, the dogs will never touch you; stooping for a stone, except in rare cases, would frighten away a dozen; and so well is this known in Stamboul, that it is a common saying among the turbaned true believers, that no Turkish dog will stay in a mosque, because they always mistake the stooping and bowing men for vindictive enemies, bending for stones to pelt them with. The Greeks have the same legend, which is more noteworthy there, where the shepherds' dogs rush, like open-mouthed and hungry lions, upon every traveller that passes them, be he wise or simple.

I think it was in the second week or so of my acquaintance with Constantinople, that I saw the wild dog in his fiercest and most historic aspect. Almost the first thing that a newly arrived English traveller visits in Constantinople, is Florence Night-

ingale's Hospital, over in Scutari. It is still called "Florence Nightingale's Hospital," and always will be called so, in memory of that brave lady; though it is now truly returned to its old uses, and is again a barrack for dirty Turkish soldiers. I had done what Rocket called "the proper thing;" that is, had taken a caïque on the Wooden Bridge; skipping gingerly along its sharp, narrow, covered end, knowing that one inch awry I should be in the water, I reached the seat, and then letting myself quietly drop into the sort of well, or "cradle," as the boatman called it, smuggled myself comfortably into the cushion-lined box, and called out in Turkish, "To the Scutari barracks" (Kyakji effendim), "Mr. Boatman!" and off we went.

A moment it took the stalwart boatman to adjust his oars, by a greased leather loop, to the rowlock pegs; then, poising the curious oars, the upper parts of which are as large and oval as small skittle-pins, he flew over the blue Bosphorus with me, bearing straight to the cliff on whose top the English tombstones shine like beacons.

In due time, that half-mile or so of blue water was passed by my silk-shirted Palinurus, and, paying him so many great copper piastres, I leaped on the little plank jetty, where I found some Turkish boys watching a stalwart black diving. Asking them my way, and so learning it, I scrambled across the grooved sloping tramway of a caïque-builder, and

made along the narrow strip of shore that underlies the crumbling earth-cliffs of Scutari—the barrack-side of the town. It was delicate walking, for the earth sloped very close to the black shell-less pebbles of the beach, and the miserly water washed high up to meet those boulders and coloured stones and drag them back to their submarine hiding-places.

The walk was pleasant, on one side, because there I could see the city gleaming in the distance, and the breath of the sea was bracing and fresh in that torrid climate; but, on the other hand, it was not pleasant, for here and there a sluggish black stream treacled down the cliff, or poured through some self-worn channel, in a way that would have made the Thames —the grandmother of all sewers, past, present, and to come—burst its banks with envy.

I was trying to quiet the scruples of my offended nose, and I was wondering what strangled pashas and headless wives might not, fifty years ago, have been washed up on this noisome shore, where nothing but the wild barren gourd grew, and where the ground was strewn with dead star-fish, when my eyes, looking upward from the beach, ran twenty yards off, and there fell, with alarm and horror, upon the carcase of a dead horse, upon which a band of wild dogs were feeding as busily as aldermen at a charity dinner on a haunch of venison. They were tugging, and peeling, and riving, as energetically as lawyers on Chancery property, unanimous as

swindling directors, silent as gluttons at a feast. They scarcely looked up to see who was coming: poachers and wreckers work not so industriously. I should have believed that they had not dined for a month before, for they were slaving like shipwrights working overtime the night before a launch. I knew not which dog's energy most to admire: whether he of the tanning, or he of the zoological, he of the anatomical, or he of the physiological department. It was a labour of love to them, and they went at it tooth and nail.

Some of the wretches were nuzzling their gory heads in the scooped-out stomach; others were tugging angrily at the crimsoning mane, to get at the choicer morsels beneath. Others were stripping up the red hide over the flank ribs and thigh, with loathsome dexterity, and a few of the more timid, frightened by warning bites, and scared by ominous growls, were digging their sharp and hungry teeth into the distant legs and the long sinewy neck. The carrion-vulture gorging himself on a dead swollen ox is horrible to see, but this cried out to me: "You infidel, you are in a new country, where life has no high value, and where death has new terrors." Making a long détour, so as to outflank this public dinner, I passed on, inward and upward, to the stony street that leads to the hospital of Florence Nightingale.

Only the next day, as I strolled through an almost disused part of the "Petit Champ des Morts," as the

French of Pera playfully call the old Turkish burial-ground, through which their lively chief promenade runs, I looked among the tombs around me, and saw a grave, immediately facing where I stood, that had lately fallen in, just as a badly baked pie might do at the first shivering touch of the knife. As the Turks are not civilized enough yet to boast of resurrection-men, and as their doctors are not so studious of death's secrets as to give even one farthing for dead Turks, whether murdered for the purpose or not, I began to wonder for a moment what had led to this yawning aperture. But, when I instantly remembered that poor Turks are buried without coffins, only laths or light hoop-wood being placed to keep the earth from pressing uncomfortably on the pale man, I ceased to wonder. The body decays, the earth, unless renewed, falls in; and what leads to this ghastly and alarming accident still more is, that the Turks are in the habit of leaving a hole communicating from the body to the upper air. The edge of this tube the sun chaps, and the crack, running downwards at once, levers up the baked clay.

I was turning away, wondering what horror would next meet my eyes in this strange country, when lo! the ground gaped and cracked wider, and, from the dark loathsome little cave toddled upwards, winking to the light, a little wild dog-pup, his yellowish hair still almost down; but before I had done wondering at the poor man's grave turned into a kennel, up

toddled, screeching feebly, yelping, and rolling now and then on their backs, four others of the same breed; the respected mother of the family refusing, however, to appear, remained in her unfragrant, subterranean drawing-room.

I had been told so much about these wild dogs which I found untrue, that I began to disbelieve in the capability of the ordinary human eye seeing, or even wishing to see, anything exactly as it was. For instance, at the table of Miss Bendy, the old maid said the Sultan generally wore red trousers. Mr. Bobster immediately said it pained him to contradict his respected friend Miss Bendy, but that very morning he had met the Sultan going to mosque in white, the colour he always wore. So, when Mr. Bobster helped me to some Smyrna figs, he assured me that it was a well-known fact, he had heard it from half the Franks in Galata, that every dog in Constantinople had its own district or parish, beyond which, if he dared to encroach, he was at once fallen upon. Every dog had his beat, his range of property, his domain, his small kingdom, beyond which lay war, bitings, and perhaps death. It was the same in Pera, the same in Scutari; indeed I must not understand and imagine the pariah dogs of Constantinople to be anything very miraculous or special: for every Eastern city had them, more or less, and they probably originated in the great increase of animals, encouraged by the kindness and charity of

Mahometanism to our dumb fellow-creatures, from the insignificant yet pertinacious flea to the lordly and sagacious elephant. Charity to them was enjoined in the Koran; cruelty to them was thought irreligious: hence Constantinople had become the paradise of dogs. So far Mr. B.

It was only the day after this dinner conversation, that I was roaming about the old palace of the Blachernæ, the quarter where the families of the higher Greeks reside, looking at I scarce know what —perhaps, for instance, at a Greek girl, of singular dirt and beauty, hanging out clothes on the battlements of the old palace—when a tremendous wild pelting race of dogs down the narrow street drove me to more practical thoughts of personal safety; and, mounting a giant dust-heap, I saw advancing a complete band of street dogs, tumbling, and tearing, and biting, and worrying a poor mud-covered Snarleyow, whose woebegone face streamed with blood.

The victim, evidently a stray intruder from another parish, was a little in front of the persecuting mob, and beyond an occasional melancholy snap, looked an unhappy and unresisting object of popular hatred. No old pauper, driven from parish to parish by *guardians* objecting to his claims of settlement, could ever appear more sad and heart-broken.

Here, thought I, the selfish sentimentalist who fed French donkeys with macaroons might have squeezed out his theatrical tear to some purpose.

Right and left looked the wretch, pitied by none, but saw nowhere shelter; every moment, in a business-like way, from under doorway, or hole in the ground, or from rubbish heaps, appeared fresh persecutors, going as regularly to work to join the hue and cry, as soldiers when the bugle sounds for falling in, and the "advance." No members of any dependent or independent denomination could have been more unanimous in intolerance, than these dogs.

Away again they broke, with all the pertinacity and sense of enjoyment that you see in fox-hounds in the first ten minutes of half an hour's burst. Away they went, with yelps, and screams, and howls, and snaps, and barks, "a rather terrible sight to behold," that bright cheerful morning of September, in the street of Stamboul that leads to the old palace of the Blachernæ.

It must have been full half an hour later, that I was strolling on, nearly a mile farther towards the Monastery of Job—not the man of Uz, but a leader of the first Arab army, who, after performing utterly improbable feats of valour at the siege of Constantinople, was buried outside the walls, and a mosque reared over his wonder-working grave. This is now a place of special sanctity with Mahometan fanatics; it is the shrine where the Sultan, on his accession, is invested with his royal sabre, "never to be drawn but for truth, never to be sheathed but with honour," as the Toledo legend runs. It is a

mosque, moreover, where, under no pretence, can a Christian gain admittance—no, not even with the royal firman.

I was peering about the gateway of this dangerous and anti-Christian place, wondering how much I could see without having my head cut off, when the fury of that wild huntsman chase sounded again in my astonished ears, again the rush of dogs swept past me, mimicking human war and persecution; before them, still in the unpleasant position of leader, ran the outcast dog, looking now a mere shapeless lump of bloody clay. But the sight of me full in front of the race, this time drove him to desperation. Suddenly making a charge at the open mouth of a black sewer, he flew in, and vanished from my eyes, leaving the yelping pack as astonished and disappointed as a young terrier is on his first day's shooting, when the rabbit he is pursuing suddenly exits down a hole.

This abrupt and brusque proceeding left me in doubt as to whether some of these dogs might not live in the sewers; which are certainly as cool in the summer as any dog of an unbeliever's villa on the Bosphorus, and would be equally sheltered in the winter frosts. In all seasons the dwelling-place would be rent free. As to smells, people differ. Some like lavender; others onions. As to rats, they would be rather an advantage. Any port in a storm, said the Greek philosopher; and summing

all up, there is much to be said for a sewer residence. A sociable, clubbable dog might, it is true, lack society; but, on the other hand, a hermit dog would find retirement there cheaply.

Had it not been a good two miles away, and across the water, I should (by mere force of association) have at once set it down as the same dog, when I saw a dog three days afterwards, stiff and dead, with tongue out and eyes staring, evident victim of a violent and cruel death, stretched on a heap of refuse, waiting for the scavenger in Pilgrim Street, some two or three turnings to the left from Misseri's. It was pitiful to see even a dog's body left in such a pitiless way, but it shocked nobody, and, as it had not yet begun to decompose, it angered nobody. Indeed, the Turks are a hard, unreflective people, and do not stop to sentimentalize much over death, so long as the chibouk be full, the coffee black and hot, and the rice in the pilaff dyed a reasonable pale red with tomata-skins. At a door close to the dog, stood a beautiful Armenian woman, cheapening mackerel of a Bosphorus fisherman. They were monster fish, and looked hard and swollen—from the Turkish habit of inflating them, by blowing through the gills, to make them look larger. They were tabbied with indigo tattooings, and wore that opalline mother-of-pearliness that fresh mackerel should wear when the bloom of death is on them in

"The first dark day of nothingness."

The Armenian ogled and squabbled, as the "womankind" will when they cheapen fish; the Turk, grave and inflexible, weighed the fish in the scale of justice, imitating Justice unpleasantly, however, in one thing—that is, in her blindness—for he seemed somehow or other to mistake the weights, and to change half-pounds for pounds. The fair Armenian was eager, and prettily fussy and disputative, but credulous as young housekeepers are apt to be, and as Eve herself probably was. She even pointed to the dead dog, and then to the scales, with a smile at the itinerant fisherman (the same who fished up the genii), as much as to say, "At how much per pound wouldst thou sell thy servant that dog?" Upon which the Turk thrust his scales into his girdle, and shouldering his load of fish, pointed to me, meaning plainly, "O lady, that dead dog and yonder staring infidel are neither of any monetary value in the scales of a true believer, and, what is more, a Hadji."

This was in Pera—among the Franks, however, it must be remembered—for in Constantinople I have seen a crowd of Turks stand sympathizing round a puppy that had been run over by a bullock-cart; a fact which may go to their account, to balance my before-mentioned opinion of the Turks' general want of tenderness. I have, too, seen a pantaloon of a grey-bearded mullah drawn, with a rapidity ill beseeming his years, but reflecting much

credit to his heart, to get from the nearest fountain a cup of cold water to throw over a dog in a fit—much, probably, to the aggravation of the malady. I must confess, too, that Turkish legends—or rather Arabic and Persian legends—turn much on Allah's requital to poor Mahometans who have shown kindness to animals in his name. But, Heaven help us all! what can you expect of the Turk, who is to-day as when he first left his Tartar tent?

If Cruelty to Animals Martin were alive, he could not do better than go and dwell in Constantinople, which he would find to be a choice place for the animal philanthropists, if he could but keep his head tight on. Those dogs are always turning up: if you look down a hole under a doorstep, blind puppies crawl up; if you go out at dusk and fall over something, and that something prove an "adder in the path," to turn and bite you, that adder will be a dog. Dogs lurk under the market stalls, prowl about mosque gates, roam (not unkicked and uncuffed) through the dim-vaulted drug bazaars; they surround the kabob stoves; they haunt the cemeteries and the cypress groves; they lie in the open street, and sleep hardily, defiant of hoof, or foot, or wheel. They are, in a word, everywhere and omnivorous: and you seldom see a dead one, unless slain by violence and human agency. I am really almost afraid that the street dogs of Constantinople, when they get old, and chargeable to the parish, burdensome to relations,

and generally a stumbling-block, are devoured bodily by their poor relations.

I wish, as a lover of the dog, that I could come to a less harsh conclusion. I wish, to shame man, that the ministerial dogs sent the old worn-out dog to some pleasant, cheerful, well-feeding workhouse, where he might be refreshed with alternate doses of gruel and turtle-soup, oakum picking and the pianoforte; but such, alas! is not the case.

The dog to his death-bed I cannot, therefore, follow; but the dog to his decrepitude I can. You can scarcely take an observant walk in Constantinople streets, but you meet a poor animal, his hair eaten off by a devouring mange that has nearly gnawed into his vitals. Sometimes he is horrible to look at, for his hind legs are paralyzed by a carriage accident that has injured the spine. Loathsome and ghastly, the wretched creature drags about his hated life, perpetually flown at by cruel tyrants of dogs, who hate the sufferer because he is unfortunate, and who bully him because he is unable to resist; (O Allah, how like us men!) and there, in momentary danger from crushing wheels, beaten and bitten by everybody, fellow-man and fellow-dog trying which can rival the other in cruelty, he lingers on, till death kindly steps in, and on some dunghill the beggar-dog breathes his last. "A happy release," indeed, and, for once, the cant phrase of consolation is true, but, being true, is not uttered.

Why the police do not do kindly execution on these poor wretches I could never discover; but I think my friend Herne Bey told me that it was against the Mahometan creed to kill animals unnecessarily. What would Mahomet have said of our preserves and battues, thought I? Would he hold that fashionable butchery excusable?

CHAPTER IV.

STREET SIGHTS IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

You, London reader, have perhaps seen wonderful things in your time: the sham sailor in the New Road, with a painting of a storm in the Bay of Biscay rolled out between his wooden legs, which rest as sentinels on either side of it; the man in Gower Street, about dusk o' summer evenings, who comes round to the area railings with illuminated cathedrals, and other precious transparent trifles; the little lump of a man on a trencher, selling nutmeg-graters, who propels himself along Regent Street with a wooden flat-iron in either hand; the Bearded Woman (penny admittance) in Holborn, close to Tottenham Court Road; the blind man with the tremendous eyebrows, dragged along Oxford Street at an irreverent and disrespectful pace by the unbroken-in, rampant, smooth terrier; but let me tell you what I saw near the Horse Bazaar at Constantinople, on a certain October morning.

I had crossed the famous wooden bridge that brackets Stamboul and its hills to the opposite hills of Pera, and, turning to the left, had mounted the

steps, thronged by itinerant Greek and Turkish dealers, which lead towards the bazaars. I had passed the strings of white candied figs, the goloshes, the grapes (white, yet blued here and there by weaker brothers, that had turned into bloom-covered raisins); and, shunning the incessant water-sellers, I had had a glass of port-wine looking sherbet from a man with a large tin vessel on his back, the mouth of which was closed with a huge friable cudgel of ice, which had turned crimson from the juice it had imbibed. One or two streets farther on, I had again partly drowned my thirst, which seemed to turn my throat into a kiln, and the very breath of my lungs into flame. I had tampered with another man, who carried in a leather skin some curious brown liquid of a nutty flavour, and a medicinal colour. Not a street farther, and I was even found, from sheer high spirits and sociability, discussing prices with an old Turk, who carried about some sort of golden gummy sweetmeat in a round tin pan, much patronized.

I had just escaped the fierce Mameluke charge of a wild Nubian eunuch, who, mounted on an entire Syrian horse, was dashing him up the street at such a lathering pace, that it sent the fire out of the stones like the running twinkle that at lamplighting hour you see spreading in the distance up Piccadilly. Whether he was trying to kill the horse or to sell him, I don't know, but the only thing I had ever seen

like it before, in a decent city, had been a London butcher's boy, spurring with food to a starving noble family in May Fair, and a young country doctor gigging it at an express-train velocity, to convey an idea to a passing coroneted barouche of the vast extent of his practice.

Thanking Allah for this deliverance, I stopped a moment among the stalls crowded with old saddles, bits, and bridles of the Horse Bazaar (Aat Bazaar), meditating over the numerous reminiscences that abound there of our blundering prodigality during the Crimean war. I stayed to see, at the call of prayer, one of the most rascally of the dealers prostrate himself, and go through his ceremonies with all the formality of the incumbent of St. Barabbas, on the vigil of St. Simony; and just as I was breaking from this nest of sharking traders, and resisting pressing offers to buy a fat Syrian sheep with a fleshy apron of tail some two feet broad, I started, because, at the foot of a bread-seller's stall, I saw a sight as horrible to me as if Coleridge's nightmare, Death in life, had stepped from behind a curtain, and seized me by the throat.

And yet it was only a little yellow shrivelled old Turk, with opiated eyes, Whitby jet without the polish, who sat cross-legged before a little three-legged wooden stand, on which was laid *a dead man's arm.* It was the mendicant's own arm evidently, or at least I could see he claimed it by the quiet look of triumph he gave when he observed my involuntary start. He

felt an intellectual satisfaction in seeing the bird go into the trap, the more so, as he himself had with some pains made the trap, and at some personal sacrifice supplied the bait I now saw laid horizontally on the jammed and bruised English tea-tray that stood on the little altar of a tripod. Like an experienced fisherman, he gave me time to gorge before he struck. He had missed often, I dare say, from striking too soon, while the hook still vibrated suspiciously only about the fish's lips; he would now strike home when he struck, so he prayed to Allah, saying:—

"May Allah grant it!" I asked as much of Allah. "There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet! May this infidel have a short life, and heavy punishment of Eblis!"

All this, or fragments of it, I could indeed hear, for Turkish mendicants are always telling their rosaries or muttering their prayers, and he little thought I had some inkling of his sweet-sounding, rude language. It was now time—"quick there with the landing-net!" He gathered himself together to address me: that is to say, he carefully drew out his stump, readjusted the dead arm on the tray in a becoming *pose*, and with the authoritative manner of a landlord handling his own fixtures, he pulled his beard sorrowfully (there the mendicant's game began), and gave his face a pained expression as if he had just borne an operation. It was only after seriously performing the graceful salutation which prevails all through the

East, and supersedes our blunter Saxon hand-shaking, that he pronounced, with the air of a pasha, the two words of salutation, "Salamet, sultanim!" (Peace, O Sultan!)

Grave and solemn impostors are these Orientals; yea, to meet them in the dark winding passages of their artfulness, one has to relearn one's European Rogue's Catechism, and say it backwards. Indeed, a Turkish rogue has, astonishing to say, more the air of an English popular preacher than anything else. Slowly again, as I went and took up the limb, did that solemn cheat press his hand upon his chest (*quasi* heart), and then lightly with the tips of his fingers, brothers of those crumply thin yellow ones I now moved about, touch his forehead, or *quasi* brain, and ejaculated, with the up-turned eyes of gratitude not unknown upon our own religious platforms,

"Khosh gueldiniz, safa gueldiniz!" (You have come in safety, oh, may you depart in safety!) "Hai guideh Inglis!" (O these brave English!) "Amriniz chok olsun, effendim!" (May your life be long, effendim!) And then, at the end of every two or three words, he gave a chanted, sonorous groan, after the manner of the moollahs, of "Thanks be to God!" No rogue perhaps ever erected such costly machinery, or reared such cumbrous scaffolds, to obtain merely an infidel's halfpenny.

At that moment, as I was still examining the atrophied arm, cut off just under the elbow, feeling its

mummy yellow skin, its dark nails and bent skeletony fingers, uncertain how far I should pretend to understand the rogue's conversation, for fear of spoiling my game; on the one hand knowing that a rogue on his guard is worth nothing to the observer, no, not even if he be a Great Chimborazo Railway director; and, on the other hand, very loth indeed to leave the spot without hearing at least the Turk's own version of his bereavement (more sincerely lamented than many bereavements, I warrant), a Deus stepped in, and politely undid the knot of Gordium.

The Deus was a little handsome fleshy-lipped Jew boy, one Benjamin, who haunts the Pera hotels, to guide travellers to the lions, and who was now jaunty and gay (two piastres at least in his bank, I should say), his large, half-Armenian eyes dancing with fun, as he came up with a smile of triumph in his face at seeing an old customer in a mess, and evidently requiring his professional help. A doctor in small practice who has succeeded in running over a rich City man by accident, could not leap upon the suffering creature with more polite alacrity and overflowing philanthropy than did handsome Benjamin on me.

In a moment Benjamin was by my side, had performed his salutation, and entered on a short but brilliant dragoman and cicerone's career. The Turk smiled, Benjamin smiled; they evidently looked on me as a dead hare between the paws of two strong-limbed greyhounds, agreeing, yet uncertain, how to

divide him. The Turk took up his arm, and lectured on it gracefully; all other passers-by, even that tall eunuch, in rose-colour silk and patent boots, are to him now indifferent; it is the rich English sultan he wants to land.

The story ran thus, and was on the whole episodical. Neither Benjamin nor the Turk supposed I understood them:—

Benjamin.—Now, then, old Eski-Beski, out with your story for this infidel Sultan, and how much am I to get?

Turk.—Allah be merciful, my son Benjamin; one piastre is, I think, enough for thee, from this rich infidel's treasure; (curse and wither him!) tell him I lost my arm when I was a groom of the great Pasha; and—

Myself.—Why don't you tell me what he says, Benjamin?

Benjamin.—He says, your Excellency, may your life be long, your wives beautiful, and your offspring numerous; that he once rode fiery Turcoman horses for his Sublime Highness, and that on a certain day, as he was in the Atmeidan, where the column is, under which much gold and treasure was buried by Constantine, a soldier's djereed struck the untamable beast, (defile his grave!) and that after a dreadful struggle, leaving hoof-marks still to be seen on the wall of the mosque of the Sultan Achmed, Obed was thrown and his arm broken. This wound would,

however, with Allah's blessing, have soon recovered, had not a poor dervish, to whom he had refused alms (this was a fine side-wind touch—I winced, as they both saw, and Benjamin spat to hide a laugh), cursed him in the name of Allah and the Prophet. From that time the arm got worse and worse, the bone sloughed, a hopeless running set in, and at last, to escape death, or a lingering disease (even more horrible than death), he had the arm cut off, and there it is.

At this conclusion, as, indeed, had been the case at the end of every sentence, Benjamin sighed, and the little old Turk turned up his eyes, sighing, "Thanks be to God!" as if losing a bone were, in his opinion, rather one of kind Providence's best bonuses.

I looked much satisfied, then took up the arm and weighed it, as you are expected to do with a friend's baby.

Said I to Benjamin, in a friendly and duped voice, "That is a great deal of English for a little Turkish."

Not a "levator labii superioris" moved its pulleys, as that young dragoman replied,—

"Thanks be to Allah" (these Jew touts and parasites always affect Turkish phraseology), "he has given the people of this worthy man"—the Turk nodded and stroked his beard, seeing he was mentioned, and readjusted the loose arm—"a brief, yet beautiful language."

"Ask him," I said, assuming a solicitous tone,

"for how many piastres he will sell this embalmed limb, of which Allah has deprived him."

Here a long and intricate conversation ensued between Benjamin and the Turk; for this great result had never suggested itself to even Benjamin's sanguine and precocious mind. It sounded like a grinding up of my old friends the Turkish numerals. Each rogue seemed what young ladies call "doing the scales" with the numerals. Now, "bir" (one) came up, then you heard "own" (ten), now "elli" (fifty), then presently "yüz" (one hundred).

They stopped. Benjamin then advanced, with all the fun out of his eyes, and put on the semblance of a herald dictating terms. He spoke gravely, which did him credit; and the old Turk bent forward with all the eagerness of Shylock before the Doge:

"In the month of Abib of this year, Obed Mustapha Effendi says, chilibi (sir), a rich pasha, whose name he has an objection to mention, reined up his horse just where you, chilibi, stand, and offered him five hundred piastres—good money, not paper—for that treasure of an arm, but Mustapha refused, and dismissed him merely with his blessing."

I placed three silver piastres (sixpence sterling in all), bright as spangles, in the dead hand palm, wished worthy Mustapha a "Peace be with you!" To which he returned a "God forbid that I should forget you!" and walked away; to the jackal Benjamin I flung a large copper piece, much to his

instant loathing and horror; and, as I trudged quickly off, with a surreptitious glance back at the exploding mine, I saw both rogues, as if by agreement, spit execratingly on the ground, and exclaim, loud enough for me to hear them, in one deep breath—

"Allah! hai guideh kafer!" (Allah! what a hideous infidel!)

Heaven forgive me, how many rogues I have, in my small way, led on to exhibitions of lying and hypocrisy—smugglers with cigars in red pocket-handkerchiefs, at London street corners; foreign princes in distress, outside Wyld's Globe; castaway sailors in the City Road; mechanics with clean aprons, pelting first-floor windows in Gower Street with hymns; and even soapy-faced secretaries of fraudulent charities. I have many sins to answer for, and these, I fear, stand high amongst them.

Let not the patient reader imagine, however, that the city of the Sultan is infested with beggars like Naples; where eyeless men lay hold of you as you walk up the Toledo; where there is a complete competition of rival stumps and sores; and where, at every shop-door, parasites still more odious abound, who "beg a thousandpard ons but may they be allowed the infinite happiness of removing a speck of mud from Eccelenza's coat-tail."

No; the streets of Stamboul are grave, solemn, almost monastic. No files of men with sandwich

boards, no cripples on trenchers, no blind men and curs, no old women and dancing dogs, no barrel-organs or white mice, no distressed mechanics or sham fits, with placards, "Don't bleed me—give me brandy-and-water," ready written, clenched in their stiff right hands; in fact, seldom anything amusing in the way of sham misery—by day, frothing at the mouth with soft soap, and at night revelling on beef-steak suppers—but only here and there a poor doubled-up old hag, with ophthalmic eyes, crouched under a wall, with a cup-like hand held out, as she chants verses from the Koran, in that horrible nasal monotone peculiar to the Turks. Oftener, you meet the santon, rather mad—if you may believe his eyes—begging for a dervish brotherhood; or a wandering fakir, with dirty elf locks, perhaps from India, in streaming robes, and with the usual wooden shoe (for alms) slung by a chain to his arm. His begging is so insolent and imperious that it reminds you of the old soldier in Gil Blas. Two causes keep down Turkish mendicancy: the first, the few wants of a Turk; the second, the charity of their richer men. Where a cake and a few figs are food for the day, where alms are largely given, and alms-giving forms part of the religious creed, there cannot be much distress.

Hence it is that the beggars bear away rather to the Frank side of the city, and haunt the bazaars and places where foolish and rich Perotes are wont to

congregate. The bridge of boats is their special resort. Here, just a few feet from the toll lodges, at imminent risk of death from bullock carts and arabas, they squat in rows, some twenty at each end, and remain there all day, clacking out their songs and hymns, and pattering supplications in the name of Allah and the Prophet. Stop a moment from curiosity, or detained by the crowd, and they open upon you like a pack of hounds, chattering, singing, and shaking the show pence in their brass bowls and their tin dishes.

How well I remember one old lady, having eyes like red button-holes, with which she ogled me with what she thought resembled motherly affection! Next her was a dreadful monster of a lean Arab, bared to the knee to exhibit, with pardonable pride, a left pedestal that exactly resembled, in colour and shape, a chair leg: the knee standing for the ribbed ornament above, the lower part, no larger round than an ebony flute, for the shank.

Once, too, I met three blind men, walking along in file, ponderingly and anxiously, each of them with his right hand on the left shoulder of his predecessor, and the first man with a due sense of his responsibility as prime minister—that is, blind leader of the blind—groping with his hand along the white wall of the Seraglio gardens. Sometimes I encountered a sort of groping Elymas old man, led about by a boy, who, shamefully indifferent to the patriarch's

optical infirmity, munched a peach as he towed the senior along.

But Galata, that home of black cloth and respectability slightly streaked here and there with fraudulent bankruptcy, has street celebrities of its own, and foremost among them is Baba, the old crafty-looking woman decently robed in white, who sits all day on the doorstep of one of the Galata stores, swaying backwards and forwards, chanting now an objectionable song, now a hymn, according to the character of the person whom she sees coming. She is as well known in Galata by everybody, from the head banker to the poorest clerk of a swindling house, as the Lascar who sweeps the crossing at the Edgeware Road is to West-end people, or the pretty Irish girl who in June sells moss-roses at the Exchange is to every stockbroker. Report says that she is rich, and that young Galata merchants, who, for a joke, have pretended to be "hard up," and have, to try her, asked their old pensioner, Baba, for help, have received I don't know how many silver piastres. Scandal says that Baba has really ulterior motives in pretending to be a beggar, that she is really a spy, and waits about in public places to watch the movements of certain people and their exits and entrances for Russian or for French Government officials. I can scarcely look at the sleek, dark woman's crafty face and not believe this; but I am, I confess, inclined to accord with a still darker rumour, which asserts that Baba is a sort of

slave merchant's agent, and that, when men are to be trusted, and are rich enough to be depended on, this Satanic matron arranges with them the traffic of beautiful Georgians' bodies and souls. Yet who would think that in busy London streets that man who ran against you yesterday with his heavy carpet-bag, and then took off his hat and begged your pardon so civilly, had a dead murdered man's body in it! In these days Satan, throwing off his horns and clipping close his stinged tail, walks amongst us with Inverness cape on, and wears kid gloves like the best of us. So Baba, though outwardly a decent, well-dressed matron, in appearance not unlike our old Hindoo friend the Begum of Bangalore, may, after all, be a vile, concealed slave-dealer.

But though Baba never let me pass without a smile and greeting, and a cry for "the smallest money," my special pet, among the objects of Constantinople, was Nano Pupisillo, the Greek dwarf, a little microscopic man whom you might have put in a bandbox without difficulty. I first saw him one day that I was scaling the hill of Pera. Butted by porters and jostled by asses, laden with everything, from peaches to brickbats, I was looking into a tobacconist's window, not far from the great Genoese tower, just to rest myself.

Suddenly, at my elbow, I heard coming up, as if out from the very wall that lined the road, a little lisping, attenuated falsetto voice, such as you would fancy would have proceeded from an Irish leprechaun,

or such as Æsop must have heard when Wisdom spoke to him from the lips of tortoise or of bullfrog. If the wall had itself addressed me in an Eastern apologue like the faded vision of Mirza, such a voice I should have expected it to have taken. I looked round more in curiosity than alarm, and saw on a small doorway stone, seated and bowing gravely to me, the little celebrity whom I trust I may be permitted to call my very worthy friend Nano Pupisillo, the frostbitten, but still worthy scion of an old Greek stock. (Why an *old* stock should be better than a new stock, or what a *new* stock means, I never could yet ascertain, believing myself all souls of equal value before God—but I use the jargon of the day.)

Milton meeting for the first time Sir Geoffry Hudson at the corner of Fleet Street by St. Bride's Church, could not have been more amused and astonished than I was to see the little man—a most choice twinkle of self-satisfaction on his droll face, staring old eyes, and fatuous, protruding mouth—performing the Eastern salutation with all the decorum of a French dancing-master newly appointed, by some strange coincidence, Sultan. It was a salute that would almost have become a gentleman, but that in a humble, patient way which made one quite love the little fellow—it had a touch, the slightest in the world, of mendicancy—it was a little too thrust forward, a little too much obtruded on one's attention, for it suggested, in the tenderest, and yet most unmistakeable

manner, "Alms for the love of heaven, for a poor little abortion, permitted to live for some good and gracious purpose; feed him, therefore, in the name of Allah, who made both him and thee, both the great Sultan and this thy servant, the poor dwarf."

He here bent and bowed, and touched his heart with his hand, like a little duodecimo Lord Chesterfield; then, without vulgarly screaming and scolding for alms, or without driving texts into me to torment me into charity, Pupisillo gracefully began telling me his age and prospects, and branching off into general matters of national and political importance, irrelevant but entertaining.

It really made me ashamed, to look at that little bundle of humanity—that little lump of intelligence—that man who, compared with a fat friend of mine then in my mind's eye, looked but as a pimple, a creature with a large caricature head, spindly spider hands, and no body or legs at all to mention—to see him, not cynical, not a black dwarf, not a misanthrope, not a hermit, nor a critic, nor a bilious, malicious historian, but a cheery, sociable, happy being, always smiling in his own queer droll way, and rather enjoying his publicity than otherwise. And here was my friend "the hot blood," Lacy Rocket, the Queen's messenger, whom I just left cheapening a Persian poniard in the arms bazaar, with life, spirits, and the reversion of eight thousand a year and a baronetcy, always yawning and being bored with every amuse-

ment and pleasure that luxury and extravagance could suggest! Only one hope of amusement left him, and that he pines for—elephant-shooting; not having this, he vows human nature is a fool and the world "a hass." Rather than be *blasé* at five-and-twenty, I would cut off my legs, send them home in a hamper, *viâ* Marseilles, and turn mendicant dwarf in the streets of Stamboul. Pupisillo was thirty-five, this little man told me confidingly; he was not yet married, though he hoped (here he smiled rather vainly) that that happy event would not be long deferred. He was cheerful, thanks be to God, and grateful for many mercies. As to moving about, of course he could not; he was carried every day in a basket to some special station that he selected, now this side, now the other side of the bridge. His father still lived, and was indeed a good father to him.

It completed my moral lesson, and gave me infinite delight when I put some piastres in the little screwed-up hand, to see those strange eyes twinkle with tears, the little crooked hand move ceremoniously to the breast and forehead, and the little mandarin body bob up and down with a serious yet droll politeness till I was out of sight. Why this little Greek dwarf had never been bought for a Turkish household, I don't know, but I presume the want of legs made Pupisillo more naturally an object of charity.

Jesters, I suppose, are now changed to theatrical clowns, but the real Eastern dwarf still flourishes

in Turkey. I saw him several times: now, with important face elbowing his way through the Pera crowd, with bowed legs, splay feet, enormous head, and hydrocephalic prominency of brain; now, with a settled look of ridiculous refinement, holding the hand of some black eunuch who, with turban of lemon-coloured cashmere and crimson sash, was preceding one of the little painted egg-shell carriages in which the whitewashed and rouged ladies of some great man's hareem were taking the air: the dwarf's look of monstrous malice and vanity setting off the childish beauty and inane splendour of Lolah, Katinkah, and Dudu, who, in gold-coloured, violet, and chocolate satins, peered through their yashmak wrappings like painted corpses whose dead beauty is horrible to behold.

In street shows, Stamboul is not rich, for the Turks are a serious people who go to bed early; and who, even if they did not, dare not venture out in unlighted streets when they know that at night the very paving-stones turn into dagger blades. The few sights there are, being of the humblest kind, are all by day, and are intended more for the mere lounger and stranger than for the Turk *pur sang*, the lord and master (as long as he can keep it) of this once Christian country.

To get a relish of the safety of home, the traveller in Turkey has only to remember that anywhere, and at any time, a half-involuntary shout of execration

at the Prophet, or a self-asserting blow at a true Mussulman of any "position"—by which snob-word I mean, of course, wealth—a sacred pigeon killed in the "Bird's Mosque," a defiant shout in St. Sophia, a stone thrown into a room of dancing dervishes, and in three minutes his rash blood would probably smoke on the pavement.

It was a day so hot, that you might have cooked a chop in five minutes on my friend the fez-maker's door-stone. The air was like hot water, and Cain's curse was realized to us though merely sight-seeing. I was working my way slowly, through many impediments, to my favourite, and everybody's favourite, haunt, the bazaars, which, if the sun rained fire outside, would still be cool and shady as a monk's cloister, or as the London Docks wine-cellars.

I was looking, now, at an old Turk making vermicelli; now, at a turner rounding wooden blocks for fez caps—for these Turkish shops are all open to the passer-by, and are, indeed, mere covered stalls—when I heard, down the street, which was so crowded that I could not see far before me, the long, melancholy blare of a key-bugle, evidently suffering from asthmatic diphtheria. It was a querulous, violent shriek of a blast, blown, not in a smart, military, formal, dry manner, but in a vagabondish, meretricious, hopeless, tricky, yet desponding style. I wondered for a moment, then asked no questions of the crowd, but pushed on. That bugle I felt sure was the bugle

of Paillasse! the bugle of the itinerant, or, if stationary, only for a moment stationary mountebank.

A minute or two's walk brought us (for that energetic public servant Rocket was, by this time, with me) to the door of the small shop at which the trumpeter stood. He was a grimy Greek, with greasy black hair escaping from under a large, baggy, red fez cap; he wore a greasy embroidered jacket, and a full-pleated white kilt, stained, torn, and unwashed. With one hand to his open mouth, and the other holding down the old bed-curtain that hid the exhibition, he was now and then turning to two large, but rude cartoons, drawn with black chalk on white paper, which hung up behind him. They represented two biped monsters with hoofs, and horns, and tail, just like the Apollyon in old editions of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. They were both hairy, and both bound round the waist, for security, with immense chains. But there was this difference between them; that while one had the old Satanic type of head with glaring eyes, and a bird's face, the other was more human in bearing, and stood up, with an ancient tower in the background, and held a halberd in his right claw. There was not a smile on the face of the showman, nor a smile on the face of the crowd, as with an appearance of perfect good faith he screamed the good tidings that—

"Within were to be seen two monsters (some

thought devils), that had lately been caught in the deserts of Anatolia, and had been, at an immense expense, by permission of the Sultan, brought alive to Stamboul. Admission, one para" (halfpenny).

"Allah be praised!" cried one or two grey-bearded Turks. But people seemed shy of entering, because one or two sly Perotes stood by and laughed, or whispered.

Rocket said, "By Jove, sir, let us go in and chaff 'em." I assented, and the Greek, with a gracious bow, and a blast of triumph on his bugle, cautiously let us pass under the dirty striped curtain.

I scarcely knew what I expected to see—perhaps a poor panorama, perhaps a stuffed bear, or an orang-outang—something that would not go down with drunken sailors at Greenwich Fair, or with the smallest and dullest English country town thirsting for amusement. Yet I could not have believed that even to the gross ignorance of a Turk, a showman would have dared to exhibit a live devil.

But there he was (the other, the showman told me, had died from confinement), pacing up and down, in a clumsy and rather shame-faced way, in a sort of a stall of a stable newly planked up with the most solicitous care and anxiety. The fiercest man-eating tiger, or the most tearing maniac, could not have been hooped up more timidly. In fact, what with the planks and what with the opaque curtain at the entrance, it was some minutes before

my eyes got sufficiently acquainted with the light, to be able to distinguish a man, impudently sewn up in a sort of hairy gray rug, which covered face, body, and hands, and yet left some outline of form visible. A vulture's beak, two bullock's horns, and two enormous brown-glass bullock's eyes, completed the flagrant impersonation. I tried, with my limited modern Greek, to "chaff" the monster, and so did Rocket, who got violent, and wanted to poke him with a walking-stick. The devil, feeling himself alluded to, considered it professionally necessary to shake his chain, and walk up and down in a silent manner, as if longing to get at us and "eat us without salt." But he did it in such a slinking, downcast, shame-faced way, that, contrasting with his sting-tail, horns, and tremendous eyes, it drove us to shrieks of laughter.

We went out, Rocket pinching old Turks by the arm, and confidentially whispering in their ears, "Pek ayi" (very good). Uopn which some dozen enthusiasts, exclaiming with one voice, "Allah is wonderful!" poured in, dragging down the curtain.

CHAPTER V.

AFTER DINNER AT MISSERI'S.

It had been a day of liquid fire, in which I had had, for my sins, seven hours' bathing. This purgatorial endurance was called, I believe, "sight-seeing." We had been to St. Sophia's, and all the little mosques that great bird has hatched: we had been up and down over the rough stones of Stamboul's hilly street; and since Misseri's gorging breakfast of six courses, we had tasted nothing but three hatfuls of grapes, a barrow load of figs, and several pailfuls of currant sherbet. We had dined as hungry and tired men do, silently. Now, as the claret cup went round, and the great German traveller Dickerkopf filled a saucer with brandy, set fire to it, and lit his cigar, our tongues began to loosen, and lo! we talked. Of many stories told that night, the following sketch of the Austrians at Milan, told by a young English engineer, interested me most, and I write it out now from memory:—

"Two years ago," he said, "I set out alone from Balham Hill to spend my autumn in Italy.

"I took the nearest way over the Simplon, after a short, cooling, icy glimpse of Switzerland, to Milan, the great capital of Lombardy, and whence our first bankers and pawnbrokers, as my excellent friend the editor of *Notes and Queries* assures me, first came. From the barren snows round the Simplon hospice we tore down the passes, our diligence horses crowned with chesnut boughs, to Duomo d'Ossola, where, when I saw brown, half-clothed men munching melons at street corners, I exclaimed with rapture, 'I am at last in Italy!'

"The next night, *viâ* Lago Maggiore, I got to Milan, through fat dark plains starry with fireflies, and through a night air hoarse with frogs. As the diligence swept into Milan through clouds of powdery white dust, I caught, on my way to the hotel, moonlight glimpses of the great white marble cathedral, with its silvered pinnacles fine as so much goldsmith work, stretching up towards heaven. . . . .

"And now, from the dark hush of the outer square, with its sky full of all violet depths of dimness, and spangled thick as the imperial robe of Charlemagne with jewel stars, I turned into the Caffè del Duomo, in the great square of the cathedral. A moment ago I stood in the square looking up at the blue darkness above me, as a diver might view the sea above his head, the stars standing for such phosphorescent sparks as light the surf of the Mediterranean when it breaks in harmless flame along a midnight shore.

I was communing with the spirits of the sky. Merely by passing through the open glass folding-doors of the caffè, my eyes were suddenly dazzled by a jangle of light, my ears by a Babel of voices. The waiters—Pierrots—were every one in black evening dress, or in their tight-fitting, black, ballet dancing-trousers and their thin yellow jackets. The place was full of Austrian officers in their spotless white uniforms, faced and turned down with mazarin blue and cherry colour; their heavy steel-sheathed cavalry swords, tasseled and knotted with white pipe-clayed leather, rested on chairs, hung near them on the wall beside their cocked-hats, or clashed as they moved insolently along the white-and-black tiled floor of the caffè. It was a wonderful change from the darkness and almost mournful hush of the outer square, roofed by the black blue sky, where the white marble Duomo showed only by ghastly glimmers through the darkness.

"I threw myself on a long settee that lined the wall, within convenient reach of the little immoveable round marble table on which some empty coffee-cups stood, and fell to study the Milanese. I soon forgot the outer darkness, where the great white shrine of marble, pale and wan, heaped up its little clear-cut casket pinnacles, fine-leafed and sharp, unto the lingering stars, that seemed to burn like angels' watch-fires on their highest cresting peaks, and plunged myself, with the relish and abandonment of

a traveller courting forgetfulness and pleasure, in the maze of crystalled lights that the great mirrors on the walls echoed and repeated till they seemed to lengthen into avenues and corridors of yellow lamps, repeating, too, the white uniforms, and the plumed hats, and the fair flaxen moustaches, and the swords and the mazarins and the cherry colours, till the place seemed the banquet-hall of the whole white-coated Austrian army: the waiters who moved about among the crowd standing for orderlies or aides-de-camp. Glimpses of side rooms showed groups of patient subalterns with small ground-plans of black-and-white dominoes before them, and each with his small redoubt of conquered pieces thrown up behind his line of battle; from other doorways leading into inner rooms I heard the roll and clashing dry rattle of the red and white billiard balls on the green cloth, luminous in the orbing lamplight.

"It was some time before my pleased eye could take in the various elements of this animated scene; but, as my eye grew calmer, I found that the occupants of this caffè—like all the Milanese caffès I had seen — could easily be divided into three sections: Austrian officers, Milanese citizens, and the landlord (the padrone) and his busy staff of waiters.

"There—at a sort of idealized bar built up with ice-tins, massy coffee-cups, trays for change, lemonade-bottles, little receptacles for sugar, and silvery clear

tumblers of water, which the Italians drink to correct the biliousness and heat of coffee—sat the landlord, playing legerdemain tricks with silver coins, hauling in and dealing out copper change; and there were the waiters in perpetual ebb and flow, bringing in empty cups, or loading trays with smoking cupfuls for expectant sour-faced Austrian captains. The padrone looked like a male Fortune, distributing gifts and favours, as he tore asunder rolls, or filled up small decanters of clarety Chiavenna wine. The Milanese citizens there was no mistaking, with their gay, flippant, uneasy manner, and their dark pale faces, rather effeminate in character. Each had his little paper flag or newspaper fastened to a strop handle; each his smoking fragrant coffee-cup, tray of sugar, and tumbler of water. Some, on their marble circles, were excavating the strawberry ice's melting rose; some discoursed with frivolous enthusiasm about the last song or the opera; others, with bows of greeting or departing, courteously meant for the entire company, worked in and out of the swinging door. Amongst them, however, I saw a few of our own brave English, honest red-and-whites, contrasting with the pale olive of the Milanese. Then there was a Dutchman, in white hat, and with vacant, light blue eyes; there were some couriers, with side letter-pouches; some spies and bearded Americans; and some Prussians, bearded and all a-stare.

"But in all the Milanese I saw one predominant,

irrestrainable feeling of alarm, distrust, and concealed hatred for their conquerors. They sat away from the officers; who eyed them with contemptuous defiance, which, though only conveyed by the eyes, was as insolent as if a sword-hilt had been touched or a pistol cocked. Yes, here I was seeing the old story—the old quarrel from the old cause—the injured hating because they were injured, the injurer hating because he knew that he was hated. Here were the Saxon and Norman, the Russian and Circassian, the Tartar and the Chinaman over again. Let a drunken man shout out a word, and death in a moment would certainly be in our midst. There was not a gesture or motion of either the black-coated Milanese or the white-clad Austrians but was significant of hatred. If the glass door opened and an itinerant blind guitar-player came in, led by a ragged boy, and groped about each of the tables for alms—for 'qualche cosa,' for 'the little money,' for 'the very small money, for the love of Heaven'—the surly Austrians would go on in their knots with their guard-room talk, and pay no heed to the old man's misery, unless some young curled darling of the Vienna drawing-rooms might pull down his great trailing flaxen moustaches and throw a curse—a 'Potztausend' or 'Henker'—at the old grey-head; or a fat general, padded and stiff with pride and insolence, twist round his ponderous steel sword, so that it flapped against the beggar and

warned him off; and as sure as this happened, when the old man, completing his itinerary, reached the Milanese tables, he would be received with words of kindness and sympathy, and trays of change would be poured into his hat with a kindly 'God be with you!' If an Italian accidentally knocked a sugar tray off his table, or clashed a spoon unseemingly loud, or even kept a paper too long, there were instantly a dozen fierce Austrian eyes turned devouringly upon him: not for long, for that would have implied interest, but with a hasty, insolent, martinet scornfulness that seemed to augur danger to the citizen whom insult or threat could goad into a duel or into some overt act of rebellion.

"Nor were the Italians one whit behind in demonstrating their scorn and hatred for the Tedesci—the Goths. If a white-coat entered with a more than usual swagger, or with any tendency to vinous gaiety, there was no defying laugh, or hiss, or circulating joke. Still the Italian heads would certainly bend closer together, and when the heads separated, there was a very malign and vexatious smile on the features of them all. If an Austrian dropped his hat, or swept off a glass with his heavy white gloves, out came the stinging smile again. On neither side was there an absence of restraint, though the Austrians bore the surveillance defiantly, the Italians apprehensively. The landlord inclined to neither party; but, perhaps, on the whole, he was a little

too obsequious to that truculent, heavy-jawed Austrian general, alone at the table to the left, balancing his spoon on the edge of his thick white coffee-cup, from which a soft fragrant steam rose, like the smoke from a gun, around his close iron-grey hair, and his lined and stubborn brow.

"All these signs of the antipathy of races I took in very slowly, refreshing myself at times with the kindly scraps of Italian greetings that kept flowing round and round me. I liked to hear the 'Buona notte,' the 'Grazia' of the waiters, and the solemn 'Addio.' I had got tired of the fops, the fools, and slaves who keep Italy enslaved, prating away of the Scala news, and of how many hearts Piccolomini had won or lost since yesterday; and I was glad to see some sheer human nature, though it might be an unpleasant aspect of it.

"My eyes had nearly worked through every covert in the room, when I heard a stern cough—a severe martinet's cough—drowning for a moment the waiters' high-pitched, mechanical, abbreviated cries to the idealized bar of 'Una tazz', col lat!' 'Caffè nero, Numero Tre!' 'Una tazz'!' I found the cough proceeded from a cruel-looking, hard-featured Austrian general sitting by himself at 'Numero Due,' in a quiet corner lying at my back. It required no great discernment to see he was an officer in high command, for there was a buzz among the subalterns as he entered; and now, as I turned again

to look at him, I saw a private soldier go up to him and deliver him an official-looking sealed packet.

"'Some Italian fellow's death-warrant,' said a young officer near me, who, chalking the end of a cue, had just come in from the adjacent billiard-room to exchange a joke and chat with a friend of another regiment, who was laughing, with two or three more flaxen-haired Austrians, over the Scala play-bill.

"'Look how he signs the beast's dismissal to heaven,' said the theatre-goer, turning round towards the general.

"The general, who had called for pen and ink, was signing his name slowly a letter at a time, with sips of his coffee and a *petit doigt* of cognac between each stroke. The fact was, that this thick-headed tyrant of the mess-room, who was now with such *nonchalance* signing the death-warrant of a poor Italian, had been promoted from the ranks for his severities in Hungary, and could not write with any very great facility. The Italians scowled when they saw him write, for the rumour had gone round the caffè that poor Luigi was to be shot to-morrow at ten o'clock in the Piazza della Fontana. The general, who did not do things without a reason, had probably some motive, known only to his own dark stern mind, in thus insultingly and openly signing this death-warrant of a brave man. The neatly-dressed citizens in black, with their varnished boots, spotless gloves, twirling canes,

and paper flags, grew more silent than ever, and talked in even a lower whisper.

"Yet, now and then, a tongue more daring than the rest would shoot out as if merely at some waiter's carelessness; or one, biting his red lip white, would call angrily to the waiter for some chocolate, with a voice that seemed to want the accompaniment of a blow to give it full effect. I knew well all these symptoms of suppressed rage, being of a smouldering nature myself.

"Besides, did I not know that in this very city, not more than a year or two before, the streets, the wide squares—such free breathing-places for bloody whirlwinds of grape-shot; the shady, narrow defiles of streets, such snug passes for barricades of riflemen—had been swilled with Austrian and Italian blood, meeting and uniting—but only after death? Had I not been shown the quiet little street with the grated windows, looking so peaceful and calm in half sunshine, half shadow, where, but a few short months before, there had arisen a belching volcano of fire, delicate, tender women throwing their children out of their arms to go and drag out their very pianos and harps on the heads of the cruel Austrian soldiers? Had not these very white-coats fired at the crowds in churches, chopped down inoffensive children, bayoneted old men, murdered women with lacerating whips: in a word, committed all the cruelties of the old Croat and the modern Cossack? Had not the

very streets outside echoed with their bullying cannon, and the insolent trample of the horses of their hussars? Had not these quiet, subtly feeling Italians—so passionate in love and hate, so retentive of kindness, of injury, with such a great past behind them to rouse their rage, and such a great possible future before them to excite their hope—had they not had fathers shot, and mothers cleft down, and children piked, and brothers trodden to bloody mud, by the very men in white who sat yonder with all the defying pride of conquerors, sipping their coffee and burning away their reed cigars with all the idle luxury of soldiers resting from their toil of blood? Why, I could see even now in every face a smile of pleasure at the vexation the coming fate of the Milan patriot Luigi seemed to give the loungers in the caffè of the cathedral square. Every now and then, the constraint of silence, so deep that you might almost hear the gray ash of the cigar fall, and that the spirt of a match sounded in it like the click of a rifle, was broken by some handsome young Austrian hussar sweeping his fingers through the great curving flaxen moustache, which, soft and golden, swept up nearly to his cheekbones, and hoarsely whispering, with a husky laugh, something about the 'verdammter spitzbube,' by which I knew he meant Luigi, even if he had not, as he spoke, given a sneering and sweeping look down the opposite row of sullen Italian faces, across whose brows you could

see the glance passing, as if it was a sabre slash, and had left on each a wound.

"I was thinking of leaving Milan, being off to Verona on the morrow to meet the celebrated Two Gentlemen; I was, on my way, to call upon Shylock in Venice, and Petruchio in learned Padua, hoping to get round by Milton's Vallombrosa, and not to leave Italy without seeing poor Keats's grave, out by the walls near the old Appian Way at Rome. I had stared till my eyes were tired, the caffè was getting blue and vapoury with smoke, and I felt so anti-Austrian that I longed to get to my quiet hotel bedroom, and there spout Smollett's fine 'Ode to Liberty,' and rail at the Germans at my ease, when, glancing into an angle of the room to the left of the general, in the nook formed by the entrance to the billiard-room, perhaps the quietest and least obtrusive spot in the whole caffè, I saw a face—such a face! Good God! what a living open-air hell earth may be to some men!—to men who walk with graves gaping round them, to whom every wall is a mosaic of tombstones, to whom the sun seems black, and flowers and blue sky are hateful, and loving women and tender angel children are things to shake the fist at, in the hopelessness and bitterness of unchanging misery and despair! This was the face of such a purgatorial man—a living heart dumb: his eyes were rayless; his pale, bloodless lips were clenched together immovably, like those of a strong, stoical

man under the surgeon's knife; no part of his waxen face moved but his eyes—his eyes! shall I ever forget them? — his restless, bloodshot eyes, that swept over the room and prowled about suspiciously round every head: angrily on this one, indifferently on the other: but at last ever coming and focussing down, with basilisk, burning-glass power, on the same spot, the spot where the Austrian general sat writing, by the second lamp to the left, where a waiter, new to the place, with frightened hurry, was watching as he pretended to hover round the next unoccupied table, wiping away a recent coffee-stain and some gray cigar-ash, and bowing to the ground as he chanced to tread on the general's sweeping white cloak lined with red—a condescension for which the satrap repaid him with a stabbing look, which contained the venom and cruelty of ten courts-martial.

"The general had just finished his despatch to Vienna, probably describing with cold official exultation the successful arrest of the ringleaders of the thirty-fourth conspiracy in Milan that year; he had with a flare and melting blot duly sealed the imposing document with a heavy black sepulchral seal, when an officer, stepping with a bow from the next table, advanced and took the despatch, and, as he took it, turned to the corner where the mysterious man I have mentioned sat, and pointed him out with his white glove to his commanding officer. I was so near that I could hear what he said:—

"'General Hassenpflug, that miserable dog you see there in the corner is the brother of the rogue we shoot to-morrow.'

"'Indeed,' said the general, smiling condescendingly, and twirling the glove he had not yet put on by one finger. He then tapped his shelving grey brow, bit his glove, and whispered to the orderly, who, taking off his shako, passed round the tables, and, with a whisper handed it, as if for some charitable collection, to the various groups of officers. Some laughed, and threw in a cigar or a libretto book; others tossed in half a dozen lire; one gave two gold pieces; others three or four silver crowns. The orderly bowed as each put in his contribution, and brought the jingling hatful back to the general, who, humming 'Buona Sera,' the good-night song from the *Barber of Seville*, waited for it, beating time with his foot, impatiently. I could see that he detected the character of every contributor by the alms, and by the manner in which it was given; I could see the sneer and smile, alternating light and shadow, in his face. He did not change a muscle, however, as the orderly brought him the hat, but he quietly lighted a cigar with a match that shed an orange glow on his fingers, and then, turning to the orderly, ran his hand through the money contemptuously, dropping the handful he raised back into the hat. His face seemed to say, 'This is, perhaps, a foolish bit of charity of mine, and is rather hard on the young subs, who

have given a quarter's pay to win my good-will; but *ohne zweifel* it is well saved from billiards, vingt-et-un, taverns, and lorettes.' He beckoned the orderly with his finger.

"The orderly came; the general whispered in his ear. The orderly instantly stepped forward in a dignified way, to show that he was not accustomed to run errands, and asking the waiter for a handkerchief, poured the coins into it; then, without knotting the ends, simply gripped them together; and now, with every eye in the room, including the imperturbable general's, on him, he advanced to the poor Italian in the corner, who lay heedless of everything, with his head on the table hid in his cloaked hands; with a few curt military words that did not reach my ear, he flung down the money before him on the table. He could not have said with clearer contempt, 'This is an alms,' if he had struck the man as he gave it.

"In the hush that followed this unusual act of generosity in the general (the general, by-the-by, gave nothing), I could hear the landlord say to his head-waiter,—

"'Poor Giacomo, this Austrian money will be useful to him; for all the family farm was confiscated on Monday when Luigi was found guilty.'

"The man did not lift up his head. He must be asleep.

"'Wake him!' said the general, gruffly, as if he was giving orders to fire a battery.

"The orderly shook him. That moment, sudden

as a fire, the man leaped up, and, with demoniac rage, flung the money on the floor. How he stamped on it, spitting as he stamped! Then kicking it, so that the money flew in a running and rolling mass about the room, clicking against sword-sheaths, or jarring against iron-legged tables, he sat down as before, gazing vacantly at the opposite wall. There was a buzz of angry voices, and one or two swords were half drawn; but the colonel, waving them back, advanced alone towards him. There was a dangerous revulsion from vacancy to a deadly serpentine intelligence in the eyes of the Italian as he advanced. It seemed to me that he could with difficulty restrain himself from rushing forward and stabbing the Austrian; but he only bit his lip harder than ever, and waited for his arrival, rolling himself up in his cloak.

"'Gentlemen, silence,' cried the colonel; 'this is a case for the hospital, not for the guard-room.' Then (advancing and laying his glove on the shoulder of Luigi's brother) he added, in a rough whisper, that passed through the whole room, 'We have our eyes upon you. Take care!'

"The man spurned his shoulder from him. The colonel merely smiled cruelly, paid his reckoning, and strode to the door. 'These,' thought I, 'are the fruits of oppression. These are the crimson blossoms of one bad man's ambition.' At that moment, as the colonel's thick-gloved hand touched the brass knob of the door, a distant but swift grow-

ing crescendo of military music made us all forget the sullen Italian, and drew our whole attention to the Cathedral Square.

"Every night those hated white coats defiled through the conquered city of the Viscontis and of Leonardo da Vinci, with drums and music, with great gilded lanterns borne on poles, and half a mile of glittering, slanting bayonets—half a mile of bronzed, defying faces, knowing they were scowled at and hated—half a mile of drilled Austrians, with flaxen moustaches and white coats. First down the side street by the cathedral came spots of white and yellow—then dashes of red feathers or flowing flags lighted by swinging lights—then a racing mob, widening, widening to broad lines of stern white men, with a bristling roof of bayonets, marching defiantly, with that peculiar rigidity and stern forward look that is so insulting and so self-conscious—nearer, through clouds of dust, nearer, with tramp even and measured, as of one vast many-footed machine, tramp, tramp, the one end of the half-mile, with feet rising as the feet of the other half come to the ground, a half-mile of white men moving on with a strong vermicular motion, like that of some white poisonous caterpillar escaped from a fat flour-bin, and passing on to some more dangerous form of existence: what a contrast to those gay opera tunes and opera marches, the stern faces under the bayonets lighted by fitful gleams of lantern light; the scowling faces of the

crushed-up citizens, who cower, driven up in doorways, to look and curse!

"I went home as the colonel took horse at the door for his suburban barracks, and, just as the procession faded away down a side street, playing a beautiful fairy waltz by Strauss, I got my key from the porter, undressed quickly, said a short prayer for England, and threw myself under my gauzy counterpane. I fell down into a dream as into a well. I fancied myself in a cathedral, strewn with kneeling Italians. I bowed before the cross under the coloured shade of those giant windows of the Duomo. Suddenly the priests threw off their cloth-of-gold robes and appeared as Austrian generals, the chorister boys with the censers were as quickly transformed to drummers, muskets were handed over from behind the great silver cross and jewelled altar, as the slaughter began. The people rushed to the doors; the bullets ploughed through them; then a darkness rose, a chilling, stifling dread mingled with my dreams—a sense of rage, and yet more of fear, of struggle, of dread and apprehension. My heart beats so loud I can hear nothing else—beat—beat—it pulses like a parchment drum. It comes upon me—there are drums somewhere below. The windows are open—it is an early review. I look at my watch on the table—just six. I rise—drums nearer. I throw back the green Venetian blinds—the sun pours in as I look out over the balcony. Austrian drums!—

here they come! A great shining slant of glistening bayonets and white coats defile past. Drums, drums, drums! vibrant and threatening—fainter—fainter—out of sight—fainter.

"I ring the bell; I hear my boots clumped down outside, and call the waiter.

"'What are those drums?'

"'Austrian demonstration,' he says, 'signor mio. Terrible news. General Hassenpflug was found last night, at about eleven and a half, just outside the Porta Vercellina, on the road to his Vercelli villa, stark dead, shot through the heart, and on the white vineyard wall, over his battered head, was written by some bloody finger, "VIVA L'ITALIA!"'

"Immediately I thought of those watchful eyes. I dressed, and thought.

"When I came downstairs into the coffee-room, I asked the waiter, who was tripping about adjusting the breakfast-tables, if there were any suspicion of the murderer, and if he knew at what hour the murder was committed.

"'They say, signor mio, that the murderer is the brother of the Luigi who was shot this morning at six; I believe the body was found at a quarter-past eleven.'

"I had left the caffè at ten."

So ended the story; and as we broke up for bed, I thought of my old friend Vaughan and his drum-story, and fell asleep, thinking how two men could have a dream so much alike.

CHAPTER VI.

OVER IN SCUTARI.

We had come in a dozen boats, and were having a picnic luncheon in a public street at Scutari—a large party of us from Misseri's. If I remember right, that open-air entertainment was held at the doors of a coffee-shop close to a plane-tree, not far from a mosque, and very near a fountain. Before us, on higher ground, rose Miss Nightingale's hospital, with its enormous broadside of windows, its towers, and flag-staff; and to us, looking down upon the blue radiance of the Bosphorus, came parchment pulsations from the drums of two Turkish regiments at that moment reviewing on the distant parade-ground that borders on the great cemetery where the dead feed the cypresses, and, in return, the cypresses feed the dead.

Our staff of interpreters were dispersed in various directions, borrowing seats for the ladies, or buying fruit and bread; the coffee-man was blowing his black charcoal crimson; the wild dogs were sniffing about expectantly; and one or two Circassian boys

with axes at their belts, who seemed to take us for street jugglers, were eyeing us from a corner street, where some boatmen stood waiting for hire and some horse-boys and Turkish gossips squatted, expecting the hour of prayer.

As for Rocket, with one eye glazed in, giving the other an unfinished, rather helpless look, he was bargaining in wrangling Turkish for a lapful of dead purple figs, one or two of which showed red clefts and inner embroideries of pearl-like seeds. Windybank, forgetting the Great Chimborazo Railway just for one moment, was ordering thimblefuls of burning black coffee and a hat-boxful of sticky, opaque gold grapes, half of them at least desiccated by the sun's heat into cold-blue raisins, and none the worse for that. I was procuring rings of bread, stuck over with sesame and coriander seeds. One of the dragomans was getting water from the fountain, and Dr. Legoff was arranging the low square stools for Miss Hooper, the Reverend Mrs. Butt, and Lady Quiveller. Kibobs, cooking on little weathercock upright spits, that turn ingeniously with the wind, there were none here; so we had to put up with fruit, and a great deal of it indeed we "hid," as Rocket truly remarked. To see Antonio, the dragoman, with three parasols under his arm, besides several guide-books and riding-whips, carrying a bunch of grapes that could not for length have been got in an ordinary man's hat, reminded me of the spies coming

from Eschol. To mark Lady Quiveller, with her lapful of figs and peaches, like Titian's nymphs, did one really good. To observe Miss Hooper, serving a melon as large as a human head, was to witness a pretty Amazonian feat of strength. It was amusing too to notice the reckless manner of every one, and the way we fed the wild dogs with huge missiles of eleemosynary bread. It was amusing to see the Turks nearly let their chibouks go out, in utter astonishment at our wild peals of laughter, like so many Der Freischutz choruses. Indeed, though the meal was as impudent a proceeding as it would be to attempt to give a public dinner in a Fleet Street doorway, it seemed to us, in our supreme good spirits then, quite natural and proper. Every one was telling stories of the war and of Miss Nightingale's devotion and power of government, when Rocket volunteered a story about a man he knew—"Buster, a fellow in the Thirty-Third, father in some office or other, great card in engineering, and all that sort of thing, you know; we were down on the moors together, and were out one day, you know——"

Here the delightful, vigorous story of our young friend was interrupted by a shrill cry, as of some great bird soaring above our heads. We all gave a start, and looked up.

"It is the muezzin," said our dragoman; "he is calling to prayer."

Yes, there he was, on the first balcony of a mosque

minaret that rose at the street corner. I could not distinguish the words, but the cry went on, shrill, nasal, and chanted in a curious tone. I scarcely know the recipe for that odd cry, but I know that if you get hold of half a dozen Turkish words, and nasally chant them in a minor key, keeping to one note, but twisting it, and screwing it up and down, by shaking your head about, you get something like the effect the muezzin produced on me, breaking the hot silence of that Eastern suburban street, so silent but for our now subdued voices. First to the right, then to the left, of the high balcony the muezzin went and intoned his call to prayer; then disappearing behind the central shaft of the minaret, you heard his voice on the other side muffled and more distant. Instantly the Turks fell on their knees and murmured the responses, as though a vision had appeared to warn them of Heaven's vengeance.

"Why, I see that fellow," said Rocket, speaking of the muezzin in the abstract, "every sundown when I go to have my smoke on the flat roof at Misseri's. He comes out suddenly of his little dog-kennel door the moment the evening gun fires. I often long to pot him, he is such a tempting shot with a rifle. What those fellows do it for I never could make out. But to go on with my story. I and Buster were one day disputing about which shot hardest, a Manton or an Egg; so said I, 'Buster, I don't often bet, but for once I'll take a fiver that I'll

go out to-morrow deer-stalking in the Gilliewassel country and bring home more than you do in two days on the MacCash side of Lord Tillietudlems.' To which Buster in his way——"

But here Rocket's vigorously languid voice was completely drowned by Windybank, who had been requested by the ladies, *unâ voce*, to explain the origin of this call to prayer, which he was doing by quoting the Mahometan tradition on which it was founded.

"It appears," said he, going on intrepidly in spite of Rocket screwing in his eyeglass and looking at him like an operating surgeon on a commission *de lunatico*—"it appears that the Prophet when at Medina could never find any means of bringing his disciples together punctually at the 'homas,' or hour of prayer. Flags were proposed, but they had been defiled by war; bells were rejected, because the Christians used them; fire was detestable, because of its being an object of idolatry with the Persians; and as for trumpets, they had been long employed by the Jews. The meeting broke up, as other meetings have broken up, without deciding anything; but that night an angel clothed in green appeared to Abdullah-ibn-Zeid-Abderize, and told him that prayer should henceforth be proclaimed in a loud voice from a house roof, as we have just heard it."

Rocket here broke in: "'So, Buster,' said I, 'you

take Donald and Sandie, and I'll go bail that, with Angus and Malcolm, I bring you——'"

"But what was it the creature said?"

"What, Buster?" said Rocket.

"Buster, no!" said Lady Quiveller, quite angrily; "but the muzzling, as I think, Mr. Windybank, you called him."

Windybank, with the slightest touch of pedantry in the world, here quavered out a whole string of Turkish sentences.

"Oh, but do translate them for my note-book!" said Miss Hooper.

"Certainly," said Windybank, with a master-of-the-ceremonies bow. "The call, your ladyship, runs in the following manner, as near as I can give it in the vernacular:—

"'Most high God!—most high God!—most high God! I acknowledge that there is no other, except God—I acknowledge that there is no other, except God. I acknowledge that Mahomet is the prophet of God. Come to prayer!—come to prayer! Come to the temple of salvation! Great God!—great God! There is no god but God!'"

"Thank you—thank you," smiled the ladies.

Windybank resumed: "This call is the same at all the five canonical periods except in the morning, when the muezzin adds, 'Prayer is better than sleep—prayer is better than sleep.' The muezzin is required to speak evenly and distinctly, slowly and

gravely. He stands with a finger in each ear, and his face turned to Mecca, till he comes to the words, 'Come to prayer—come to the temple of salvation.' He then turns his face right and left as if addressing all nations of the world, and then those below, whether in shop or street, instantly repeat, in a low voice, the Tehlill: 'There is no strength, no power, but what is in God; in that supreme being—in that powerful being.' A fine pious fellow is the pure old Turk—religion entering into every act of his life."

"When I went up the Nile," said Rocket, "duck-shooting with Buster, we called one of our sailors 'the pious Mussulman,' because he used to wake us every morning plumping down on his knees on the deck over our heads. No slanging could make him alter. Buster used——"

I think nothing human could here have prevented Rocket from launching again into his deer-stalking story, had not I now proposed that the ladies should be put into a gorgeous vermilion and gamboge araba, while we took horses, which are always ready by dozens at all landing-places, and rode to the top of the low hill-like mountain that rises above Scutari, and commands a view of the Sea of Marmora, the Bosphorus, and indeed all the Sick Man's city.

The horses came round us: such a collection!—stiff-legged, crook-legged, everything but wooden-

legged—yet some with traces of blood and breed, and evidently bought, at the close of the war, from English officers; for Constantinople still runs over with English spoil, and I was told horses and saddles went for nothing, and were all but given away when the English embarked.

This time, unluckily for our happiness and physical well-being, there were no English saddles but one, and that Windybank instantly secured with delightful unconsciousness. I forgot my own misery when I saw Rocket's frozen stare through his eyeglass—so close that he almost touched it—at the huge Turkish cradle of a saddle, with the arched foot-scraper stirrups, which he had to mount and use. He, the pride of Rotten Row, the flower of Piccadilly, the idol of the Park, to be buried in a saddle that drove him nose forward on the horse's mane, and with stirrups hung so far behind that he had to crook his knees like a tailor out for a Sunday, while all the ladies, shaking about in the araba (pretty, sarcastic Miss Hooper and all), forgot the breaking of their own bones in laughing at his horrified mouth and agonized eyebrows! As for me, I had got a white horse that never went at any other pace than a jolting, contradictory, vexatious trot, which no one could keep time to; a ghastly horse, with faded mulberry velvet trappings, of all things in the world, and head ornaments of rough blue beads and little shells that looked like hollow teeth, and which

gave a tawdry strolling-actor look to our cavalcade, that made Rocket very indignant.

"Beast would not sell for ten pounds at Tatt's," he kept calling out to me.

Off we went, a laughing cavalcade, the Greek horse-boys running at our sides, patting the chargers, or goading them on just like the donkey-boys nearer home, on a sad errand. We were bound to the English burial-ground on the height, where the white tombstones glimmer across the sea, beacons of death. First galloping over the parade-ground that lies beyond the hospital, away we went, the araba leaping and creaking and tumbling like a ship in a heavy sea; the ladies groaning and laughing, the gentlemen riders denouncing Turkish saddles, and the Mameluke mode of riding that Horace Vernet makes such play with in his great panoramic showman's pictures. Oh, had Horace ever ridden on the Mameluke saddle, how could he take such pleasure in painting it?

I thanked Heaven very fervently when we had effected our dangerous ride over that parade-ground outside the barracks, cleft as it was by thirsty crevices, just large enough to snap a horse's leg above the knee. Rocket dropped his hat, Windybank his whip; I made several Curtius plunges, otherwise we escaped tolerably. But as for forcing the horses near the Turkish conscript regiments, with the red and white flags and the glistening bayonets that we

wanted to inspect, you might as well have tried to go fox-hunting on an earthquake.

On subduing our speed, and after falling into a compact body-guard round the tormented araba, we turned to the right, and all dismounted at the hospital wall, close to the gate of the English burial-ground, which was opened for us by a goatherd who was watching our movements, greedy of backsheesh.

It was here, day after day, that during the war, gay arabas came laden with corpses sewn up merely in canvas. Here ten thousand men and officers (fifty a day) were buried in the dry earth, within sight of the huge hospital that then sent up its groanings to Heaven day and night through a thousand windows, as if it were some great suffering monster bewailing its fate—here, where the brown grasshoppers now leaped in the burning sunshine, and the quick lizards shot carelessly in and out the cracks in the graves. Below the earth cliffs the sea spread, blue and glistening, and the black porpoises were tumbling in awkward mirth, practising somersaults, like rustic clowns dully imitating the successful acrobat. It was just like an English churchyard, with its row of mounds and table-tombs, its square slabs and decent trimness; though the dry grass was scorched, and there were domes and minarets shining across the golden water.

It was a very silent spot, that treeless churchyard, with its scorched grass, and dry cakey earth cracked

with the heat. It was out of hearing of the horrible Chinese band of the Turks who were thumping and clashing out their tuneless Battle of Prague music in the great yellow barracks. It was far from the great dusty Armageddon of a parade-ground, where the mean little soldiers were manœuvring their shaky and irresolute bayonets that glistened mischievously in the distance. The muezzin had intoned his call, and was silent in his minaret for another two or three hours. The splash of the porpoises could be seen but not heard, out yonder in the blue sea. Stamboul's domes and minaret-spires slumbered in a dream of light. It was the far east, and yet we seemed in England, for our brave countrymen rested under our feet; the piebald butterflies skimming over them, looking for the speckled purple crocuses that grow thickly in the Turkish cemeteries among the stone turban, but not here.

The wondering goatherd watched us as we passed along the top of the earthy cliff, and read with tender interest the renowned names upon the table-tombs, and the upright slabs of humbler men; for here, colonels and sergeants, and hospital nurses and poor soldiers' wives, were silently encamped in horrible forgetfulness of their very different social position. Here an officer, who fell in that valley of Death at Balaklava; there a soldier who had smouldered away from camp fever.

I sat down on the second tomb I came to, frightening

away a dozen huge brown grasshoppers large as locusts, that suicidally hopped over the cliff into the sea, and startling a few quick-turning lizards; having rested for a moment, I felt quite a shudder when, getting up and looking at the dead man's name, I saw it was that of an old neighbour of mine in England, a brave lad who, beaten down at the Redan, fell maimed and pierced, into the ditch, yet, after hours of suffering, would not allow himself to be carried from the field till some private soldiers, who had been worse wounded than himself, had been attended to.

Some of the tombs were mere wooden slabs—enlarged tallies, such as gardeners mark their seeds with —and already gray and cracked by the fiery heat of the Turkish sun that falls so angrily on these unsheltered cliffs. I observed, too, that some of the more costly marble tombs, though evidently erected at great expense, had the inscriptions shallowly cut, and bore clear tokens of being the work of mercenary strangers, doing their grudged labour badly and hastily. A few summers, and that marble would be smooth as the slab still in the quarry; the letters would be gone, and the graves nameless ones.

Nor was this the only thing that chilled me. As for Rocket and Co., they chatted and made quite a pleasant morning of it, telling how Colonel So-and-So, who lay here, was a dead hand at pool, and Captain Thingumbob a cursed good shot at pigeons —the whole cemetery had such a raw new air about

it. The new planted shrubs were limp with heat; the acacias were withering, and the newly dug earth of part of the inclosure gave it the aspect of a newly laid down nursery-garden. A little tool-shed at one corner of the turnpike-gate entrance, built out of a packing-case, directed in staring white paint "Captain Turner, R. E.," seemed, too, to flash a thousand scenes of Crimean misrule at once before my eyes.

Nor did I enjoy that hideous Marochetti testimonial that, standing humbly back by the cemetery wall, rears its hideous dulness to heaven, with its school-girl angels and its Pagan Copticisms of stone and granite stamped on each of its polyglotic sides, with the royal arms that look like so many bad shillings nailed to a baker's counter. If ever those three letters, *job*, were ever stamped over every square inch of a monument, they are on that blunder of the clever Piedmontese.

Many stories of Miss Nightingale, and her calm, stern heroism and devotion, that despised all romantic adjuncts, were told as we left that mournful burial-place to go and lunch at a Perote merchant's house: how she stopped all senseless disputes between ministers of different religions; how she broke nobly through all routine; how she prevented the doctors quarrelling; how she set romantic ladies whose steadfastness she distrusted to unromantic work at the wash-tub; how the bad and selfish feared her; and how all others loved her, and would have shed

their blood for her a hundred times over; how burly giant soldiers, monsters of ferocity and sensuality, grew calm as summer sky when they saw her starry lamp moving at night down the corridor; how the rude orderlies almost wept to see her and the other sisters wasting their lives away to watch the beds of the dying what time the passages of the hospital were piled with dead, and the groans and screams went up as from a vast field of battle. And could it be, then, without a sense of awe that we visited that great hospital, hallowed by such scenes, and that in our imagination we peopled its long corridors again with those writhing myriads, and that one calm, holy, angelic face, radiant with consolation sent from heaven?

Then, tearing ourselves away, we spurred off for the great hill behind Scutari, tearing up roads more like rutted country lanes than anything else, and, passing some bullock waggons glittering with steel ornaments, rode up the mount, where the stone pines were of such a vivid green, where the orange sand of the paths contrasted so pleasantly with the purple bloom of heath, and the yellow crocuses, and the bushes of dwarf prickly oak, and the black pillars of cypresses, whose trunks the shepherds' fires had hollowed out. From here we looked down into the sandy valley, where the Syrian caravan road wound, and where a string of camels were then pacing. From there we saw Olympus,

helmeted with snow, and the islands of the Propontis, trailing like broken necklaces across the sea of melting sapphire.

* * * * *

Imagine us now invading the house of the Perote merchant in a scrambling, reckless way. We were in an Eastern-looking room, furnished in a European way, and looking out on a fountained garden. The merchant had gone to Stamboul by the steamer. His wife and daughter received us with warm hospitality, not chilled even by Rocket's chair giving way, and his coming down on a huge setter that happened to be under it; but the long interval between the rice pillaf and the kibobs and pale ale, convinced me there was something wrong.

The fact was, we afterwards found, that the whole house was in confusion and alarm, for that morning the Croat gardener, a bad-tempered ruffian, who had already murdered two people, had been pursuing the groom round the garden with his drawn sabre, and, on the guard coming to arrest him, had run up to them with two pistols, and dared them to touch him.

"But why not turn away the wretch?" I suggested, mildly.

"Because then," said the lady, "he would be sure to murder the groom, whereas now he may perhaps make it up; for if he did kill him, all he would have to do would be to pay some blood-

money to the relations. There was a poor man stabbed here last week for the sake of a few piastres. There is no safety for life in Constantinople with these horrid Turks."

I began to think there was not; for, the first week I came there, there was a man found shot in the Pera churchyard—some called it murder, and others suicide—and a day or two afterwards a Turk shot at a hammal in the open street.

Windybank, who has a theory, here said that the Turks were a fine race, and only wanted a little judicious management by the English ambassador to lead them to start banks, project companies, improve their roads, and so on.

"Stuff!" said Rocket; "what they want is transplantation into Asia Minor, and I only wish I had the kicking them there."

CHAPTER VII.

STORIES OF THE TURKISH HIPPODROME.

I SUPPOSE I had done something very wrong, or else the Turkish sun had a spite against me as a native of cold, foggy England, for he tried all he could that day to set me on fire; but, finding me incombustible, he gave up the attempt, and contented himself with scorching my white Panama hat the rich coffee-coloured brown that a meerschaum pipe turns when mellowed by long smoking.

I was bound for the Atmeidan or Great Hippodrome of Constantinople, the site of the old chariot-races in the times of the early Greek emperors (532–600 A.D.), at once the Epsom Race-course and Rotten Row of the city of Constantine, that fair queen of the Bosphorus. I descended the crowded hill leading down from Misseri's hotel at Pera, and crossed the bridge of boats that joins Stamboul to the Frank quarter. I stood for a moment to watch the toll-takers with the huge hour-glasses at their elbows, and the hideous plastered mendicants who, squatting by the gate-houses, shouted verses of the Koran at passers-by, whether negro eunuchs, rich pashas, porters

staggering under iron-banded bales, sturdy Turks with great crates full of live fowls on their heads, or wild-eyed mad fakirs swinging their pumpkin-rind dishes. I climbed up the hills caused by the bridge-road rising over the arches; I traversed the valleys of the same road, where it sank down again between the arches; and, escaping the heels of the line of hack-horses that are always waiting on the Turkish side of the bridge, I mounted through various narrow streets, up one of the seven hills, and soon, taking a turn to the right of St. Sophia, found myself in the Hippodrome.

The Atmeidan is not a square, but rather an oblong —a long, dusty strip of ground, with a mosque on one side, and flimsy houses on the other, covering much of that space which the forty chariots once traversed with fiery wheels, while Justinian and all the prelates and senators of Constantinople looked on from gilded balconies and silk-hung places of vantage. It is a lonely deserted spot now, very still and silent in the sunshine, far away from the crowded bazaars and the noisy coppersmith streets, from the baths and the coffee-shops; no sherbet-vendor pitches his stall there, no fruit-seller brings to it his unripe peaches, the eunuchs do not even come there to tame their fiery horses, nor do the veiled women walk there with their children. Where Belisarius and his veterans of the Persian and Illyrian wars slew thirty thousand rebels of the *Green* faction, in one of the great revolts caused

by a riot at a chariot-race, is now a dusty enclosure, seldom traversed but by chance water-carriers, some vagrant soldiers on their way to their barracks, or watchmen going to relieve guard at the great fire-tower which is not far off.

On the left-hand side of the Hippodrome runs the low wall, pierced with square gratings, which bounds the mosque of Achmed, above which some funereal cypresses and cheerful transparent planes rise with a refreshing sense of leafy growth that makes me at once a member of the Green faction, although the chariot-races have so long been over, and the Blue party exists no longer. I do not enter the mosque courtyard, because I know there will be nothing to see but a paved square, and a covered fountain in the middle, with a flutter of pigeons all round it, and some good-natured negress servants sitting at the gate laughing. Nor do I care just now to get under shelter of the cloisters, or to mount the marble steps of the entrance, and take off my boots to shuffle bare-footed about an empty mosque, where there is little to see but strings of lamps, some enormous pillars, each nearly as big as the Campanile at Florence, and some blue porcelain wainscoting. I know there will be a man asleep under the pulpit, and there is sure to be a tall English farmhouse clock in the doorkeeper's little railed-off enclosure. No! but I want to have a look at the great Egyptian granite obelisk of the Greek times that stands in the

centre of the Hippodrome, resting on a pedestal bossy with figures, and supported by four slabs of copper. I want also to see the curious twisted copper snake-pillar that tradition says came from Delphi, and the great temple of Apollo there; I want also to have a view of that curious toppling pile of stones, like the shell of a column, that the Turks tell me was once covered with bronze tablets, recording the names of the winners in the chariot-races, a theory which, if not true, is not unlikely. They are the three choicest relics of the old Greek empire, and are of extreme interest to any one but a Turk. Even a Greek boy I speak to kindles up as he approaches the last of the three pillars, and says that there is treasure under that old work, and that he wishes he had the pulling of it down. I suppose if this tradition has any truth in it at all, it refers only to the custom of placing coins under a foundation-stone, which I believe is of great antiquity.

Looking up the Atmeidan, and its plain of white powdery dust, you have on the left the low mosque wall, and on the other some dingy buildings painted Indian red, as Turkish houses frequently are built, like huge cigar-boxes, of slips of lathing-plank, thin as the substance of a match-box. The farthest of the three columns is that crumbling pile, said to have been once the record-pillar of the victorious drivers' names. It is now a mere dangerous, rickety heap of corroded stones, pierced with holes, to which the

nails of the bronze inscription-plates were once fastened. One looks and looks on it, and spins fancies; but to make the most of it, it is a mere nameless bit of vision, pointing no whither.

The nearest piece of antiquity is the obelisk, supported on its carved pedestal by four slabs of copper, green with verdigris, and sculptured with rows of hieroglyphics — hawk and beetle, water-bucket and guitar—clean cut and sharp as when first engraved. On the base are alto-reliefs of the coarse workmanship of the Lower Empire, representing some religious ceremonial. The bossy figures have a certain Roman air of strength about them, and interest us because we know that this obelisk was one of those numerous ones that adorned the spaces between the metæ or goals in the old Circus, which was 400 paces long and 100 broad. Luckily the Turks, who generally deface all graven images as idolatrous, have spared these squab figures of emperor and attendants, that have been here stolidly looking on and bearing patiently Time's swashing blows ever since 330 A.D., when Constantine dedicated New Rome, and guards carrying white tapers moved in solemn procession through this very Hippodrome, bearing a gilt statue of Constantine in a triumphal car.

But it is the central pillar of the Atmeidan—the smallest of the three—which most attracts us, on account of its indisputable antiquity, which even the

sceptical Gibbon confessed to be indubitable. It is the bronze serpent that once on triple heads (now destroyed) supported, in the temple of Delphi, the golden tripod that, after the defeat of Xerxes, was consecrated by the rejoicing Greeks. It was this very pillar that Mahomet II., when he rode into the conquered city, struck and defaced with his blood-stained battle-axe. He is said to have broken off the under-jaw of one of the serpent's heads; but he could not have severed so large a mass of bronze as now appears to be missing. There is a refinement about the work, mutilated as it is, that proclaims the wonderful Greek hand, so pliant and so creative; and I looked with wonder on this drift of time that had survived two great nations. It brought back to my mind Delphi, that I had lately visited, with its blue mountain-pass, and the strange cleft in the rock that you clamber up to, in the very bosom of precipices that would almost make a goat hesitate before he began the scramble. What it must have seen, could it speak, this tripod of bygone Apollo—what eddies of insurrection and sudden volcanoes of enraged fire, when the Blue drivers in the Circus triumphed over the Green, or when the Greens sprang, sword in hand, on their defeated rivals; what long trains of emperors, from bearded Julian and foppish Constantine, to the unhappy Greek, the last of the purple wearers; what scurries of chariots; what burning wheels flashing amid the troubled

dust! The Circus revolts, that so often set old Constantinople in flames, and deluged this very Hippodrome with hot blood, arose from quarrels that had originated in the charioteer-factions of Rome. Gibbon (who, by the by, makes a great many topographical mistakes about Stamboul) tells us they had been encouraged by Caligula, Nero, the wolf Caracalla, the monster Elagabalus, Vitellius the bloated, and the wicked Commodus, who all used to visit the stable, pet the winning horses, protect the Blues, or chastise the Greens. Theodoric himself had been obliged to protect the Greens against a patrician consul, who upheld the Blues at all risks. For centuries, the Whites, Reds, Blues, and Greens had swept round the Circus amid the shouts of a maddened people. The mystical and poetical choose to consider that these colours typified the four seasons, and that the Blue and Green represented the contest of earth and sea. Justinian supported the Blues, who were orthodox; while the Greens were Anastasians and Arians. These factions divided all the East between them, severed families, and filled the streets of Constantinople with murder and bloodshed. On one occasion, the Greens, concealing stones and daggers under baskets of fruit, murdered 3,000 of the Blues. On another, nearly all the city was burned, and 30,000 people fell by the sword of the Blues. We who see a torrent of coloured silks flash by us at a race, not caring particularly who wins, can scarcely

imagine the fury of those dissolute factions, when, for five years during Justinian's reign, the Blues, dressed as Huns with tight sleeves, flowing robes, and long hair, murdered whom they would, and at last broke out in the Nika seditions and the burning down of St. Sophia; or when the Greens crowned the patrician Hypatius, and were at last only put down by Belisarius with 300 Illyrian troops, bursting open the gates of the Hippodrome, and slaughtering all he could meet.

It was on a great festival of the Ides of January, 532, that at the twenty-second race the Emperor Justinian (a Blue) grew impatient at the continued clamour of the Greens, who complained of being persecuted and oppressed by his ministers Tribonian, and John of Cappadocia, the Præfect of Constantinople. Through a brazen-voiced crier, the emperor then stood up and carried on a most extraordinary dialogue with his factious people.

"Be patient and attentive, ye insolent railers!" shouted the crier: "be mute, ye Jews, Samaritans, and Manichæans!"

"Long life and victory to the emperor—hear the emperor!" shouted the surging Greens.

"Be silent, rebels!" roared the stentor.

"We are poor and innocent," said the Greens: "we are injured—our children are murdered in the very streets. There is a remorseless persecution against all of our name and colour."

"Wretches, be silent," stormed the crier.

"Let us die, O Emperor!" returned the disorderly Greens; "but let us die by your command, and in your service."

"Arians, be still!"

"We renounce a prince who disgraces the majesty of the purple."

"Infidels, hold your tongues!"

"We renounce a prince who refuses justice to his people."

"Monsters, have respect for the Porphyrogenitus!"

"Curses on the day that the father of Justinian was born!"

"Rebels!"

"Homicide!"

"Revolters!"

"Perjured tyrant!"

"Haters of God!"

"Ass!"

"Do you despise your lives?" roared the emperor, getting rapidly black in the face.

The Blues leaped up with fury, and flashed out their swords. The Greens rose and fled, filling the streets with terror.

Far and wide flow fire and blood. The præfect's palace is burned; the prisons are forced open; the Heruli of Justinian attack the very priests and relics that come to stop the fray. The emperor flies with Theodora to his palace-fortress. He has all but

resolved to leave the city with his family and treasures. The soldiers fire the houses. The very women pour missiles from the house-tops. St. Sophia is red with flames. The baths of Zeuxippus are destroyed. Churches and hospitals are razed to the ground. Eighteen illustrious patricians are thrown into the sea. But not till the Blues forsook the Greens and joined the emperor was the fire stanched with the blood of 30,000 people.

It was in this enclosure, too, that, among clouds of smoking dust, the picked horsemen of the Janissaries—in Mahmoud's time, the father of the present Sultan—were wont to play here with the spear, or rather with the *djereed*, or cane, that military weapon so popular among the undegenerated Turks of the last generation. Here, around the pillar of twisted bronze, green with rust, and round the winner's shattered column, and the granite obelisk, brought from distant Nile, wheeled and careered those proud horsemen, their turbans glistening with Asian gems; their mail hauberks pliant as silk round their sinewy limbs; their battle-axes at their saddle-bows; the plumes waving on helmets of steel, inlaid with talismanic sentences from the Koran. Here their fiery Arab stallions snorted and pawed the ground, or lashed out and plunged as the hot air grew dark with crossing javelins. I never walk in the Atmeidan, cheapening scorched nuts or baked chick-peas at the street-stalls, without thinking of these tumultuous

horsemen, and fancying I hear again their yells of "Allah!" or "Taleel!" as this horseman stumbled or that spearman fell.

Once, when I and Mr. Dilly—he and Mr. Dally are the chief English *attachés* at the Turkish embassy — were walking up and down the Hippodrome, so quiet and serious in the sunshine, talking of the great massacre of the Janissaries that took place here early in Mahmoud's reign, when like the Mamelukes these dreaded Prætorian guards, who had no longer the power to dethrone sultans at their will, were lured from their adjacent barracks and mowed down with shattering whirlwinds of grape-shot—it was then, I say, when I was trying to picture them with their conical caps, from which the hideous bear-skin muff of our own grenadiers was borrowed by us in Charles II.'s time—their camp kettles, which served them instead of standards—their cook, with his gigantic spoon, their drums and sabres—all crushed into one bloody heap of slaughter—that Dilly, biting off sharply the bud-like end of his thirteenth cigar, condescended to describe to me the wonderful djereed practice he had once witnessed at Cairo before Mohammed Ali.

It was at Ramazan time that a certain Lebanon sheik, one of the Esjedi's tribe, who number 80,000 horsemen, came one day to the Atmeidan to exhibit his wonderful skill with the cane-javelin before Mohammed Ali, who knew that he had already killed two

men, besides putting out several men's eyes, cracking innumerable skulls, being denounced by the moollahs, and put under a sort of excommunication. The sheik, however, had lately had his right arm broken by his horse, Potifah, falling with him in a mountain-pass above Beyrout, and he was unwilling to use the djereed at all till he had in some degree recovered. Pressed, however, he at last consented, and threw two djereeds; the first fell on the tiles of the palace, at the other end of the Hippodrome; the second cleared the building, and passed over to the other side. This astonished every one, and roused the curiosity of Mohammed Ali to an extreme pitch, so that nothing would satisfy him but instantly matching the sheik with a favourite black eunuch of his, who, it was said, had once driven the djereed clean through a man's body, and whom no one hitherto had beaten.

The sheik reluctantly consented, and proceeded to pick out a djereed from a sheaf of weapons made of plane, olive, lancewood, ash, and fir, blunt, and about four feet long. He selected a well-balanced one, poised it, tried its weight, and held it ready in his left hand, ready to deliver it with full strength, just as the horse was wheeling round, which gives the spear its dreadful impetus. The black burst into the Hippodrome a few minutes after, eager for the contest, for he was a man who could tire out three horses, and had been known to send a djereed clean through a wooden door. His horse moved as if it knew its

master's will, turning at a touch of the black rider's heel, or a bend of his body. The negro's red eyes glared death upon the poor sheik with the bandaged arm, whom he despised as an unworthy adversary. Instantly dashing at each other, the rivals hurled their djereeds full at each other's faces, each catching the weapon of the other twice in succession; but in the second time the sheik, stooping and catching the black's djereed, which he had discovered to be a weapon of exquisite poise and power, threw it back with such truth and violence that it entered under the eunuch's right shoulder-blade, and struck him dead to the ground, much to the horror of the Mamelukes, but not the least disconcerting the sheik of Lebanon, who before beginning the contest had obtained absolution from all consequences from the eunuch's royal master, Mohammed Ali.

I thanked Mr. Dilly for his amusing and apropos story as we strolled home to the hotel down the loose knubbly steep streets, having first, to bear up against the heat, purchased some peaches, which, split open to show the dark wrinkled stone, are the chief street fruit of Stamboul. I think with this, some sherbet, and a slice of water-melon, aided by three Hebrew guides, who fought and tore each other to pieces for the honour of conducting us, we got back to Pera with no very great loss, but hot, tired, sore-footed, cheated, and anathematizing the Turkish nation generally.

CHAPTER VIII.

SAINT SOPHIA.

I WAS starting to see the temple of the world—the sanctuary of the "Divine Wisdom," that Justinian erected just as the Lower Empire had attained its culminating point, and long before the Crescent that now shines on the highest dome was thought of, except when its type shone full of hope and promise in the pearly golden semicircle of the young moon, that rose above the great Hippodrome and all the palaces and statues of the city of the Constantines. The Persian, and not the Russian, was then the bugbear of the East. The emperor, the purple-wearer, when he ascended St. Sophia, at once his monument and throne, looked down on seas garrisoned by his royal galleys; he looked towards Asian shores, and they were his, to European shores, and they were his likewise. The Blues and the Greens might ferment—the Arians and Trinitarians might riot—but the imperial sceptre still stretched from east to west, from north to south. Wherever his eye rested, there were kneeling chiefs and kings. He spoke, and rebellious heads fell at his purple, golden-eagled feet. He gave

the word, and his armies passed forth to ruin and devastate. The eagle banner of old Rome still waved on the palace of the Blachernæ. The Labarum of Constantine still flapped and tossed above the vast city of the Porphyrogenitus.

Saturated with the Gibbon of my youth, I disdained the calmer wisdom of my clever and very amiable friend, Mr. Burgess, the architect of the new memorial church at Constantinople, a building which will be the first open bold manifestation of Christianity that Mahometanism, professing to be tolerant, has permitted in its capital, and is therefore doubly interesting: first, from its own beauty; secondly, from its marking an epoch in the history of toleration, the best and only result of that war of ours, in which, for almost the first time, Christians fought to protect the lying creed of the false prophet of Mecca—shades of the great Crusaders, of Dandolo, of Bouillon, hear it not!

I scoffed at that sagacious and ingenious mind, that, looking clear through the mist of antiquarian conflict, warned me not to waste my enthusiasm, as he had been informed by Fossati and the German architect sent out by the King of Prussia, that after a careful and thorough examination of St. Sophia, previous to its last restoration, which they superintended, they had decided that there was great doubt whether the present building was the church erected by Justinian at all, and not really a much later work,

probably raised after the old model, in the twelfth or thirteenth centuries, soon after the Crusaders left the city they had devastated. I must not fall into the absurd position, said Burges, of admiring a supposed original, when it was really only a second-hand copy.

Here Rocket, who had been sewing up his meerschaum in a kid glove, stopped to say, with a kind attention to my interests,—

"Don't you think, old boy, as you seem going in for it, you had better have the whole story, from the knowing one, the stone-piler? Let us order some tankards of ginsling; it is a good thing to jaw upon."

I deprecated Rocket's addiction to slang—but I took his advice, and heard the whole story.

My friend, announcing his intention to be heavy, told me the latest result of the German architectural survey. St. Sophia is built in the shape of a Greek cross, and not after the severer Moslem model of the fifteen other great mosques of Stamboul. Its exterior is covered with plaster, striped with red, to imitate alternate layers of brick and stone, and indicating the construction underneath. From clamp-holes, and other indications, it is thought that the whole structure was in its royal youth covered with luminous flakes of white marble, which have been removed either by the Latin Crusaders, or subsequently by the Mahometans. The great building, succeeding one destroyed by fire during the Hippodrome riot, had borne the brunt of all injuries the

city had received during its twenty-six sieges. A survey of the great dome proved it to be merely of wood, covered with sheets of lead a quarter of an inch thick. Many of these sheets had been removed. Saltzeman had also ascended to the roof during the momentary absence of the Turk who accompanied him, and in spite of a large vulture that flew out, broken off a piece of one of the bricks of the dome, to see if it was really of the pumice-stone character that Paul Silentiarius tells us the roof-bricks were. He found it simple brick, of a large size, two feet by one. In parts the decorative work was finer and more abundant than in St. Mark's, and the execution was delicate, and almost Oriental. The mosaics that Messieurs Fossati and Saltzeman had discovered and copied they had recovered with gilding instead of the whitewash that before defaced them. The pierced marble windows, it was the opinion of these German architects, had once been filled with stained glass. "I must also observe," said my kind and highly-gifted informant, "that the mosaics which adorn the edifice are entirely confined to the vaults, domes, arches, lunettes, and pendentives, and never spread down upon the lower walls, as at Monreale and Palermo. There are few figures, scarcely any groups, and no histories. They are of various dates, none, I believe, so early as Justinian, and some as late as the Paleologoi. It is ingeniously suggested that these mosaics were mutilated during the iconoclastic riots and civil wars."

The wings of my imagination being rather clipped by this severe view of the honest truth, I went to St. Sophia the second time, for a long inspection, with a cooler head and clearer eyes. I confess I was disappointed. I was well accustomed, as a traveller, to the time it required before the grandeur of a great building filled the mind. The shadow of greatness enters the mind slowly, and then builds itself up within the brain, piece by piece. St. Peter's, at first, seems a mere parish church, but at last it appears to us a world.

My first impression of the Parthenon, I remember, was but as a bud from which grew my later thoughts. So, to a degree, it was with me in St. Sophia; but still I never quite got over a certain nausea at the huge, dull, buff-coloured mat that covers the whole floor, destroying all sense of colour, and muddying the whole building.

Another great annoyance to the lover of the beautiful is the alteration of the altar from the due east to the north-east, where the mihrab is that points to Mecca. The necessity from this artistic blundering of the Mecca latitude and longitude is, that the rows of worshippers kneel in slanting, oblique lines, which jar in composition with the uprights of the pillars, and make one absolutely squint to look at them.

A third vexation is still more intolerable than the other two. It is occasioned by four enormous green canvas shields, exactly like the round targets used at



MOSQUE OF SOLIMAN.

archery meetings. They are slung up at the four corners of the great dome, and are blazoned with texts of the Koran in enormous gilt letters, the work of some renowned writing-master, whose name I forget, soon after the Turkish Conquest. These tawdry uniformities of staring green, added to the opaque yellow wash that daubs all the walls, form a *tout ensemble* of colour very forbidding to the eye.

The origin of the dome is still a puzzle to architects. The most ingenious and probable theory is that it was at first intended to imitate the velarium, or awning roof of the Coliseum; the flatter it is, the nearer it approaches its prototype. Now, old authors tell us that the first dome of St. Sophia was flatter even than the present. Nothing can be more sublime than the ideal of a dome; its vault across an abyss or between arches seems spontaneous; its hollow inverted cup hangs as if by a miracle. In the Pantheon the dome is near the eyes, in St. Peter's it rises like a prismatic bubble into the air, with its pictures and its mosaics. But this great dome of St. Sophia seems ashamed of being a dome, and trying to appear no dome at all. It is as flat as the glass of a Geneva watch, and in its absence of decoration Rocket even goes as far as to liken the great dome, with its twenty-four windows, to a great yellow gig umbrella, the very ribs of which the great architects Isidore the Milesian and Anthemius the Fallian have taken the pains to indicate.

The real truth is, that when we disprove the wonders of the pumice-stone and the light Rhodian tiles, about which Silentiarius intentionally, or from the natural instinct of his nature, foully lies, and when we confess that the dome has no grandeur of elevation, and is as shallow to the disappointed eye as the commonest chapel-ceilings, we think we have pretty well shown our reasons for any indifference to the over-praised lion of Stamboul. It is evident that Anthemius, with all his pre-knowledge of steam, gunpowder, and other noble discoveries, was rather timid with his 180 feet high dome, and did not dare make its depth equal more than one-sixth of its diameter, though he had the Pantheon to guide him. Even then he used much wood, and rested his work on four strong arches and eight columns of Egyptian granite.

It is rather, then, from its sublimity of size, and the richness of its pagan materials, that I looked with interest on St. Sophia.

I see before me a great building, not merely remarkable for being 269 feet long, and 243 feet broad —Solomon's temple was only 110 feet long;—but memorable to me as replacing a temple that Constantine raised, and which Justinian rebuilt. I see the work of sixteen long years—of 100 architects, 100 masons, and 10,000 labourers. At least a million of Asiatic and European gold must have been absorbed in rearing this great monument of the

religion of the early Greek empire. God alone knows how far it was the pride and how far it was the religion of Justinian that prompted its building just outside the walls of the old Byzantium of Xenophon.

I could quote from Procopius, Agathias, Silentiarius, Evagrias, Codinus, Ducange, Gyllius, Grelot, Busbequius, and Fossati, most of whom, I may incidentally mention, I know only through the footnotes of that monster of erudition, Mr. Edward Gibbon, to show that all the riches and ancient splendour of East and West went to adorn this dingy sanctuary, now swaddled in matting, and daubed with ochry wash.

Its cedar came from Lebanon; its porphyry columns came from the great Temple of the Sun at Baalbec: they were a widow's dowry bequeathed to the emperor: eight others came from Diana's temple at Ephesus. To prevent fire, wood, except in the dome and one or two doors, was scantily used. All parts of the world sent their marbles to frame the great church of St. Sophia. Thessaly and Molossus sent theirs, and the pavement was Proconnesian. There was the Bosphoric white and black, the green marble of Laconia; the Carystian pale, with iron veins; the Phrygian rosy and purple; the Carian and Lydian white and red: but it is difficult to trace most of these now; the pillars of Ephesus are dulled and dark; the costly Apollonian porphyry of an opaque purple, in enormous blocks, banded

with bronze, is the only real wonder of the existing church.

But there was a time when the dome was all gold and mosaic; when even the balustrades of the choir, the capitals of the pillars, and the ornaments of the doors and women's galleries were of gilt bronze; when the walls shone with mosaics, as if enamelled with jewels; when the sanctuary was piled with forty thousand pounds weight of silver, and when every vase and vestment of the church was heaped with gold and gems; when the altar in the east shone like the noon-day sun; when the clergy and singers in white robes filled all the space of the choir; when the poorer Greeks filled the nave, the penitents the portico, and the women of Constantinople the galleries: when all eyes turned to the great gilt balustrade that ran from north to south, from the Baalbec pillars to the columns of Diana, because on one side rose the throne of the emperor, and on the other the throne of the patriarch. But the baths, and circuses, and theatres, and porticos of that age are gone, and only a large, tawdry, defaced, defiled building now remains. The Shechinah is long since passed from it.

It is difficult now even to believe that it is the scene consecrated by so many legends. Can this be the building whose completion Justinian celebrated with fourteen days' rejoicing, with sacrifices, and with the distribution of showers of gold coins? Can this be the central temple of Christianity that was built up

of the fragments of the broken limbs of the Pagan Dagon, of columns from the Troas and Assyria, from Athens and the Cyclades, from the temples of Isis and Osiris, Cybele, Apollo, Pallas, and Diana? Was it when these walls were building that Justinian came at siesta time, dressed in coarse linen, with a stick in his hand and a turban round his head, to urge on the workmen? Was it to a boy here, guarding the masons' tools, that an angel appeared in the disguise of a eunuch? Was it this building that an archangel specially took in keeping? Can it be those green-winged figures of seraphim (as at St. Mark's) at the four corners of the dome—now painted over and showing dimly through the semi-opaque painting—that the Turks believe to be spirits—that during times of war and distress used to utter oracles, and who, before the birth of Mohamet, announced that the child to be born in Arabia would excell Chosroes and Shedad? Is this really the building where they still show a walled-up staircase, through which a priest, bearing the host, disappeared when Mahomet burst with his sabres into St. Sophia?

The coloured ornamentation of St. Sophia appeared to me very poor. The Byzantine detail, with its thorny leaves—a mere copy of Corinthian work—is very admirable, with its conventional peacocks and chubby doves, its trefoils and quatrefoils. The coloured work is chiefly a dicing of white lines on

blue borders, of gilt and green octagons on red and gold fields, of stripes of green and red, of gold and red twisted cables, of lavender flowers, and white Vandykes with red threads running through them. The round-headed windows of the cupola are bordered with white and blue borderings of an insipid and tame design. About the stone-work of the capital there is power and fine thought, about the colour there is feebleness and indecision. It cannot compete with the deep-toned richness of the mosaics, that are like stained glass made solid and semi-opaque, and adapted to wall surfaces.

But while, as a Christian, lamenting the degradation of so memorable a building, I do not wish to convey any sense of its interior being death-like or deserted, nor have its details been wantonly defaced. Our English cathedrals are ten times as full of sleepy noon-day death, of sinecurists, and of luxurious dotards. A great crowd of active, zealous retainers of Mahometanism ever fills the church and its courts and porticos. There are imaums, and sheikhs, and Friday preachers, and callers to prayer, and readers of the Koran, and singers of hymns, and door-keepers, and turners-out, and miscellaneous servants.

There are, too, still, as of yore, the mystic number of 107 columns supporting the church; there are still the miraculous sights which pilgrims come to see, the sweating column, half kissed away, that cures diseases, the cold window, and the window of

transparent Persian marble. Those four six-winged mosaic seraphim, Gabriel, Michael, Raphael, Israel, could still speak if they would. Still, in gilt letters, ten yards high, we read the memorable names of Abu-beker, Omar, Osman, and Ali. Still in the cupola the words—

"GOD IS THE LIGHT OF THE HEAVENS AND THE EARTH."

When you are in the galleries, too, you see that the arches are diapered with carefully worked and minute mosaic, the tessera very small, and the gold and silver on transparent grounds, much finer and better than that of St. Mark's, the only other place where silver tesseræ are found. The Jew boys offer you specimens of these, for the pieces are always dropping out, and come up to you shaking handfuls of the small bright dice in their brown hands. The floor, of watered marble, is hidden by that accursed matting; but still above the wide bronze and marble gates you see mutilated crosses and defaced mosaics. The roofs of the galleries are now daubed with yellow and blue, however, and the marble has been generally removed in these upper places, and the walls are painted instead.

Of all the furniture of the old church I could see only two great marble vases, which, it is said, will hold a thousand measures of corn each, and were perhaps used as fonts in the Christian times.

I could not ascend the great dome that rises over

the wide cupola guarding the four minarets; but I was told that the crescent there is fifty yards across, and that Sultan Murad spent 50,000 ducats in gilding it. It shines so, that it can be seen a hundred miles off at sea, and from Mount Olympus I saw it glimmer like a golden glow-worm.

But the object which especially touched my heart in St. Sophia's was a colossal figure over the apse at the east end, showing dimly through a blank surface of gilding. I follow the dim outline for a moment with my eyes, and gradually become sensible of the perfect figure. It is Christ, the Son of God, the second person of the Trinity—that Divine wisdom to whom Justinian reared this great temple centuries ago.

It seemed to me a perfect emblem of the half-restored Christianity of the place; and I felt at that moment sure, as if God had spoken to me from heaven, that some day, and not far distant, the cross will replace the crescent upon the dome of St. Sophia; and that figure of the glorified Christ, breaking through the foul Arabian mist, will shine forth in restored glory, to gather brightness more and more unto the perfect day.

As I left the defiled building, I heard the drowsy reader droning out verses of the Koran, from I know not what chapter—whether "The Spider," "The Ant," "The Elephant," or "The Cave."

If I could trust the dragoman, what he read ran,

however, somewhat thus, and was not without solemnity—

"*Praise be to God, Lord of all creatures, the most merciful, the King of the day of judgment—Thee do we worship, and of Thee do we beg assistance. Direct us in the right way, in the way of those to whom Thou hast been gracious, and not of those against whom Thou art enraged, or who are gone astray.*"

Then all the people responded, and their voices were as the sound of many waters—

"In the name of the great God—in the name of the most merciful God!"

CHAPTER IX.

A TURKISH WATERING-PLACE.

I WAS awoke from my first night's sleep in the hotel at Broussa by a tremendous noise that, in the momentary imbecility of drowsiness, I mistook for the sound of a waiter falling down-stairs.

On springing out of bed, and opening my bedroom door, however, I discovered that that painful event had not taken place either naturally or violently. The sound I had heard was simply the report of a pistol; and its originator was my dear eccentric friend Dr. Legoff, who, airily wrapped in a large sunflower-patterned dressing-gown, was reclining in the window-sill of the corridor with a revolver in his hand, over one barrel of which a curl of blue smoke still hovered. The window was open, out of which the cool doctor had first discharged the weapon—for what purpose, I could not possibly imagine.

"Good heavens, my dear doctor," said I, "are you trying to bag a stray patient; have you made a vow to kill so many Turks before breakfast, or

have you been firing on some errant patient who has refused to pay you his bill?"

The doctor scarcely moved a single facial muscle; but turning round, still effecting some mechanical adjustment of his faithful weapon, wished me a courteous and, what was better, a kindly good morning; and, pointing out of window, asked me, as I looked at the spot indicated, if I saw a dog.

I said yes; for there, at a place where cross-roads met, under a vineyard wall and in the foreground of Broussa's weltering sea of mulberry-trees, and planes, and cypresses, that the great Bithynian mountains so nobly and bluely backed up, sat a mangy wild dog grubbing at an old goat's horn that some butcher had lately dropped from his wallet. The shot had not marred him—the noise had not even disturbed him from his slight refection. The doctor shook his head, but, saying nothing about the miss, looked reproachfully at the lock of the revolver. It never seemed to occur to him that, for all he knew, the wandering bullet might by this be plunged safe in the skull of some distant silk-spinner down the receding road, or of some vine-dresser or grape-picker in the thick jungly gardens that bushed in the paths under the hotel.

At this moment, a soft voice from the bedroom door, which was ajar, indicated gently but firmly Mrs. Legoff's wish that the doctor would come and hook-and-eye or buckle something, there being, indeed, no

female attendant in that wild Bithynian hotel, and probably no lady's-maid nearer than two days' journey, which was too far to send on an emergency.

All of which reminds me, that of all the hotels my dusty traveller's feet have ever entered, that hotel, in the city where broken-hearted Bajazet died, was one of the strangest and wildest. I did not complain of the whole house shaking when any one walked across a room, because in Broussa, where earthquakes are chronic, houses are purposely built of cards, that they may shake down quickly and safely. I did not complain of being kept awake at night by the hungry packs of jackals on the skirts of Mount Olympus; I did not complain of the *table d'hôte* being held in a passage; but I did complain that the first week of our residence the landlord should have spent half his time among the pine forest of Mount Olympus looking for bears.

There were no carpets in the hotel—no more there are in Spain; but then there were no mats or cushions, and the only divan was a hard old churlish sofa-bed, that sloped you off directly you got safely on it. The windows were free ventilators; and if the feverous exhalations from the great rank plain, where nothing but wild boars, and vultures, and buffaloes thrive, had had any wish to rise and slay the intrusive Franks, there was nothing in those windows to stop them. But then, said good nature, soothingly, What can you expect? Here is an hotel that is supported

by the visits of a few French and Greek Perotes, who, certain months of the year, come to Broussa to drink the sulphurated waters. The Turks go to their own khans and to the houses of their friends. In the winter the landlord has to amuse himself, on wet days, by melancholy perambulations of the empty house; on dry ones, by wild-boar hunting or snipe-shooting. Besides, put in Common Sense, who is often rather hard upon me, you are getting by degrees an old traveller, and a real traveller never frets about trifles. I still confess the livid face of Fever, with shaved head and bound-up jaw, rather followed me about in Broussa. There was no concealment of the fact that all Europeans who come and settle in that part of Asia Minor have fever as regularly as children have chin-cough, or a second set of teeth. It is a hot and cold, low, aguish fever, swift to come, and loth to leave you—a steady friend, who gives you quite a new idea of the tenacity and durability of fever friendship.

It met me sometimes as a waxy-faced silk-worker on her way to the factory, sometimes as an invalid Frank on his way to his vapour-bath, where he gathered health by day to antidote the fever he contracted afresh at night; sometimes it was a sickly feeble waiter with napkin that looked like a bit of his shroud nipped under his arm. I was reassured at last by the Hungarian landlord's mocking indifference to the Perote scandal of Misseri's, by the

as surance of Dr. Legoff that the healthy season for Broussa had now begun; and that, moreover, although King Fever still ruled over the plain, that the high ground on which our hotel, and indeed all the modern town was built, was healthy and safe, except just after sunrise and sunset, when the thick, hot, steaming mists rose, or when the heavy chilling dews fell. Now, although no coward about epidemics, I attended to this advice, and soon found that with ordinary precautions, such that all but fire-blooded fools will always take in new climates, I could preserve excellent health. The rigid vigour of the north I did not expect to retain under such a sun of melting flame; but then I had only to go half way to heaven, up Olympus, and I could, if I chose, roll in Scythian snow, and bathe in the frozen blue air of an aërial Tartary.

I soon trod under foot this miserable, degrading fear, and, once kicked down the stairs of my mind, that fear never dared to show his face again but once, and that was one morning that, after a pleasant French breakfast on trout and cutlet and thin wine, I and the doctor sallied out for a ramble up the higher slopes of the town. We had threaded the narrow streets and walked round part of the old wall; I had been shown all the ravages of the earthquakes, and especially, in one of the half-destroyed streets, the immense mass of pudding-stone rock that covers the crushed silk factory which it

destroyed, and serves as an immovable and indestructible monument of the two dozen silk girls who lay buried beneath it. No wonder that a region subject to aches and spasms on such a gigantic and terrible scale as this, boasts but a fragile, card-house sort of city, that seems purposely built so as to save the earthquake as much trouble as possible; no wonder that its walls are no thicker than cigar-boxes, and its roofs thin as pie-crust.

The streets in Oriental cities have no names at the corners, and the latticed windows are so much alike, that it is generally difficult to find the way—so we found it at Broussa. We went up one street where a butcher was cutting a goat's throat, and the central gutter ran a thick crimson. Here the doctor quoted Homer's phrase, "the *black* gore;" upon which I retorted by denying that the names of colours are translatable, or that, indeed, anything is translatable. In the second we found an open shop, where a man at an orange fire was blowing glass. We went up a third where a man was selling chick-pease "in the name of Allah!" In the fourth a beggar chased us, shaking a tin cup as he howled out his cursing prayers. In the fifth we had to back to make way for a huge scornful camel, trapped with beads and laden with bales of soft gold-coloured silk. In the sixth—what European could guess what we saw?

O fussy churchwardens!—O English abuse mon-

gers!—O meddler with man's shortcomings!—will ye believe it!—an old, unturbaned Turk making gunpowder in his open shop; making it by working a treddle which lifted a beam ending with a large iron-shod hammer, which fell crushing with periodic thumps into the cup of the forge which contained the black charcoal and the nitre. I do not suppose that all the ingredients were there; but as the doctor, instantly moving off with a shudder, told me the man I saw before me so innocently and quietly at work was in the constant habit of blowing up, I thought it better to turn the corner as soon as possible. I think, however, the doctor must have been "rigging" me when he told me that the man we had seen was such a methodical man that he so contrived it as to blow himself up every other Monday as near noon as possible; but I don't know.

It was in the bazaar, into which we plunged blindly in order to get some water from a charitable fountain and some melon-puffs, that I first met with one of those *lusus naturæ* of pastry for which Eastern pastrycooks are famous—

An ICE *tart.*

Yes—I am always serious, severe reader—a lump of ice imprisoned in a well-baked, intact tartlet, that had evidently undergone the slow ordeal of fire. I no more could guess how the ice ever got into the tart than wise and good King George could how the

apples got into the dumplings. I leave it with other undiscoverable things,—as the date of the Pyramids, the way of cutting the Chinese ball-puzzle, the principles of Gothic colour, the use of comets, &c. &c. &c.

It was by rising gradually through the steep streets of irregular, picturesque, houses that we at last came to the suburbs, and passing some walls, probably of defence, that the frequent earthquakes had thrown down, reached a sloping path leading along the edge of sandstone cliffs, below which, gloomed a ravine, jungly with rank, almost tropical, vegetation, beneath which I could hear the roar of the torrent which fed the silk-mills of the town. There was a hot fever mist rising in the burning sunlight of ten o'clock in the morning, attended by a hot breath of rotting vegetation, that made my blood for an instant chill and curdle; but an invitation to go with the doctor to visit the sulphur baths, for the purpose of analyzing the water, roused me in a moment and dispelled the growing panic.

Gadsting having now left us, and gone on with his brogue and bad liver towards Ephesus, I was free to accompany Dr. Legoff wherever I listed, whether to Bajazet's grave, to the precious mosque that contains an old slipper of the Prophet's, to the silk manufactories, or to the baths.

The landlord would have accompanied us, but he had been recently wounded in a conflict with a bear,

and dared not stir out in the heat of the day; so we went out alone after a browse of salad, and some soup that looked like pond-water boiled up with cresses, the doctor's servant being told to follow us with three glass calabashes packed in dust, to contain the water for analysis. As for good Mrs. Legoff, she remained to write letters and unpack. Leaving the town at our backs, and mounting our horses Stagger and Stringhalt, we pushed up a high narrow bridle-path along the side of a cliffy slope, and cantered on for the baths. We passed ruinous mosques glimmering with blue glazed tiles, huge prickly chesnut-trees and venerable planes innumerable; trees with the dappled spotted bark, and trees with the close-grained texture of an elephant's hide.

We pushed through thickets of hazel-trees. Behind us, venerable Olympus, with the gray hair which is his snow crown, reared his nine thousand feet. Before us spread the vast plain of Asia Minor, with ancient Nice, small as a toy town, in the distance; and, walling in with jealous care towards the invading Sea of Marmora, spread the mountains, so rugged near, so beautiful at a distance.

It was just as we emerged from the ride among the hazels into the open, that a crackling fire of musketry, breaking out all over the place, made our horses curvet and the doctor look rather anxious about the glass measures and analytical apparatus with which he was always laden. We had come

at a turn of the road upon a procession returning from that initiatory rite, which (analogous to our confirmation, though differing somewhat in the ceremonial) must be undergone before a young Mahometan is rendered worthy of Paradise. The little true believer, swaddled in green and crimson shawls, with a yellow turban about the size of a small toadstool on his head, sat perched upon a tall horse, looking rather pale, but still pleased at the attentions paid to him by his noisy retainers, who, shouting out ejaculations of praise and prayer, kept banging away every minute with their muskets in a most reckless and dangerous manner. There might be some twenty men and boys who were thus violently wasting gunpowder, wasting it, too, with a bragging sense of enjoyment that could be only equalled by boys letting off fireworks on the Fifth of November, in defiance of the Pope, Mr. Bryan King, and the Jesuits generally.

Bang—bang—bang—bang they went; and then tossed their long-barrelled, small-stocked guns over their shoulders, with the bearing of men accustomed to carry arms, and ready to use them. But we did not see much of it, for the doctor, suggesting that the chance-medley death of a true Christian might, perhaps, be considered a compliment to the false Prophet, we here somewhat accelerated our pace—no—not the least frightened, but on the principle that makes even a brave man quicken his pace

in a long, dark lane of a ghostly November evening.

When we got to the door of the first set of baths, our faces were warm crimson, and beaded with drops of perspiration.

"*If you go to the bath you must sweat,*" said the doctor, laughing, and quoting an admirable Turkish proverb, analogous to our own—"As you brew, so you must bake;" and the truth of which no one can appreciate who has not breathed the hot steam of a Turkish *hummum.*

As soon as we got in sight of the small domes of the baths, that ran in egg-like rows, the doctor, who knew the place well, and had his special theories about chalybeates and medicinal waters in general, did not go straight in, but, pushing down the garden, went at once to a side wall, dragged up tooth and nail three small paving-stones that were reasonably loose, and instantly, from the opened water channel, puffed up a hot and sulphurous-smelling smoke.

"Slightly sulphurated — yes," said the doctor, sniffing it contemptuously; "good for cutaneous diseases, perhaps; very slightly medicinal, I think, though the Turkish doctors swear it cures everything, from epilepsy to bradipepsy. 'It requires time for the cure,' says some fool's book. Yes. 'In time,' says the Turk, 'sour wine becomes honey, and the mulberry-leaf turns to silk.' Time, indeed—give me blue pill—curse!" As he said this, the doctor

arose from his whitened knee, holding in his slightly scalded hand—the burning of which by the almost boiling water had caused him to terminate his sentence so singularly—some orange-coloured sulphates of lime, which exactly resembled, in hue and shape, those dry, hard-edged, leathery fungi that grow on old apple-trees.

We now went into the baths, where the keeper received us with the Turkish salutation—

"*Buyuriniz oturiniz Effendim.*"

The first room was strewn with bath clogs and towels hung to dry; and contained the divans, on which the invalid-looking bathers took their siestas after the bath, tucked up like old bedridden people, and with towels wrapped round their heads like turbans. Some were asleep, others looked at us with a drowsy, half-roused interest—that sort of languid inquiry with which the patients of a hospital ward greet a new sufferer—selfish with pain, selfish, too, with a voluptuous, lotus-eating indolence. The other side contained the private room for richer people, and the latticed-in beds and the chests where you deposited your watch and valuables while you took your bath.

A fainter light, and a chillier, moister atmosphere, as we pass through a low vaulted door, and enter a large marble-paved room with a cold stone cup of a fountain in the centre, over which the water tripped

and gambolled in a way delicious to men lately broiled and grilled by a hard ride in a torrid eastern sun. The lily whiteness of the floor, the cool fresh air, and the dim soft light transmitted only through thick, cloudy, glass bull's-eyes high up in the domes, made me envy the naked forked creatures with shaven heads, that flopped about and splashed themselves at the fountain, or disappeared in the reeking hot vapour of the second doorway.

This was a sort of mermaid country; but on passing the next smoking doorway we found ourselves in the tropics at once—in a Sahara as to heat and a hollow steam-engine as to vapour. A dense rolling smoke of hot water filled the room, and through this you heard the laughter and splashing of the invalids who sat on the hot stone seats in the smaller cells that opened from the room where we stood. My skin was in a thick thawing dew in a moment, the first sensation was an intolerable one of being unable to breathe, so that to step to the cold doorway and draw in the pure cool air was in itself a luxury; yet with habit a Turk learns to endure this thick atmosphere for half an hour, in spite of its rankness and its attendant suffocation.

But here, at least, I could escape when I liked, and at all events I was not to be kneaded, and pinched, and potted, and scraped, as in the Stamboul baths. Here, at least, I was only a visitor. Allah be thanked!

From the baths we rode on, past some walls overhung with fruit-laden pomegranate trees, to the little settlement where the resident doctor and his patients lodge. We found them in a raw row of two-storied ugly European houses, situated in a sort of barrack or stable yard, with a wall at the end, under which, at a great depth, lay the vast jungle of a plain, dominated over by Olympus—"the Tower of the World," as the Turks finely call it. The poor farm-yard looked uncared for, and contained nothing more ornamental than some pet turkeys with strangulated livid throats, a peacock with half the splendours of his tail pulled out, and some rusty iron rods from which the lively invalids periodically let off squibs and rockets "*pour encourager les autres.*"

There were some fat, listless, vulgar people staring out of these sort of almshouses—just as you see in a London mews children staring over the door-hatch of a stable loft—but they were evidently dreadfully weary of the life, the water-drinking, the tame turkeys, and the squibs. They were unanimous in yawning, and evidently longed for the joys of Pera —the noisy cafés, the dirt, the miserable theatre, and the fashionable promenade—over the churchyard. As for the rest of the company whom we found stuffed up in a sort of loft over another building in a more confined part of the place, they were certainly performing noisy Greek dances to the sound of some horrible stringed instrument; but

their mirth was only a vociferous form of melancholy. O Harrogate, of the evil egg odour! O Bath, of the faded memories! O Cheltenham, of the dreariest fashion! ye are all three-volume-novel heavens, compared to this most intolerable Broussa, made more unbearable by Perote indolence.

Racing back from the baths, we rode into the town another way, having made an appointment to go over a Greek merchant's silk factory at an appointed hour.

Except meeting a Turk with a bag of prickly chesnuts, a man with a dead wild boar on his back, and a boy walking, with a huge white cucumber-shaped gourd for a walking-stick, I think we saw nothing worthy notice; though, by-the-by, a shower of rain, I had forgot, drove us into a hut, where a cross-legged Turk sitting at the door received us with a kind courtesy, worthy of a king—a king in fairy books I mean; for real kings, I fear, too often get selfish and spoiled, and even at the best are but very average specimens of humanity.

We found the factory—a huge yellow packing-case of a building, with a huge water-wheel (now unused) towering up behind it—much like the Manchester money-boxes, as repulsively plain, and hard, and stern, and grinding.

Complicated mechanical arrangements, I am ashamed to say, always make me feel like a banker's clerk who has got an odd halfpenny wrong

in his accounts after three hours' ups and downs of the ledger's figures. All I know is, that I saw a neat room lined with rows of spinning-frames ranged on either side, and sacks of cocoons piled up in store-rooms at either end.

The women were at dinner when we entered, and the steam-engine was stopped; so, to pass the time, we went into the overseer's little greenhouse of a room, where more open sacks of cocoons were piled, and there we rolled cigarettes, and drank small china thimbles of intensely black coffee, and squeezed grapes, and laughed over the jokes of Messour Cogie, the Eastern Joe Miller, while all round us rose the sickly, fetid smell of the dead mummy of the silk-worm.

We went out, too, into the silk-market, where huge bags, like wicker-work puncheons, of cocoons lay about, and where a bottle-shaped gourd hung its wonderful fruit over the wire-work of the central fountain.

What is the cocoon like? Like a white bird's egg, the thickness of a thimble, and of a rough pitted whiteness. Shake it and you hear the brown chrysalis rattle like a date-nut inside. Sometimes the chrysalis within putrefies, always it announces its departure by an unsavoury and ill-conditioned smell. It is these exuviæ, or tombs, of the fashionable worm, that the silk-spinner soaks in small vats of hot water till they sodden and unwind. Then, fuzzing them

about in the water with a whisk-brush, the *filateure* disentangles the starting thread, and this obtained, unwinds by degrees the whole skein of the noble worm's rich shroud, with which silk the subtle-handed Broussa people weave beautiful dresses of all prices, from such as a queen wears, to the silver-paper shirt of the Stamboul boatman. Some gong or bell or hand-clapping, I forget now which, announced the return of the *filateures*, who, flocking in, in a tawdry stream, resumed their places at their spinning frames.

Some of them had left coloured bundles of children asleep, like young beatified mummies, in the housekeeper's rooms, others had slices of melon still in their hands. With regimental mechanism they fell into their places and resumed their work with a languid earnestness. It was wonderful to my uninitiated eyes how rapidly the whisks of the *filateures* syllabubed the cocoons into a fuzz of unarranged silk. How from this, guiding it through a sort of ivory button pierced with holes, they wound out the fine soft golden thread with wonderful rapidity. The women, I noticed, were plain, but their large fleshy features, of a waxy paleness, were somewhat redeemed by large lamping oriental eyes of a rich darkness.

We got home that day late, and only just in time for dinner. We found some rough-looking Greeks from Pera, who looked like country bagsmen, or captains of small Levant coasting vessels, who looked

very fierce, went through the ceremonial of dinner with an overstrained, painful exactness, but seemed rather shy of us English. There was also a gaunt, sunburnt, pedantic French captain of engineers, who was on a surveying expedition in Asia Minor for the French Government, and looked inured to snow or fire. Lastly, there was a little vulgar and vain, talkative French bourgeois, who showed off his best manners and played the part of the gallant and well-read man of society, though selfish, empty, and consequential as need be. He handed dishes to Mrs. Legoff when she did not want them, with a *spirituel* air. He descanted with exaggerated vivacity on the dangers and miseries of his ride (after long abstinence from riding) over a savage and barbarous country, and with a guide who knew no word of French. He told us the nature of the rheumatism that brought him to Broussa, among, "ma foi, les barbares, les sauvages, et les ours de Mont Olympe." To amuse us and display his own talent, he volunteered after dinner a series of wretched *bouts-rimés*. He recited to us whole pages of Béranger, he regretted that we were not Parisians, and, in fact, he talked till he was tired, he shrugged and gesticulated, till, to our infinite relief, just as the Doctor was getting too angry and bored for good manners, M. Bamboche bowed three times, wished us "good-night," and went smiling and perfectly self-satisfied to bed.

Soon after which I went to bed too, for the whole house began to nod about eight o'clock. We parted with many anxious hopes for the morrow, for Dr. Legoff and myself had arranged to start at eight o'clock in the morning to ascend Mount Olympus, and the stars were few and the wind threatening.

I had just laid my head on my pillow, when I was roused by a prolonged howl, as of a pack of dogs, coming from the direction of the mountain. It was not sharp and rough, but wild, prolonged, and melancholy, as if a dozen or two mad dogs were chained up and struggling to get loose: it was wild and sad. What could it be? Were all the watch-dogs of Broussa in a state of ravenous rebellion? No!

It was a pack of jackals chasing their prey by night on Mount Olympus.

CHAPTER X.

RIDES IN ASIA MINOR.

The Broussa caravan had been only a day or two since stopped by robbers, with which vermin Asia Minor still swarms, and we were told that if we were late in getting into Moudania we should certainly be robbed.

But for all that we determined to stop on our way and have dinner at Doctor Zohrab's; but *soorigi*, our guide and groom, was sickly and apprehensive, yet too anxious for the dinner to refuse compliance with our wish to tarry.

We found Dr. Zohrab's little farm very snug and most trim, with a large wild garden, not far from the spurs of Mount Olympus. There were melons there with chased rinds, and huge gourds, yellow and speckled. There were tall green sugar-canes, which we pulled to eat the sweet pith, which was not yet quite ripe; and we assembled in a sort of *wittenagemote* round a large chesnut-tree, to pelt down the prickly nuts, that looked like little green hedgehogs; and then to split them open for the glossy brown kernel.

But as this garden's produce all goes to Stamboul, it is not unnatural that the fine cabbages the doctor grew especially delighted the Broussa friends who accompanied us.

Just as I was envying the doctor for possessing so lovely a place on the very edge of fairyland, and under the shadow of Mount Olympus, I was cured of any longing, by being told that no one ever escaped a christening fever in that plain, and that the doctor and all his family had each had one or two such probationships.

Our soorigi, a stupid, sullen fellow, with a large flabby nose that marked him a glutton, wearing bandit boots, red and blue, and carrying a short Tartar whip fringed with red, became now violently expostulatory at our delay from immediate dinner. The rogue talked of my safety, but thought only of his own stomach; riding behind us on his blue saddle rug, he told us he could not be answerable for our safety, at which we laughed, for he would have run at the very shadow of a robber.

Tormented by his clamour, we all turned—that is, I, Dr. and Mrs. Legoff, a French medical man from the baths, and Miss Zohrab, the Armenian doctor's sister, a rosy Amazon, brimming with fun and spirit—a dashing horsewoman, as full of good nature as she was of courage. On a fiery Turkish mare she skimmed everywhere like a bird as we raced along the lanes or broke into the broad

plains, fording every minute small streams, that now and then were of a considerable depth. She talked only French, and I pitied her, isolated there among Turks and a parcel of mongrel Perote invalids. The life and soul of our picnic she was, and I christened her Camaralzaman by general consent.

We first went over the doctor's house, the doctor being absent, and found it one of those snug retreats of luxurious bachelor lords that advanced civilization alone can produce. There was all that orderly confusion that makes a place snug, and prevents it being either slovenly or prim and cold. There were all his axes and saws arranged on hooks ready for woodman's work; guns, and shot-belts, and caps, and bullets in one closet, seeds and roots in another; a small granary and neat stable, both perfect in their way; and everywhere a pleasant aromatic rustic smell of unpainted wood-work, which always refreshes the heart of unsophisticated man; and here and there a print, a black silk fan, or some graceful trifle, showed the presiding sister who lent a grace and charm to everything.

The dinner was arranged for us on the grass, under a carob-tree, whose light-green branches played and gambolled above us; our table stood on the turf, and its clean bright damask cloth and napkins shone out snowily amid the verdure. Our dishes were truly Eastern, and most preposterous; there was boiled goose, to wit, tasting exactly like

brown paper, the goose being of venerable age, and probably alive three hours ago, unconscious of his impending doom. Then there was *pilaff*, the great dish mentioned in Eastern books—a snowy mountain of rice, coloured a faint orange with tomatoes. Then there was *yaourt*, a truly Tartar dish, resembling curds and whey; and kaimak, a clotted cream in square flakes, eaten with sugar, as in Devonshire, and sprinkled with what at first appeared to be dead flies, but really were parsley seeds strewn over it, obedient to a Turkish superstition, to avert the evil eye. These two dishes are intensely national, and are probably made in the same way as when the Turkish hordes first left the shores of the Black Sea to desolate Asia and threaten Europe;—the same as when Tamerlane, grand in his crown, eat them; or as when they were partaken of by Bajazet, sad in his Broussa solitude. And when we had saturated ourselves with cream, sour and sweet, what should come smoking in but a great joint of mutton, roasted to perfection; but alas! it came too late, and wearied nature abhors a surfeit as much as she does a vacuum.

It was just as the doctor shed tears of regret over the misused goose, that an immense black beetle, with antennæ and horns, some four inches long, fell headlong from the carob-tree into my kaimak, in which he lay like a drowning negro. Whether he dropped in by accident, or the temptation of the

kaimak was too much for him, I do not know. Certain it is that he must have been the godpapa of all black beetles, and emperor of the united cock-roaches; for his size was astounding, and his antennæ were studded with little knots like black beads.

A sound of blows and an angry jangle of voices disturbing us, we found that it arose from a quarrel in the kitchen, because my large-nosed, gluttonous soorigi would have all the mutton to himself, upon which "ensued these tears."

But the day was destined to be unfortunate for our soorigi, everything seemed to offend him—everything, as it were, stirred up the nap of his temper and went against the hair of his temperament. When he had devoured his mutton, he urged us to horse under threat of robbers, storms, tempests, and camping out among the green tents of the Turcoman.

Now Dr. Legoff had inspired me with a wholesome dread of the robbers of Asia Minor. Only a few days since the caravan of silks from Broussa to Moudania had been stopped and rifled; and Achmet, our soorigi, with the large lips, stupid thick black eyebrows, and enormous helpless nose, had assured me that it was unsafe to get into Gimlek after nightfall; I knew, too, that, as every man we met carried matchlock and dagger, and as we had no arms, that it did not take much temptation to make a peasant turn robber. One shot, a drag of the

bleeding body, and a splash and jolt over the red rocks by the road side, and the thing was done. Besides, had not that pale, thin merchant at Broussa, from whom I bought my spongy tufted bath towels, explained to me in dumb show, as he folded, and unfolded, and spread out his bathing gowns and other luxuries, that he was still ailing from a musket-ball in the shoulder, deposited there by a robber who had a month ago stopped his loaded camels near Nice.

And had I not, too, that stalwart figure of the great Smyrniote robber, Katerjee, still before me, as I saw him, a bound Sampson, chained to the stall of the cursed Bagnio, the envied monarch of the prison, surrounded by a squalid band of vile parasites and courtiers, who applauded the exploits he narrated, sued for his favour, and plotted with him nightly how best to fire the prison, and murder the gaolers with those heavy ship-building adzes that lay everywhere about the timber stacks of the arsenal. I did not want to spend six weeks among the mossy buttresses of Olympus, or to be experimented on with boiling oil. So I mounted quick, and Achmet still quicker threw himself on the bad eminence of his blue-rugged saddle, truculently clacking his red-tufted Tartar whip, and moving on at a gentle trot, which is the pace that men who are going to keep moving all day most affect.

But though our guard of honour, the doctor, was timid about his glass calabashes, and Mrs. Legoff

was not very sure in her seat, Miss Zohrab was a wild and daring horsewoman, and liked nothing better than scouring the plains, like a Tartar queen, fording the numerous streams that threaded their way across the cane patches, reeds fourteen feet high, and tobacco pieces, that alternated with vast tracts of sandy barrenness and perfect desolation.

It at once agonized and enraged Achmet to see us all, at the mischievous prompting of Miss Zohrab, ever and anon dash off and spread like so many Bedouin horsemen, now brushing past a flock of goats, now frightening some tawny buffaloes from their congenial mud-baths, or sweeping off towards some waggons drawn by great trains of buffaloes, whose creaking wheels could be heard half a mile off; now flushing up snipes, now shouting to frighten the eagles that wheeled above our heads, and then struck off for the mountains.

Achmet all the time—occasionally stopping to raise his hands and appeal to Allah, once or twice threatening to return to Broussa—kept a mile or so behind at his own imperturbable pace, while I, intoxicated with good spirits, forgot all my alarms, and wheeled, and forded, and galloped madly with the rest.

But at last the time for parting came. We got nearer and nearer to the mountains, that grew less azured every mile we approached. Miss Zohrab, red and happy, turned her mare's head homeward

to the farm. Mrs. Legoff persuaded her horse to the same evolution. The doctor parted from me affectionately, and even the landlord, who was always on horseback, and had accompanied us even thus far, pronounced his "*Leben sie wohl.*"

They all rode off, telegraphing with kindly hands till out of sight; and now Achmet had me at his mercy, and set me at a regulation speed that I sometimes exceeded. We soon broke from the plain and the byroads into narrow bridle-paths between low hills, covered with low vines laden with fruit, the leaves of which were sallowing with autumn. We threaded along narrow bridle-paths between low dells, clothed with prickly dwarf oaks, that looked like holly-trees; and here Achmet suddenly came to life, for his hot eyes glistened as he saw the grapes—a dull, sticky, amber-golden opaque with cloying ripeness; and I can scarcely describe how quick he threw himself from his blue rug, and creeping plunged among the stubby vine-bushes for fear of being seen by the vine-dressers, who are apt to fire at intruders without much parley. He reappeared in a moment, like the spy from Eschol, with a hat full of sticky gold berries, which we hung at our saddle-bows, and ate at our ease.

Presently, before this repast was well over, we had come to a great plane-tree, under whose shadow was a hut, the walls tapestried with green tobacco leaves hung to dry; and this was a coffee-shop.

Sitting down on stone seats under the tree, we drank coffee, and rested from the great heat; and with us rested some half-stripped, rough-riding Frenchmen, leading horses from Broussa, singing and frolicking after our fashion.

Then quick we mounted again all of us, and formed a sort of caravan, for the darkness set in and we were still far from Gimlek and the steamer for Stamboul; and, for all we knew, there might be gates to Gimlek, and we should be locked out after sunset. And we all knew well, that if our heads rolled off or not, the Pasha of Broussa—the second pasha in the Turkish empire after Bagdad, and with 100,000*l.* a year, besides presents—would not lose a single piastre if we lost our lives or did not lose them.

I remember that poplars and cypresses, in alternate dark and light columns, at last indicated our approach to the town; that we wound round and round by precipitous paths, guided by the distant lights; and at last, just as the twilight died out, entered Gimlek.

A man at a sort of frontier shed came and talked Turkish over us, and counted our luggage. We supposed that this was the custom-house; at last we found ourselves down by starlight on the quay, wrangling about the boat to take us out to the steamer, that lay a dark lump in the offing. There could not have been a set of more villanous faces than those that gathered round the lantern, which

a dreadful old Turk held, as he propounded imaginary sums which we were to pay before the boat would start.

Another five minutes, and our oars were beating the night sea into flame as we pulled towards the ship. Boats laden with quinces were unloading round it. I fell asleep that night listening to the captain thrashing the steward.

When I awoke the domes and minarets of Constantinople, beautiful in the resurrection of morning sunshine, were gleaming into sight. First the Seven Towers, then the coast walls, lastly, the glory and beauty of St. Sophia, the grandmother of all churches.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SULTAN'S FIRMAN.

I HAD heard a great deal, when on the Danube, about the impossibility of seeing anything in Constantinople without the Sultan's firman, or passport. Travellers returning westward, as I bore on eastward, informed me that such a permission was very expensive, and took a long time to get. I should have to wait till a party from Misseri's would go, and it might possibly happen that I should, after all, leave Stamboul without obtaining such a royal order.

I found the whole thing a rascally trick to obtain fees, a mere means of insulting Franks and increasing their restrictions. My firman cost me exactly seven shillings, and I think there were ten persons in our party; but Lord Carlisle, I believe, paid as much as seven pounds; and the mere cost of the firman is generally much increased by the exorbitant fees paid to the door-keepers at St. Sophia.

It is indeed only for St. Sophia that the firman is really useful or worth having; for the Sultan's palaces are great gingerbread affairs, the Seraglio

Museum is a third-rate wax-work exhibition, and all the mosques and tombs can be visited by anybody any day, who consents to take off his shoes, and pay a small fee.

At Misseri's the firman is the perpetual subject of intrigue, mystery, and cheating, among the motley polyglotic tribe of couriers, interpreters, guides, and waiters, who hang about that great house of monopoly. They beleaguer the new arrivals with stories of the enormous trouble and expense requisite to obtain firmans, which really are as mere a matter of course as obtaining a Windsor ticket at Colnaghi's, and cannot be refused except in special cases. Sometimes after dinner the head dragoman will send round an absurd paper containing a preposterous list of all the sights the firman admits one to, among which I remember were "*Sultan arm*," "*Sultan library:*" "Sultan arm" being a collection of fowling-pieces or "arms;" the "Sultan library" being a small buffet of objectionable books, of which you are shown, very properly, only the backs. This project is the dragoman's own; he obtains the firman after two days, for about twenty-five shillings; then charges some twelve people who go with it a guinea each; the kawass who accompanies him also getting his fees, and probably a dinner in the bargain. I believe, indeed, that an Englishman obtaining a firman through his own consul can get it for a few shillings; at all events, the present system is a dis-

grace to Misseri, who winks at it; and, not content with plundering you himself, allows others to do so too.

Now imagine the day of the firman—a burning bright August morning. For two days past the dragomans have been waiting about at the great yellow building across the Golden Horn, to get the firman papers duly signed; they have sat for hours smoking in matted passages and ministerial ante-rooms, redeeming the time by speculating on their fees; and now the culminating hour has come.

At the great portal of Misseri's and in the narrow street opposite the crossways of Pera and the small Turkish guard-house, three interpreters wait, holding Murray's guide books, sheaves of umbrellas, and slippers for the ladies to put on in the mosques. At a little distance from them, stupid and grand, is the Turkish kawass from our embassy, in his brown frock coat and embroidered belt—a sad type of small pompousness and utter uselessness; for he does nothing all day but walk at our head, like a policeman as he is bringing prisoners before a magistrate. Like all other guides, his object is to show us as little as possible, as quickly as possible, and to swell his fees as high as he can.

Our party consist of myself, the two Snaffles, the Misses Hooper, Lady Quiveller, Rocket, and Windybank. In broken twos and threes, in a straggling, disorganized, incoherent party, we set out, the kawass

and interpreters at our head, down the steep, loose-stoned street, leading from Misseri's to the place of embarkation at Tophana, where we are to take boat for the garden-gate of the old palace of the Seraglio, the abandoned palace of Mahmoud.

I need not relate, after what confused bargains, turmoil, and over-crowding, we crossed the Golden Horn, and landed at the palace gate. We entered the Seraglio gardens, now mere broad tracts of turf, darkened here and there by cypresses, and girt in by an old rampart, which was raised by Mahmoud the conqueror of Constantinople.

This old palace of the dead sultans has been abandoned by the present voluptuary, in accordance with the Turkish belief that old houses are unlucky. The Turk believes that the sins of the past inhabitant hang about old houses, and are visited on the next comer. Besides, they have also a fatalistic belief that old houses should not be repaired.

The seraglio is a purposeless mass of one-floored houses, with long corridors, back rooms, and terraces, full of tawdry, neglected furniture, and more like ready furnished lodgings at Margate than anything else I can think of, with the same mechanical dull look, the same vulgar grandeur. Except one ridiculous picture-gallery, full of shilling French prints of ships and battles, and fac-similes of the Sultan's sginature, and Napoleon's apotheosis, there is nothing I can remember worthy of record. Here and there,

however, there were fountained terraces; and one room, all windows, that hung over the Bosphorus, and seemed to me very airy and delightful, especially delighted Rocket, who said "it was such a stunning, splendid place to smoke a weed in.

I was fairly wearied of the long succession of faded finery in this obsolete Hampton Court of Turkey. I had been through room after room, and had found some spacious, some lofty and cool, some well-proportioned, but nowhere the colour or beauty of the Alhambra—no mosaic of rich stoned tiles—no stalactite roofs, as of ice-caves — nowhere walls blazoned with the colours of humming-birds' wings —nowhere anything but the dull upholstery heaviness of a bygone George the Fourth pavilion. I felt ashamed of myself for coming to see such mere wealth, unelevated by one thought of beauty or one tradition of antiquity. I thought of the palace of the Persian Chosroes, of the silver-columned throne, and the jewelled carpets, and wondered what had become of Eastern greatness.

But this is not my first dream that has gone to pieces like a bubble, nor will it be the last. Shades of Osmar and Orkhan, do ye still haunt such a vulgar spot as this?

But now something comes more adapted to my antiquarian taste and love of the picturesque; for the kawass, after much waiting under a gigantic plane tree in one of the courts, and much sending about for

doorkeepers, drives us over to what was once the ancient Christian church of St. Irene, now called the *Janissary Museum*, close to the principal gate leading into the Seraglio gardens, not far from some great porphyry sarcophagi—probably of Greek emperors, which the Turks have enclosed for protection, in a stray corner of the palace grounds, where they remain monuments of the purple-wearers.

I had always felt a great interest in those wild prætorians, the Janissaries, whose name is so intimately associated with Turkish conquest. I had read from a boy of their blood-red banner, of their huge white turbans, and of the great copper camp-kettle that was their standard and rallying point. I remembered in my old and oft-read favourite Gibbon, how, when Orkhan, in the fourteenth century, formed his Christian proselytes into a superb infantry, a dervish shook the broad sleeves of his robe over their head and blessed them, calling them the "Yanicheri," *new soldiers*, or Janissaries.

I had read how many sultans they had deposed, and of how, at last, the intrepid but cruel Mahmoud sternly drove 30,000 of them into open insurrection, and on a subsequent June night fell on them in the Hippodrome, with scouring torrents of grape-shot, and slew 20,000 of them; decimating the rest, and driving them into subjection and obscurity. I had been shown their barracks out beyond the walls, and had been offered swords and helmets that once belonged

to them, in the Arms' Bazaar. I had been shown, in the Seraglio, the room with the grated gate and the jewelled four-post bed, where the later sultanas held their levées, for fear of the Janissaries, who thronged the outer courts. I knew how terrible the Janissary swords had been in Hungary and in the Crimea; I knew how terrible they had been at Rhodes and Belgrade; how fatal, but for a Sobieski, Eugène, and Hunniades, to Europe and Christianity.

Here in this museum the 30,000 soup-eaters are, indeed, shrunk to small limits. How are the mighty fallen of whom the Eastern poet wrote:—"The diamond scimitars were changed into hyacinth blades by reason of the blood, and the spears of glittering steel into rubies; the battle-field was converted into a bed of striped tulips by reason of the rolling turbans and the torn banners:"—all shrunk to a few wax-figures, some rent flags, and a paltry dozen of dusty helmets and coats of mail.

The first dim room of the museum contains a collection of ghastly wax-figures, probably nearly forty years old; originally, I believe, made by order of Sultan Mahmoud, father of Abdul Medjid, as records of the extinct turbulent soldiery, and, indeed, as types of the various trades of Constantinople.

There are the boatmen and porters of nearly half a century ago, large as life; and in a case behind a curtain, some richly-dressed and effeminate-looking pages of the court, their faces rouged and whitened,

so that they look like sickly young Circassian beauties. They are supposed to be likenesses.

Remembering that these poor boys, to whom nature had given the fatal heir-loom of beauty, had been Christians and slaves, perhaps it was my imagination that made me think the modeller had, perhaps not untruly, thrown a cloud of sadness over their fair brows.

The stiff-set fierceness of the sturdy warriors bearing the camp-kettle, was as amusing in its Tussaud conventionality of art as the uneasiness of feet which distinguish the cook-soldier who carries the enormous spoon some six feet long, and the other emblems of the Janissary regiments. The white and black eunuchs, too, are eminently characteristic both in dress and face, and are especially interesting when we remember that we soon got tired of the hard wooden faces and the deliberate attributes of our dead Janissary friends. The regimental cooks that had been carrying the regimental cauldron for thirty years, even the standard-bearer with his tremendous spoon, soon ceased to interest us. The painted pages in their blue silk tunics, Turkish trousers, and Circassian hair, cut straight across the brow, soon seemed to us, in the fever of sight-seeing, as stale and unprofitable things of five minutes old.

Even the inner room, with the chiefs of the eunuchs, with their little wizen Voltairean faces and cold, priestly, ascetic stare, we had quite enough

of; but of the mountainous turbans we never grew wearied. There they were, like rolls of white boa-constrictors twining round the heads of the wax figures, representing, I believe, faithfully the costume of thirty years ago. The turbans are large as pillows, and give an extraordinary top-heavy look to the wearer, which reaches the very sublime of the ridiculous. Yet Mahmoud wore such when he slew the twenty thousand Janissaries, and when all the East trembled at his nod. Great and good men have worn them as well as fools. At all events, these figures remain as permanent records of a fashionable folly; and to me, at least, it was a comfort to find that the Turks had known fashions as ridiculous as our own hoops and toupees.

From this curious room, to enter which is like spending an afternoon with a ghost family of thirty years ago, we passed into the actual church of St. Irene, now an arsenal, the walls starred with sabres and muskets, according to the conventions of such places. There are firework figures in catherine-wheels, rushing out into all sorts of crystal angles, constructed of war-axes, and spears, and pistols. Some may have been as far as the Danube; others have spoken angrily, with gushes of red flame, to the Viennese looking from their ramparts. But we soon forget them in the more antiquarian delight of a wall tapestried with shirts of ring mail, that Christian swords have tested maybe a thousand times. Here,

like old veterans, no more to do their wicked work, no more to drink blood, thirsting no more to split skulls and let out brains, hew flesh, and lop limbs, are stacks of halberds, sheaves of swords, and cartfuls of butchering muskets;—no more to do Mahomet proselytizing—but laid here to rust and rot ignominiously, instead of being shattered, or burnt, or chopped in pieces, or broken to atoms, as noble weapons delight to be. To me they seemed the welcome symptoms of an effete and crumbling power.

Indeed, to a thoughtful eye, every object in this armoury was typical; even the magnificent sabre-blades of the rarest temper that were brought us from velvet cradles to see. But nowhere did we observe the ancient scymitar, though we were shown weapons as old as Mahmoud the conqueror. The swords were all of the thin, cushion-slicing, Saladin kind, and were more fit to reap-hook human heads than to sever iron bars or slice sheep in two. They were of thin, bending steel, with circular inside edge, to be used with sleight of hand and a drawing motion, with a sharp heavy drag, and not with mere brute dragoon force.

Up, too, in the same sort of organ-loft, were swords which I longed to try experiments with, to have a slice at that indolent kawass's head, to run out and shear off a halberd stem, to try if I could let daylight into those netted hauberks, to aim a slash

at those thin steel cups of helmets that have been brimful of Turkish gore, I dare say, many a time and oft. But from these vain longings I was soon drawn away by the kawass with his usual insolent spontaneity, exhibiting to us a case which contained the keys of many Asiatic and European cities, which had once been in the possession of the Turk. They were keys of steel and gold, of enormous Bluebeard size, and richly traced in intricate and beautiful patterns. I thought of Bluebeard and his mysterious chambers as I looked at them, and thought how long since the keys had opened those gates they were specially made to open. They no longer hang bright with using at the Sultan's girdle; they no longer lie on the Council Divan, emblems of power and rule, swaying with little rods of steel the lives and fortunes of tens of thousands; but they are now mere little fragments of useless metal, with legends attached to them, that only the Frank cares to remember. The Turk held them firm as he thought, but God gave the word, and lo! the city passed into other hands, and the useless key alone was left to the Turk. Over the ill-fortune of a nation, or of an individual, how could I rejoice? but as a Christian I gloried in the discomfiture of a false, intolerant religion. And now, having seen the Janissaries' museum, and Rocket having asked futile questions as to whether any of the keys were Chubb's patent, and whether the Janissaries knew anything about breech-

loaders, we adjourned to the tomb of the late Sultan, which lay across jolting streets, somewhere near the mosque of the Valide Khan, or Sultan mother; and as by the way we strolled into a Persian khan, and took coffee with some stately Persian shawl-merchants, who smiled good-naturedly at our Frankish barbarisms, I may as well rest a moment on the wayside bench of an episode to describe the nature of a Turkish khan, and its present and past character.

The khan system represents the simple-hearted philanthropy of bygone Mahometanism. The khan was originally a charitable institution intended for the gratuitous reception of travellers, at a time when Eastern cities furnished even less accommodation to the commercial pilgrim than they do now. With the Mahometan, philanthropy and benevolence were always especial virtues: the hospital for fleas at Benares is but a caricature of the lavish charity that has filled Stamboul with wild dogs, that has provided for the wanderer, however poor, street fountains, and for the traveller the ever open khan.

I believe the modern khan is little better now than a cheap inn, for you pay the khan-keeper for the use of your room and for all that your horse eats. The coffee-keeper, in one corner of the quadrangle, supplies you with coffee at his own price, and your food you either buy yourself in the markets that

surround every mosque, or you send out your servant to forage for you. Abstractedly, I dare say the khan is supposed to be open to any one; but I much fear that, in reality, it is only the reasonably well-off traveller that dare venture to use it. In the same way, abstractedly, the Mahometan religion enjoins kindness to animals, as man's fellow-creatures, and on this account the street dog enjoys such privileges in Constantinople; but actually, one way and another, the said dog gets perpetually beaten about from morning till night, and in no city in the world do you see so many maimed, suffering, and mutilated animals. So, abstractedly, the khan is a charity for the poor; actually, it is merely a cheap hotel for the rich, with provisions and lodging fixed at a low tariff.

I went into several khans, at various hours of the day, and in all parts of several Eastern cities. I can therefore describe them accurately, nor is the description difficult, for their structure is simple. Just as the mosque has its courtyard for a market-place, its fountain court for ablutions, and its garden where the tombs of the founders are, so the khan is always a single or double quadrangle, with rooms running all round, and opening into a covered corridor, below which are the stables and store-rooms. Sometimes in the centre of the yard there is a fountain with a trained vine straggling greenly all over it, and there is always a coffee-shop in one corner. There is a gate where the keeper lives,

which gate is heavily chained and plated with iron, in case of insurrections or attacks of thieves.

Those I entered to deal for Persian shawls, or under pretence of cheapening poniards, or looking for Damascus sword-blades, never seemed very full.

When I walked down the long cloistered galleries and looked into the little monkish cells, I generally found half of them blocked with lumber, old furniture, and earthen vessels, or large tanned skin bags of Syrian tobacco, as I could see, for here and there a brown scorched fragment leaf looked out from where a sample-culling hand had been thrust through a rent in the hide.

I once slept in a khan near Thebes (for the Greeks retain the khans, as they do many other Turkish usages), and I remember that the hospitality consisted merely in a small bare room, with only cracked shutters for windows, though the place was famous for fever, and we were near some fever-producing standing water. My faithful Demetri slept across the threshold, and he lit my fire and warmed my soup, and got me orgeat and tea when I fell ill, as of course I did. I had no other attendance, and no one but my good Demetri came near me. My bed I brought, and on that I sat; table, chair, mat, there was none. In the East the traveller finds nothing in khan, or inn, or lodging, but what he brings with him. But then you can always hire furniture

from the khan keeper, and he will also cook and "do" for you.

Then there is, for an independent, self-reliant man, a delightful sense of freedom and security in a khan: you are not watched and preyed on, as at an English hotel, and the life, though rude and simple, is wild and picturesque; so much, indeed, did it seize my fancy, that I solemnly agreed with Rocket that the next time we visited Constantinople, we would spurn Misseri's, and, shaking off the dust from our Wellingtons upon the threshold of that exorbitant and tyrannical courier of the small conscience and large charges, settle ourselves with trunks and one Turkish servant in the Valide khan, the largest, I believe, of the khans of Constantinople.

There we should not hear the professional story-teller, because, for the last ten years, they have become nearly extinct; nor see the opium-eaters, who some years ago flocked to the coffee-shops round the Suleiman mosque, for the race is now all but dead; or see the slave-dealers with their negroes and Circassians—beauty and its antipodes—because there is no public slave-market now, and slave-dealing is carried on quietly in private houses. I am afraid I should not even see the dancing-girls, for they are not common in Stamboul, and are, I believe, now almost unknown.

But I should see many of those quiet, grave Eastern hobnobbings, those small circular smoking

parties, where there is so much courtesy and so little conversation; and it is astonishing with how little talking one can be social and pleasant in Turkey, the paradise of taciturn people. I should fling down my trunk in my clean swept bedroom, unpack my fold-up iron bedstead, and order in coffee from the courtyard. I should sit up at night over an Arabic book, when the khan gates were shut, and fancy myself the celebrated Sindbad, or one of the Calender's brothers, as I heard the distant dogs bark in the sleeping city.

But I must leave these projects, with other possibilities, and move on with my rambling train of sight-seers, with whom everything is "sweetly pretty" and "exquisite," to the tomb of the late Sultan. There are many of these tomb chapels about Stamboul; and they are nearly all alike. They are lofty, circular rooms, with high windows;—on the floor rest the huge coffins of the dead Sultan, or Sultan's brother or mother, covered with large Persian shawls of immense value, and in this case with the state turban, the plume agraffed with diamonds, hanging upon a support at one end. The slayer of the Janissaries is shrunk now to a six-feet box, a show-thing for staring Europeans, a money-trap for strutting kawasses and whispering, cheating dragomans.

But how can one moralize with Lady Quiveller venturing guesses at the value of the shawl, and

Windybank doing small arithmetical calculations about the work of the diamonds, which sarcastic Miss Hooper suggests are only paste? O beloved country of England! can anything equal the good taste and consideration of thy travelling children, can anything surpass their sociability and their consideration for the prejudices of others?

And now, as our party is breaking up quite tired, I and Rocket leave them, and taking hack-horses from a group that stand ready near the Bajazet mosque, we start for a ride completely round the walls of Stamboul, from the Seven Towers that look out on the Propontis to the old ruined Greek palace of the Blachernæ that looks down on the Golden Horn, where twelve hundred men-of-war could float without jostling.

To understand this ride, the reader must pardon my being duller than usual for a page or so.

I will spare my readers the narration of how, in 688 B.C., Byzan, a certain son of Neptune—that is to say, a certain Greek piratic sailor—rough, hardy, and venturous, arrived at the east beak of Europe, and there founded a sort of fishing town, which was called from him Byzantium. Safe but from the sea, and there not unskilled to fight, these hardy Greeks checked the kings of Bithynia, the far off Philip of Macedon, whose son was so to scourge the East, and drove back the Gauls when they spread over Asia Minor. Then came Pausanias, a Spartan general,

with his oiled and long-haired spearmen, after the defeat of Xerxes, to fortify Byzantium as a watch-tower against the dangerous Persian. Then Xenophon had a halt here, and, indeed, all through ancient history the town figures now and then with fore-grounds of Roman eagles, pilum-bearers, and flying fleets of gilded galleys, victorious or defeated.

As early as Augustus, it had entered the Roman mind to transfer the seat of empire from Rome to Constantinople; to avert which removal, Horace is supposed to have written one of his finest odes.

Three hundred years after, Diocletian revived the imperial idea, which Constantine, 334 A.D., carried out, drawing his mural lines within sight of Scutari (Chrysopolis), where he had defeated his rival. The Black Sea forests gave him wood; the island of Proconnesus, out yonder in the blue tide of Marmora, gave him *marmor;* Rome gave him statues for decoration; and in 413, Theodosius II. added an enormous angle to the city, taking in all the region of the Seven Towers.

The better to understand the city, leave Rocket with the horses, and come up the Seraskier or Fire Tower, one of the highest spots in Constantinople, from whence we can see all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them. Across a great dusty vacant square, and we reach the buttressed foundation and the cave-like doorway of the white tower of the fire watchmen.

Up we go in a cool dimness, up the ramps or inclined planes, for the Turks do not use stairs if they can help it. Up, up — holloa! what is that clinking that clashes downwards as from above? Oh, that is a galley slave, employed here by the soldiers to carry water up the tower for their use, and for the use of the coffee-shop keeper, who lives up aloft. Observe, as he dashes sullenly past, with a stolid, helpless misery and ferocity in his face, the chains bracketing his ankles as if he were a wild beast. Up past narrow loops of blue sky, and we are in a large wooden-panelled gallery, nearly at the top of the tower. Nearly all its space is taken up with a divan that runs round the building; and at one side is the coffee-shop, where some slovenly soldiers are smoking and drinking the Arabian drug. Instantly, without any order given, the dirty coffee man brings us little thimble cups of burning black coffee half grounds, and a tumbler of cold water to correct its biliousness, a courtesy for which I shall have to pay ten times as much as those soldiers pay, or as that wanton-looking Perote lady and that gross, stupid Perote merchant, who are staring vacantly out upon the Golden Horn.

Now we can see all the seven hills of Stamboul, though they are as indistinct in outline as those of Rome, and far less glorious. From here, we can discern clearly how the Bosphorus, after breaking from

the Euxine Sea, and winding through twenty miles of beauty, breaks against the triangular promontory of the farthest east of Europe, and parts, on the one side, into the Propontis; on the other, into the Golden Horn that flows between Galata and Stamboul.

The first hill, observe, comprises the beak of the promontory, with the low flat Seraglio and its cypress gardens, St. Sophia and her domes. The second hill embraces the Hippodrome behind St. Sophia, the mosque of Sultan Achmet, and the Osmanea, and bears on its summit the Bezestein, or Burnt Pillar, of fire-blackened porphyry banded with metal. The third hill comprises the mosque of Sultan Bajazet, and the very Seraskier tower we stand on, and reaches from the Valide Khan towards the harbour. Its special crown is the mosque of Solomon, the finest building in the city. The fourth hill begins with the aqueduct of Valens; includes the ground which rises above the old Janissary quarters; ascends to Sultan Mahomet's mosque; and turns by the south side of the Greek quarter, or Fanar, into the valley west below the old Seraglio. The fifth hill is marked by Sultan Selim's mosque, and takes in the whole Fanar down to the Golden Horn. The sixth hill, which is no hill, includes nearly one-third of the whole thirteen miles perimeter of the city, and reaches from Sultan Mahomet's mosque to the Seven Towers and the Sea of Marmora. The seventh and last hill is near the harbour, Eyub way, and takes

in Meribos, Sultana Djami, and the Blachernæ palace, which the Emperor Heraclius first enclosed with walls.

Now the whole city with its domes, flat-tiled house-roofs, and cypresses, lies before you. Over there, in Galata, is the Admiralty Arsenal, the Cassim Pasha that Windybank teases us so much about; and there, out against the Sea of Marmora, is Daoud Pasha that, Rocket tires us with. The Jews' quarter is there by the harbour, and out by Tophana is the tawdry palace an Armenian built for the Sultan.

I look down on the seventeen regions of the city of Theodosius; but their glory is gone. The forums, and porticos, and basilicas, where are they? Still I am in Europe, and I look over into Asia. I see where Darius led his millions, and where Godfrey marched with his Crusaders. In that harbour Genoese Doria crushed the rival fleets; and there a myriad purple-wearers have passed to conquest. Here Zoe and Irene, Basil and the Comneni, have rejoiced and mourned. There, across the water, climbs the hill of Galata, and the old Genoese town; and yonder, facing the Seraglio, rise Scutari and Chalcedon, where the Church once held its council to denounce Eutyches and Armenianism. All the way up the Bosphorus I see on either side the low red houses and scorched house-roofs stretching; and to the south, gemming the Sea of Marmora, the isles of the Princes—the paradises of Perote merchants; and away

in the horizon rise the Bithynian mountains, and old gray-headed Olympus, looking over all their shoulders, curious to see the Turks depart from Europe.

But this view makes me only long to see more, so I ascend a ladder and mount to the higher stories of the tower; passing through three little chambers, before I reach the very apex of the lantern. In the first I find two enormous canvas globes, painted red, which the Turks use to hang out of window by daytime, to indicate in what direction is the fire the watchman observes. By night they light the wicks in those huge pans of grease that I observe fastened into embrasures north, south, east, and west. They were all flaring and blowing out flags of flame a few nights ago, when the great piled lath houses in the Jewish quarter blazed up, and two or three thousand families were rendered homeless in a few dreadful hours.

I pass these chambers and mount an iron ladder nearly perpendicular, and, putting my head out of the topmost green dome, drag myself out by a large iron ring, till I sit, my head and shoulders above the roof, my legs resting on the ladder below. Below in the great white square the turbaned Turks are no bigger than earwigs, and the arabas look like nutshells. Now sea, and harbour, and mountainous slopes of roofs, are all beneath me, and I rule all. I see the columns of the old Greek emperors—the

baths and the mosques. Everywhere gardens and trees mingle with the houses, and here and there I observe the houses huddled together, and leaving great barren squares and rubbish tracts—bare and desolate as in a ruined city. And what especially attracts my eye among the vineyards and melon-grounds, is a line of stalking aqueducts, gray and broken, and here and there covered or tufted with ivy. They must be the aqueducts of Valens.

Now I descend, and mount horse again, to ride down to the side of the Golden Horn, and count the ancient gates of the Greek city. I will not stop to minutely describe their relative degrees of crumble and decay, but just enumerate their special features, to convey some idea of the wealth and grandeur of the ancient city. The gates at the Seraglio Point, and opposite St. Sophia, are no longer used.——

But here I will take advantage of a much better guide than myself, and call in the aid of a most clever topographic scholar, *i. e.* the Rev. R. Burgess, who gives the following minute and interesting account of them:—

"The city is a triangular figure, about thirteen miles in perimeter, along a shore extending from east to north to a distance of three miles, forming one side of the triangle. There were anciently twelve gates which opened upon the port: most of them still remain in their original sites, and retain their ancient names in the present Turkish designations: the one at

the Seraglio Point, called the Porta Eugenii; another, nearly opposite St. Sophia, called Porta Neoria, or Naval Gate, and now, in Turkish, Tchifout Capoussi—are no longer in use. It was from the Porta Navalis that the chain was suspended which (drawn across to what is now Galata) shut up the entrance into the Golden Horn.

"To proceed with our gates. No. 1. Ghemi Iskelè, or the Fruit Gate, called also Zindan Capoussi: it was anciently called the Gate of Boats, and it is at this time the principal landing-place for the caïques crossing the port from Pera. No. 2. Oun Kapaneu Capoussi, anciently the Porta Farinaria, the gate by which the corn was taken into the city: it is now closed. No. 3. Djubali Capoussi, or the Glazier's Gate: I cannot find an ancient name for this. No. 4. Aia Capoussi, the Holy Gate, so called because the people landed there to go to the church of St. Theodosia; and it is remarkable that the Turks should have annexed the Greek adjective *aia*, holy, to their Turkish substantive of Capoussi. We come now to the Fanar, which is the quarter of the city that has been inhabited by the Greek princes and nobles ever since the fall of the Greek empire. The heroes, descendants of the Cantecuzene and Palæologi, who went forth to fight for freedom in 1820, were principally Fanariotes. The Fanar Gate is still called by the Turks (No. 5) Petri Capoussi, or the Gate of Peter. Indeed, the whole district

was named after the Apostle of the circumcision. The Regio Petri is celebrated in the siege of Constantinople, 1453. When Mahmoud II. had transported his light ships overland from the Bosphorus, not being able to force the chain drawn across from the Porta Neoria, he launched his boats nearly opposite the gate of Peter. Notaras defended the gate with great valour, but his abject submission to the conqueror afterwards, tarnished his renown. This gate, like all the rest on the port, is narrow and low, a mere opening in the curtain of the wall: just within it stands the house of the Greek patriarch, and the patriarchal Church of St. George, to which we shall again recur. No. 6 is the gate which leads to the Jews' quarter, called Balat, which, in all probability, is a corruption of Palatium, for the gate formerly was the Royal Gate, leading to an imperial residence, of which there are some remains. No. 7 is Haivan Hissari, anciently called Cynegeton, or the Gate of the Vivarium, the place where wild beasts were kept for the use of the amphitheatre, which was situated at this extremity of the city. The Chiloporta, at the very angle of the city, is closed. Before leaving the enclosure of the Balat, we have the Egree Capoussi (No. 8), anciently called Charsias. Towering above the city walls, we see the structure of a building which is called the Palace of Constantine, but ought rather to be called the Palace of Heraclius, for we are now in that portion of the city

which was added by that emperor in 620. From hence we strike across the continent to pursue the line of walls which stretch from the Perami Canal to the Sea of Marmora, a length of about four miles, and forming the base of the triangle or harp, to which may be likened the form of Stamboul. No. 9, the Edrene Capoussi, or Hadrianople Gate, anciently Poliandron, may be considered as the first that occurs in the walls of Theodosius.

"These walls present a triple line, and have retained, in a great measure, their original appearance. The inner wall is the highest of the three ranges, and it is strengthened by lofty towers, indifferently square, circular, or octagonal. The second, or middle wall, is much lower, and the towers are less, being generally circular; and the third, or outer wall, with batteries running along the top, serves as the barrier of the ditch or fosse that runs before it. 'The intervals between these walls are eighteen feet wide, and are in many places choked up with earth and masses of fallen ramparts.' The materials are almost invariably stone and brick, in alternate courses. The towers in some parts are completely clad with ivy, in others half ruined and half overshadowed by the fig-tree, which has caused the rent, 'mala robora ficus.' The solitude beneath these ramparts is as complete as it is in the vicinity of the walls of Rome, and it is saddened by the melancholy groves of cypresst-rees which stand over the Mussulmans'

graves. Passing the Edrene Capoussi, we must stop for a few moments at the next, No. 10. It was called St. Romanus: the Turks now call it Top Capoussi, or the Cannon Gate, on account of the great event which took place in 1453. It was here that the last of the Constantines bravely fought and fell before the overpowering force of Mahmoud II.: his body was found after some days under heaps of slain, and was only recognized by the silver eagles upon his slippers. The great struggle will be at the Top Capoussi: there the assailants would be beyond the reach of war vessels in the ports, and the heights of Scutari are too distant to afford protection: in short, the whole line of wall, from the Blachernæ to the seven towers, would require to be covered, if 50,000 Russians should ever cross the Balkan. A little further, and we arrive at the Mevlanè Yeni Gate, No. 11, called in former times Melandisia. It bears upon the long lintel, which rests upon two consols, a Greek inscription, and the following in Latin:—

> 'Theodosî jussis gemino nec mense peracto
> Constantinus ovans hæc mœnia forma locavit,
> Tam cito tam stabilem Pallus vix conderet arcem.'

Nos. 12 and 13 are respectively the Selivri and the Kapaneu Gate, anciently the Porta Quintii and the Porta Attali. We now arrive at the enclosure which surrounds the Golden Gate, and the Yedi Kouleler, No. 14, or Seven Towers. Considering the Seraglio Point, where the Sublime Porte exists,

to be the seat of government, we are now at the farthest extremity of the city. Behind the trees which hang from the walls, and flanked by two large square marble towers, is discerned the Porta Aurea, or Golden Gate: this was, in fact, a triumphal arch built by Theodosius, to commemorate his defeat of Maximus. Compared with similar monuments at Rome, there is nothing remarkable in it for richness of ornament, or elegance of construction: on the top of it stood a statue of Theodosius, which, after being thrown down by an earthquake, was replaced by a statue of Victory. The inscription upon it, which is still legible, is this—

> 'Hæc loca Theodosius decorat post fata tyranni,
> Aurea sæcla gerit qui portam construet auro.'

In the time of the Greek emperors there was a fortress at this extremity of the walls: it was called Cyclobion. The Latin armies who attacked Constantinople by the Golden Gate destroyed it. John Cantacuzene rebuilt it, but it was in ruins when Bajazet threatened the city. Mahomet II. the conqueror of Constantinople, finally rebuilt the fortress on the same site, and added several towers. The Greeks called them Heptapirghion; the Turks, Yedi Kouleler, the seven towers. I could only discern four rising conspicuously above the outer walls of the city; in one of these, that nearest the Golden Gate, the foreign ambassadors used to be stowed whenever they displeased the Sultans. The times are changed,

and perhaps the Sultans might find a lodging in the same tower, if they chance to displease the foreign ambassadors. This may be called the Bastille of Constantinople. It was within these gloomy walls that Brancovan, Prince of Wallachia, with his wife and four sons, were put to death; while Demetrius Cantemir, who had betrayed the unfortunate prince, was satiated with the favours of Sultan Achmet. During the French wars, a Russian ambassador, Count de Bucaloff, was imprisoned here for nearly two years; also a French ambassador, Rufin, who was severely treated. Even as late as half a century ago, Sir John Arbuthnot was threatened with a lodging in the seven towers. We have now to run along the third side of the triangle, which extends from the seven towers to the Seraglio, and is washed by the waters of the Propontis. The first gate that occurs is the Gate of the Bombshells, Narleu Kapou. The second retains its Greek appellation, Psamatia, or the Sandgate, and it gives the name to the quarter of the city to which it immediately leads, in which there is a considerable population of Greeks and Armenians. It contains churches dedicated to St. Nicholas, St. Polycarp, and St. Basilius; it is probable that St. Nicholas is the least popular at this moment! The walls now recede from the line of shore, and form an angle at the Gate of Daoud Pasha, probably the ancient port of S. Emilianus. From here begins a valley which runs across to the Perami, and divides

the City of Constantine from that of Theodosius. It is a thinly inhabited quarter, with a towering mosque. Gardens, not warehouses, occupy much of the space, and the whole has the appearance of a Turkish village. The next, that is, the fourth gate on this side, is Yeni Capoussi, or Newgate. We next arrive at Koum Capoussi, another Sandgate; and from here to the Seraglio we obtain in our circuit glimpses of the original work of Constantine, patched by Genoese and Venetian construction,—towers built upon rows of columns inserted lengthways, and fragments of marble starting out of crumbling heaps in admired disorder: this portion of the line of wall which ends at the Tchatladi Capoussi, is a faithful representative of the Turkish empire. Like these walls, it is built up of heterogeneous materials, and fragments kept together by cement got by foreign aid, capable of little resistance, and presenting a motley sort of construction of the Arabesque order. The last gate, Akhour Capoussi, or the Stable Gate, so called because it leads to the stables of the Harem, and from it begins the enclosure of the Seraglio. With these mysterious walls we round the promontory which forms the eastern extremity of Europe, and represents the apex, somewhat flattened, of the triangle whose perimeter we have now measured. Bondelmonte reckons from the angle at Blackernes to the Golden Gate 180 towers; from these to the Cape S. Demetrius, 110; and he makes the whole circuit

of the walls eighteen miles; but this must be meant to include Galata, on the other side of Perami,—a suburb of Constantinople we have yet to describe. In order to proceed with this, I must take you in a light caïque from the Seraglio Point, Serai Bournou, across to Tophanè, and we arrive at Galata, to which must be added Pera. These two suburbs, separated from the Stamboul of the Turks by the Perami Canal or harbour, were possessed by a colony of Genoese. After the holy wars had ceased, at the end of the thirteenth century, they obtained the suburb as a fief from the elder Andronicus, and they surrounded and fortified it with walls. The Venetians attempted to wrest it out of the hands of their rivals, but, in 1352, the Genoese were victorious. They engrossed the commerce of the East for a century, and their wealth enabled them to overawe the enfeebled power of the Greek empire. They made a struggle against the formidable Mahmoud II., but were involved in the general ruin of Constantinople. The walls of their city have stood unto this day. They run from the artillery barracks of Tophanè, to the Mariners', near Cassim Pasha, along the shore of the Perami: they ascend the hill in a zigzag line to the tower of Galata, and descend to the vicinity of the grand mosque of Mahmoud. They are built of small square stones, with numerous fragments of antiquity filling up the voids. The towers are round or square, as it happens, and it appears the colony was governed by a

Podestà. I copied this inscription—"*Spectabil Nobil Ilarius Imperialis Potas Pere,*" but I know nothing more of this respectable noble Ilarius than this inscription. I found the dates 1433—1447 upon the towers, and it was only six years after the latter date that Constantinople was taken by the Turks. This district, now known as Galata, was anciently called the *Regio Sycarum*, or the fig-trees: in the ancient *Notitia* it is registered as the XIII. Region; and it bears about the same relation to Constantinople proper, as the Trans-Tiberine Region at Rome bears to the Seven-hilled City on the left bank of the Tiber. The Emperor Honorius built a forum and theatre here, and there was a temple of Amphiaraus, and another of Diana Lucifera. The Emperor Justinian joined this region to the main city by a bridge thrown across the harbour, and he gave it the privileges of a municipality, with the name of Justinianopolis; but the name is now only to be found in the pages of Procopius. A few broken columns employed in the Genoese houses, or lying in the corner of the streets, are all the vestiges that can be found of the ancient monuments."

Now I must not let the reader suppose that I effected the complete circumnavigation of the city at this particular ride. The towers on the Bosphorus side, with the old broken columns built in a little above the foundations, I had seen on previous days, when coasting in steamer or in kyak. I had seen

the picturesque ramparts, now defenceless, with the fishermen's huts studding them like barnacles—sails now hung where banners once waved—and out of the arrow-holes and loops in the towers, ragged people's heads protruding as the stranger's boat passes.

The citadel of the Seven Towers, originally but four—Mahomet added three—is situated at the angle where the land walls and coast walls meet. It is half in ruins, but still has its resident Pasha governor, who is always at prayers when you want the keys to go up to the sea tower, where the Turkish tradition is that a spirit sits with a mirror in its hand, in which are reflected the shadows of any eight enemies that are preparing to endanger Stamboul.

The three lines of walls on the side where the Turks broke in, and through which, as their own legend goes, they will some day be expelled, always reminded me in their eyeless, crippled condition, of a collection of the ruined castles of England, drawn up for review by the great monarch Time himself; or rather, as they sleep in the sun, like a street of old castles spending their old age, pensioned off, in alms-houses. But here my metaphor hobbles a little, though it still expresses a certain feeling. There are nearly three miles of them from the Seven Towers to the Castle of the Blachernæ. On one side is the narrow paved road that follows the line of rampart, bordered by melon and leek gardens, orchards, private houses and burial-grounds. Even the old moat of

the city is choked up with plane and mulberry-trees, or bristles up with Jerusalem artichokes and sunflowers. Here and there in the towers you see a tract of stone cleaner and newer than the rest, and then perhaps a tablet of inscription, with, in one place, lions passant regardant over a doorway. Some of the towers lean as if but yesterday shaken by a gunpowder earthquake; others are beaten in as if with battering rams or the fiery shock of cannon.

And here on the rolling slopes of turf by the Blachernæ palace, near which some camels are resting, we come suddenly upon a Greek festival, young Greeks are wrestling among the graves, some Turks looking stolidly on with that Quaker composure that is irritating to a laughing Englishman; and there are some pretty children in loose pink and yellow dresses, and with braided hair in long tails.

I have elsewhere described the antiquities of the Hippodrome, with its twisted snake columns eleven feet high, its ruined stone pyramid, which Constantine plated with bronze, and the Theodosian obelisk, with its massy bas-reliefs and Greek and Latin inscriptions. I should not forget to mention, before I quit the subject of Stamboul antiquities, that the horses of St. Mark's that the Venetians took from the outside of St. Sophia, once stood in the Hippodrome, probably over the Porta Pompæ, by which the processions of horses and charioteers entered the circus that Septimus Severus first originated in Byzantium. I little

thought when I saw their gilded collars last in Venice of where they had been reft from.

Of the triumphal columns in Constantinople, the topographical antiquarian, I have before quoted, says:—

"There were several triumphal columns in Constantinople, one in honour of Theodosius, which stood on the seventh or most remote hill, and on each side were the statues of Arcadius and Honorius. These are no longer existing, except in the pictures of Gentile Bellini; but near to the Avret Bazaar there stands a pedestal sustaining the torus of a column's base, and this was the pillar of Arcadius. Not far from the Shah Zadi Dgiami, or mosque of the sultan's son, stands a column called by the Turks 'Kistash,' or the Virgin's stone: the basement and pedestal are of marble, the shaft of granite, and it has suffered by fire: on the upper plinth we can still decipher the three words *Quod Tatianu sopus;* but the English traveller, Wheeler, read the whole inscription. It was erected to Tatian, by the Emperor Marcian, who ascended the Byzantine throne in 450. The capital is a ponderous weight of marble placed on a tall shaft, and it would require all the skill and knowledge of this Institute to explain the winged figures and the monograms which appear on the capital and the pedestal. Such caprices generally mark a period of decline in art and genius, not unlike some authors, who, for want of originality, fill up

their pages with inapt quotations, and try to conceal the theft. The aqueduct of Valens is best seen near the At Bazaar, or horse-market; its origin, no doubt, is Roman, but its conspicuous rows of arches are chiefly the patchwork of the sultans. The next object of antiquity worthy of notice is the Burnt Pillar, which has attracted the special notice of travellers; it is of porphyry, the shaft composed of several pieces, the jointures concealed by garlands; it is now bound in several places with iron bands to keep together the calcimnated pieces loosened by the fire; it is said to have been brought by Constantine from Rome, and on the top was a statue of Apollo; on the upper part is an inscription bearing the name of Manuel Comnenus as the restorer. When Mahmoud II. entered Constantinople, the Greeks had a prophecy, that when the invaders arrived at the Burnt Pillar they would be stopped by the destroying angel; but the prophecy did not come true. Pocock observes, that Arius died near this column; very near to it are the subterranean cisterns, two of them now dry, and only used for spinning silk and making ropes; in one of them, I counted five divisions supported by thirty-two granite columns of perfect symmetry; the second is said to have 1,001 columns, which is just the number of stories in the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments;* but I did not take the trouble to verify the number. There is a third cistern, which still serves the original purpose: it is called Batan Serai, and

Gyllius counted in it 336 columns; it best explains the nature and objects of those large works made by the Greek emperors for supplying the city with fresh water: they appear to have attracted the attention of our countrymen more than any other object of antiquity; and I can conceive a practical engineer, or even the commissariat, preferring the Cisterns to the Burnt Pillar or the Twisted Column. The rest of the antiquities of Constantinople must be sought for in the walls of mosques and in the gardens of the inhabitants; fragments of marble are frequently turned into stepping-stones in the street, and pieces of statues inserted into houses; you occasionally stumble over a broken shaft, or you may hurt your shin against the corner of a votive altar; you may fancy you have found an inscription which is to throw light upon your topography, but approaching to read, it turns out to be a verse of the Koran, or Mahomet is his prophet. There is yet, however, much that an antiquary, if he had time and a pickaxe, might evolve out of 'the double night of ages and of ignorance;' and perhaps this new sort of a column into which English, French, and Turks are twisted now, may lead to some excavations that will bring to light a work of Phidias, or one of the oboli dropped into the begging bag of Belisarius! I did not profess to attempt any account or description of the modern buildings of Stamboul,—not for want of matter, but for want of time; but before I conclude this paper,

I will venture upon two specimens of existing objects respectively belonging to the religion of Turks and Christians."

It is some days after that I and Rocket investigate the aqueducts and the water supply of Stamboul; but, for the sake of unity, I append here my notes of what I saw. Those stone pyramids that stand at the corner of so many streets contain the water-pipes; and here and there, when half-broken down, they disclose them as a wound in a limb discloses the arteries and hid vessels.

The fifteen great sources of water that supply Stamboul yield a daily amount of 12,267,532 kilogrammes of water, giving each of the 600,000 inhabitants a daily supply of 2,044 kilogrammes. The well-masters or *Sir Jaldshi* have the whole administration of this supply, and of its conduct and distribution. There are 400 men at present in the corporation, and of these, 100 are Albanians, from five or six villages of Dinopolis in Epirus. These people have always been, even in the time of the Greek emperors, the hereditary well-masters of Stamboul; and the head of them is the *Sir Nasari*, or water inspector, who is nominated by the Sultan, and is generally one of his subaltern couriers. His salary is 3,000 piastres, besides the revenue of the twelve villages, Belgrave, Pyrgas, Ponte, Piccolo, Zitras, &c., where the chief water cranks are situated.

But I must now conclude my antiquarian chapter and the day of the Firman, by describing the two subterranean tanks that I visited.

They are the works of the great emperors in the city's royal youth.

The first reservoir we descended to, somewhere near the Horse Bazaar, from an enclosure like a barren common — rubbish heaps tufted scantily with grass—a sort of place where cats rot, beggars come to sleep, children to play, and dogs to die. Here and there, there were holes in the grounds like the half filled-up apertures of old wells, and through these issued strange sounds, as of busy life and a whiz as of wheels.

We descended the dirty cellar stairs, and were instantly confronted by a miserable-looking, villanous, insolent Turk, who talked several volumes, and demanded piastres, never seeming satisfied, though we half filled his dirty claw with copper autographs of Abdul Medjid. We descended lower, and found ourselves in an immense dark hall of pillars, lit scantily from above, and full of barefooted children, who, clamouring for alms, ran backward and forward to adjust the almost invisible silk threads that stretched like cobwebs from one end of the place to the other, screaming out in shrill anger, as, confused by the fitful light, we got entangled in the silken net. Vividly before me now comes back that dark chamber, with the glistening threads, the shreaking spin-

ners, the click and buzz of wheels, and the cross wafts of sunlight slanting from above, from the well-holes where weeds grew green and transparent.

Our next descent was in quite a different part of the city. In a retired street, it lay out of a crowded neighbourhood, not far from the Hippodrome. The place was shut up and paled in; but, breaking through a jungle of nettles and flowering weeds, we clambered over a paling near the padlocked gate, and found ourselves in a rank-grown enclosure, like a deserted garden, and descended some steps into a sort of cave of Montesino's, passing into a cloister terrace, with a dark chasm, supported by graceful pillars, the nearest of which had basket-shaped capitals, and were green with mould. We should have had blue lights to burn here, for the boat is now removed, and we could only throw in stones to hear the splashing Stygian echoes that indicated the presence of water.

I suspect Stamboul will prove a mine of antiquities when Christians reconquer it, and fairly and intelligently set a-digging. In many parts of the city, I noticed slices of old columns serving as door-steps; and in a long street near the Fanar, I remember stumbling upon an immense porphyry chest of a sarcophagus turned into a fountain. As for the old walls, they are entirely built up, in places, of masses of older works.

The Suleimanea mosque, it is well known, was

built with materials taken from the ancient Chalcedon across the water; and could stones speak, no doubt half the mysteries of ancient art could be readily explained by the existing relics of Constantinople.

Just as our caïque touched at Tophana, the Sultan passed, followed by his guard and the arabas of his ladies. He looked as melancholy and hopeless as the debauched king of a worn-out empire well could.

CHAPTER XII.

AN EVENING AT A PERA HOTEL.

If after dinner was wearisome at Misseri's Castle of Indolence, after coffee was insupportable.

Misseri is too much of a monopolist to care much about how his guests are amused. There is no Cæsar in Pera to appeal to, there is no higher tribunal where King Misseri's sentence of "unmitigated dulness" can be reversed. He, the tyrant landlord, who allows no one to whistle within his court, and who once actually dared, during dinner, reprimand Dr. Legoff for venturing during that sacred ceremony to glance at a Dutch newspaper—he cares not to provide a billiard-table; cards, I believe, he denounces; and I am not sure if gallant officers from India have not been trounced for playing at vingt-un after curfew in their locked-up, inviolable bedrooms. Indeed, there is ample room for a rival to King Misseri—a rival who would charge moderately, give three instead of two meals a-day, and provide honest and civil guides and dragomans; who would establish two or three

billiard-tables and a card-room; who would occasionally start private theatricals, who would found a private library of some thousand volumes; who would, in fact, not treat you as a mere sponge to be squeezed, a mere money-box to be emptied; who would supply information about the Turkish city and manners, and who would keep some half-dozen boats, with European boatmen, ready for the use of his guests; who would, in fact, consider that, as a landlord, he has duties to perform in return for nearly a sovereign a-day paid into his royal exchequer. Oh! how it would lower the pride of bishop and M.P., admiral and colonel, were they all clearly taught early the inevitable lesson that they are paid only on condition of performing certain duties;—duties that sooner or later must be performed, or the breach of their performance bitterly, perhaps *bloodily*, atoned for.

But I much fear, for the sake of brother travellers, that the day of retribution to King Misseri will come some time hence—perhaps when he gets older, less active, and more extortionate—more eager to take, less able to retain. At present there is no other hotel but a dingy one half-way down a steep, dirty street that leads to the water's edge, where no one but small business men go; and Armenian lodging-houses, where the Christian is cheated and half starved. Misseri buys up his rivals, and, for all you know, owns the very dog-hole that the rash or violent fly to, to escape

him. Over in Stamboul there is nothing but the khans, and a man must be a Burton or a Burckhardt, a Bruce or a Wolff, to venture on them.

I think before I arrived at Misseri's I had never felt an hour pass slowly. But there the gap between dinner and bed—not long, say from nine to eleven—was intolerable. The ladies were gone, with a rustle of silk, and a gliding of little feet, long before we left our coffee and came into the inner drawing-room from the dinner table. They are by this time asleep, upstairs in their bedrooms working, or writing home. If they had ever waited on those carpeted divans, or round the central table, which is strewn with French and English newspapers, the conversation would have been of a mere damp firework kind, running round in knots and transitory flashes, like the conversation in a first-class waiting-room at a railway station, when the different groups do not know each other.

Then if we were to go out, the gates are shut down by the tower of Galata—the old Genoese tower—we cannot, for the Turkish soldiers, pass, over into Stamboul; and if we did, we should see nothing but bare dim streets, and we should get bitten on the heels by the wild dogs we trod on; or get beheaded by some suspicious Turk as a prowling robber. Nor is Pera much more inviting. Certainly there is that horrible Doum theatre, with its ballet of "The Three Graces,"—one Grace four feet high,

another enormously fat, and the third tall as a giraffe, with skeleton legs.

Then, delightful as billiards are, and unceasing as the variety of the red and white game is, we cannot always be playing at pool; and besides, the Greeks here generally play the Russian game, or the French *carambole,* at a small table without pockets. It is dangerous, too, to walk up the great Pera street beyond the horse stand, or the Turkish barracks; and there is nothing to see in the narrow street but here and there a small provincial shop—a chemist or a tobacconist—open and dimly lit.

So the result is, that after some little fractious struggle, the new comer gives in, wishes neither for concert nor theatre, and does as the rest do. Wine after dinner there is none, for Misseri gives only *vin* very *ordinaire,* and that is removed with the table-cloth. Good wine is scarce and enormously dear; and besides, the charges are generally so high that no one, not even Russian princes, care to order any more; so, just before the ladies go, coffee is brought round (once), and we content ourselves with that—and cigars.

It is shameful and a reproach, but so it is, that directly ladies rise to leave, everyone at Misseri's draws up his chair cozily, pulls out his tobacco-pouch, and prepares his cigarette tube for a quiet, pleasant chat. The German baron twirls his thumb-ring and strokes his beard, Rocket makes

a little white funnel for his flaxen Turkish tobacco, Windybank looks more chairmany and statistical than ever, Legoff describes the last case of plague he saw at Cairo, and relates the horrors of the Aleppo button that comes on the end of the nose. (Rocket, who has a nose without end, looks anxious, and squints down it as you look down a rifle for the sight.) Men proffered each other tobacco; the flaky Cavendish was bartered for the treacly strong pigtail that sailors chew when their heads are turned, as Hood once said; the German canaster for the eye of the Bristol bird; the Syrian Gibili for the Turkish saffron thread; brown scented Havannah for the flat tube from Manilla; while here and there a good trade among the dozen or so of us was driven in little innocent cigarettes, whose burning shrouds were white, generally speaking.

About an hour or two after the seven o'clock dinner, Misseri's waiters begin to break out of their ambuscades, and move uneasily and anxiously about the room—a sure sign the king thinks that we have sat long enough. The waiters do not say anything, it is true; they are not impertinent—no head wags or finger dares to point; yet that unmeaning jostling of coffee-cups, that lowering of gas, and putting back of superfluous chairs, announces that the irrevocable fiat has gone forth that the house should divide.

The particular night that I recall, we were mutinous and would not go to bed as usual, like good

boys, but adjourned to the terrace outside the dining-room window, where we talked and smoked, singing and laughing, as we attempted English songs, and burnt away our red glimmering cigars.

It was on a terrace-roof of loose planks that we sat, under the shadow of that huge yellow palace that the Russian consul is said to have built in anticipation of his royal master's wants in case of conquest. The Bosphorus dark lay below us. Stamboul, with its black rank and file of mosques and towers, was right before us. Now we could see it no more than the gloss of the leaves of the orange-trees that grew in green tubs upon the terrace. There was no sound but our own voices in the darkness, and every now and then the howl or yelp of a wild dog beaten by a watchman, or some late wayfarer, at once angry and timid. Here and there a star shot across the sky like a fiery bullet shot by some angelic Minié or some satanic revolving Colt. Here and there across the dark water a kyak with a lantern at the rowlocks darted like a flying glow-worm across a dark meadow.

Some of us were great at talking, others great at silence. But our pleasantest chatterers were two Indian officers, Tiffin and Pawney, both great conversers, both pleasant and gentlemanlike men. The one was fresh from an engineering expedition for a railway at the mouth of the Danube, the other from some years' sporting in Ceylon, among the coffee plantations and in the elephant country. Tiffin was

the engineer, Pawney the sportsman; the one a thin yellow man, with bilious eyes; the other a strong, broad-chested man, with red beard—a sort of man who could have knocked a bull down dead with his fist. Tiffin was a keen, sour, inquiring Scotchman; Pawney a rather bragging, blunt, energetic, hardy, frank man, of Irish extraction. Alone they were tiring; the one exhausting, the other wearying; but together they were pleasant as lemons and whisky.

The report was that Tiffin had discovered a new planet, but would not disclose it except in his will; while, to prove Pawney's daring, there was a story that, to harden himself, he had gone to Aden simply to lie all day with his bare head exposed to a Red Sea sun.

Tiffin was full of Costanji, a place near the Black Sea, and close to where Ovid was banished. It was here that well-nosed voluptuous poet lamented the stern climate, the thick-ribbed ice, and the savage people, having no skates, being born in soft Italian air, and not of a missionary turn of mind.

"We have found many relics of the city of the poet's exile," said Tiffin, hoarsely, through the darkness, "but not any ruins of the poet's century, I presume because Constantine afterwards rebuilt or enlarged the place and gave it its name. We have dug up some copper pieces of Diocletian, some pedestals for statues, and some pigs of lead five hundredweight each."

"Apropos of pigs," said Rocket, who was always irrelevant, striking in, "do you get good bacon there?"

"Not a rasher," said Tiffin, unmoved; "and that reminds me, Rocket, to tell Pawney about your killing the agent's tame vulture, and thinking you had hit a real wild one."

"Fie, Rocket!" said Pawney, "when you have pelicans on the Danube, and can have flying shots at them at a thousand yards with a Whitworth."

"You are always talking of your thousand yards," growled Rocket; "but it ain't so easy, my old boy. I believe, Tiffin, that Pawney was the fellow who persuaded the cockney editor that a Whitworth gun had killed a wild goose at eight miles—a most shameful and cruel hoax."

"Have the excavations at Costanji, Mr. Tiffin," I said, "helped to throw any light on that all-important question to modern architects—the ingredients of Roman cement?"

"The best cement for the Romans is Italian liberty in unity," said Rocket, venturing a joke; but he was instantly silenced, for Misseri allows no jokes, as we represented to him.

"I should be obliged," said Tiffin, in a stately way, "if Mr. Rocket would reserve his jokes for a more suitable place.—Yes, sir, the Roman cement is composed chiefly at Costanji of powdered brick."

"Don't you find the Turks great loafers, Mr. Tiffin," said Rocket, to show he was not snubbed by the pundit.

"They are not so energetic," replied Tiffin, "as the more northern people; but they are very strong, and their porters carry burdens our men can scarcely lift, they bear the sun better, and eat one-third less. It's no use hurrying or abusing a Turk. If you do, he either flies at you, or rolls up and spikes outward, like a hedgehog. You must humour them, be firm yet kind, and not rub their fanaticism against the hair. No flippant raillery, Mr. Rocket—no loud voiced-anger, Mr. Pawney."

"Why, Tiffin, you are as bitter to-night as the aloes that only bloom once in a hundred years," said Pawney.

"The aloes are bitter, yet they heal sick men," said Tiffin, who was grand and stern to-night.

A discussion now arose as to the most dangerous beasts to hunt.

Rocket said, "a bore," looking towards Tiffin; for the moon just then slided from behind a cloud, and showed its face, like that of a saint's corpse radiant with miraculous glory.

Tiffin blew his nose so loud and angrily, that all Pera seemed to shake to its very foundations.

Pawney said, "By Jove, sir, a grisly bear, that's your queer customer—that's your *bête noire*—that's

the mote, sir, in a sportsman's eye. Here, waiter, bring me a brandy-and-soda."

"Two brandies and sodas," suggested Tiffin.

"Make it three, if you could, without distressing yourself," said Rocket.

"The grisly bear, sir, chases you along the open, up trees, anywhere, and nothing but death will throttle him off. He'll run about, sir, with his head half off his body."

"I don't think much of bears," growled Tiffin.

"Don't you, by George!" said Pawney; "then you never saw any, sir, but Ursa Major from Greenwich Observatory."

"I hate 'em," said Rocket, touching my foot, and asking Tiffin for a Vesuvian.

"The sloth bear," stormed jollily on Pawney, "in Ceylon, for instance, is an awful brute—will carry off in him a boxful of bullets."

"Describe him," said Tiffin.

"Black body, white face, long claws ——"

"—— and spectacles," added Rocket, in a low voice, meant only for me.

"They never kill him, simply ——"

"—— simple enough," swore my impulsive young diplomatic friend Rocket.

"—— because they use too small bullets and too light guns; small bullets——you might as well fire on a grisly with ——."

"Soda-water bottles," suggested impatient Rocket.

"—— with boiled peas," said Pawney, riding down Rocket, and shouting everybody under foot.

"They should use iron bullets," I mildly suggested, looking beamingly through my spectacles; —"iron, as the French lion-killer does."

"All a cursed ignorant mistake," roared Pawney. D—— bad brandy this is. Waiter, another six, if you please. Iron cuts clean through the bone like a punch, goes out again, and escapes; but lead—lead, by Jupiter, sir, injures the cerebral substances, and flattening the bones ——"

"That wall in a vital part ——"

"Exactly; lodge there, and help to cause death; which is exactly what we want. The fact is, people are such born idiots, such poor, cripple-minded beasts, that they use No. 15 bullets, when ten to the pound is the real slaughtering thing, take my word for it."

"People differ about these things," said Rocket, scratching his left ear.

"But," said Pawney, "I think I ought to know, who have shot elephants ever since I could run alone."

"That was precocious," said I, smiling.

"It *was*, said Pawney, frowning; and that, bedad, is why I mention it. By Jove, sir (waiter, some more brandy!) common things you can hear of any day, but elephant adventures only from Major Pawney, of the Madras Native Infantry, the man who, I

am not ashamed to say, once took a Sikh fort single-handed—yes, single-handed, sir. Three well-aimed shots from a mortar did it, sir. The first burst on the royal palace, the second destroyed the whole of the garrison, and the third, sir, was too much, by Jove, for the powder magazine.

"It seems to me, Major," said I, "that, as the garrison were all slain, you might have spared your third shot; and may I ask of how many the garrison consisted?"

"Three men,—two matchlock-men and a deserted drummer. By George, sir, I gave them their gruel! I'll tell you what, sir, you may think me brave, but there are many men in the three presidencies just as brave; but, by St. Patrick, if you find an eye as keen as mine, and a hand as strong, I'll give you leave to put me on the spit and truss me for roasting. I dare say I shall astonish you when I tell you that there is no danger in wild beasts."

"What!" three of us said at a breath, "ain't you lame for ever, Major, from a tiger bite?" The Major's was a daring and startling assertion.

"Lions?" suggested Rocket.

"I'd as soon face them as poodles, with a heavy rifle and No. 10 bullets. It is cruel to shoot them; it is like firing at sheep that come down to a pond to drink. Keep cool, let them come close, wait till the barrel all but touches them, then pull, and down they go."

"Unless you miss," said Rocket; "then you are a gone 'coon."

"Miss!" roared Pawney, so loud that the head waiter himself came to see if we called for anything. "Bah! Only schoolgirls miss."

"Let him go on," groaned Tiffin, studying a star, that was listening to everything we said, like an angel eye at one of heaven's keyholes.

"I tell you what I have done," said Pawney, growing warm, and therefore more circumstantial. "I tell you what I have done. I 've gone out in Ceylon, and followed a tribe of elephants, sir, till I have shot *every* man Jack of 'em, and gone home dragging the last cub by the tail"—(Oh! who will shoot the Irish bull, that illogical, unclassified animal?)—"and half of them were, too, what they call 'poonajahs,' or *rogue* elephants, as dangerous as a tiger, or an alligator who has once tasted human flesh—killed the whole herd, sir, every man Jack, and two-thirds of them females with young ones. Rocket, what do you say to some punch?"

Rocket had something to say in favour of the beverage, so pleasant, but so retributive.

"Be dead in a week like that," pleasantly said Tiffin, who travels for sunny memories, and discountenances all travellers who write experiences.

"Filled a cart, sir," went on the indefatigable sportsman, "with the tails as trophies, for the flesh

is useless, and the skin is like warm asphalte pavement——"

"Or soft india-rubber," said Rocket, suggestively.

"Right, my dear boy; or soft india-rubber, as you say. By George, sir, though Major Pawney has faced death on many a bloody plain, as Tom Moore says, and is ready to do it again——(Waiter! some more whisky. 'Pon my word, I'm as dry in the throat as if I were at Madras, where you can cook a chop in the palm of your hand by sunlight—fact), it would have made almost any one lose heart but a regular sportsman, to see those he-elephants, twelve foot high at the shoulder, come bearing down like land-ships, or mountains broke loose, upon you; crushing trees like straws, and making the dry jungle smoke again: yes, sir, *smoke* again!"

"Take another cigar," said the incorrigible Rocket.

"And how do you think I did it?"

We gave it up.

"Why, I killed each elephant with two shots. First, as they came raving towards me, trunk lashing the air, I put a bullet——"

"No. 10?" said Rocket.

"Yes, No. 10, in the trunk; and then, as my fellow lowered his trunk and head to rush at me and get me on his tusks, I always put another bullet in the exact centre of his forehead, and laid him dead at my feet."

"Another David," said I.

"Exactly," said the Major, smiling at the compliment, and taking a long and exhaustive pull at his fourth wine-glass of whisky punch."

"Punch is certain death, if you catch cold after it," said Tiffin.

"If it is a deadly cold you catch," said I, moving, as an amendment, the insertion of the word *deadly.*

"The rifle is all very well, if it is heavy—length of barrel is no use alone," said Rocket; "but all I say is, curse those Eastern matchlocks, ten foot long, and so unbalanced and heavy that a man with a delicate wrist might as well try and hold out an eighteen-pounder. When I was in the Land of Promise——"

"Not of performance, I should think," muttered Tiffin.

"Tiffin is in a draught. Tiffin, you should return to England; the climate begins to hurt your liver," said Rocket. "As I was saying, when some troublesome person interrupted me, I had to face a boar on the banks of the Jordan—where, by-the-by, I was nearly carried away while bathing—"

"God be thanked for that escape," said Tiffin, bitterly; but then it was Tiffin's cue to be bitter—people expected it of Tiffin.

"I have faced many boars since; the matchlock I borrowed of a beast of an Arab hung fire—hang it!—four times running. I was very near

coming to grief, Tiffin, I can tell you; but Heaven preserved me to be tormented by you."

"You may reckon once in four times," said I, "for an Eastern matchlock; and then they require a rest: but they carry hard and far; and, perhaps, after all, our own riflemen may have to come back to the heavy piece, and the portable rest of Cromwell's musketeers."

Here Pawney, *indocilis* to endure unmerited silence, broke through our ranks, and launched out into a long story of how he once, in Ceylon, made a solemn vow to destroy a leopard that had broken into his stockade and killed an ox; how he slung his hammock between the posts of the stockade where the cattle were; and how, at last, being aroused by a scuffle and roar, in the middle of the night, he promptly fired in the direction of the sound; and when "*his people*" (a favourite expression of Pawney's) came out with torches, they found that he had shot his most promising bull-calf, and the leopard was gone clean away."

Upon this, a sallow man, with black beard and heavy jowl—I think, a planter from Demerara—who had been hitherto silent, broke covert, and told us some stories of shooting in South America, of ball practice at the condor, that monstrous bird whose wings are as large as a windmill's sails, and of cayman-killing. On one occasion, he (Yellowball let us call him) was in a dug-out, or canoe hollowed

out of a solid tree-trunk, with three negro boatmen and his own servant Ardjid, an Ashantee man. They were paddling up a reedy river, having just shot a large cayman, and thrown him into the bottom of the canoe apparently dead. He (Yellowball) was smoking, thinking of the price of sugar and the coolie question, when suddenly, to his horror, he looked back and saw the cayman lift himself up and stretch his great saw-toothed jaws towards Ardjid. The boatmen all leaped overboard instantly, and a grapple ensued between Yellowball and the cayman; which ended in his stunning the beast with an axe, till he had time to reload his double-barrelled rifle, and clap a brace of bullets into the monster's brain.

Tiffin, next roused by the fever of competition, volunteered some Indian snake stories—particularly of once at a bungalow, where he rested while they caught the fowls for a dinner, when a small venomous snake dropped out of the leaves of a book he took up to read. It was just in the act of springing, when he seized a tamarind-tree switch that luckily happened to be standing in a corner of the room, and, striking it across the spine, killed it in two blows. Another time, at a station, when he opened his bed to look in, he found a black snake about five feet long. On a third occasion, at a pic-nic, a bunch of eight or ten snakes were found under a tree trunk on which his sister had been sitting.

Yellowball here chimed in with a story of a fight between a boa-constrictor and an alligator, and of a boa he had himself killed, and found the antlers of a deer in its stomach.

A slight episode, about the excellent and innumerable herb teas of Hungary, and the Dutch skippers greasing their apple-bowed boats in rough weather, brought us to Tiffin's third snake story; which, for horror, was what Rocket called truly "a stunner."

Tiffin related it thus:—"It was at Poorunjah, that one night I went to sleep as usual in the hammock I always used; I slept well till daybreak, when I was awoke by a cold, slimy substance passing over my left cheek—my right was on the pillow. I was wide awake in a moment, and knew it was a snake; he was twined round my left arm, his tail touching my face, his head near my right knee. Had I moved an inch I should have been dead, for I saw at once it was the 'massalipooram,' or devil snake, the deadliest known in the south-west of India. I instantly seized it behind the head, and with a jerk tossed it out of the hammock, at the same time shouting to my servants, who were outside, 'Come! come!—snake! snake!' They came and killed him; he was four foot one inch long. But, after all, these are exceptional cases; and they always try and frighten the griffin, at first with snake stories, which, at all events, help to put them on their guard."

Here Pawney took up the ball, and told a story, not worth repeating, of how he shot six mouse deer in a patch of lemon-grass in Ceylon; of a flying leech that he taught to follow him like a dog; and of a Ceylon cow that, to defend her calf, kept a leopard at bay all night, and eventually gored and pounded him to death, in a stockade into which the leopard had leaped, but out of which he could not contrive to escape. "Waiter, your brandy is very good; bring me another glass," said Pawney, as he finished his narration.

Upon this Rocket up and said he had heard how it was the joke to rub the sides of the vessel with cinnamon water when the ship approached Ceylon, to take in the griffins; but he wanted to know if it was true, that on mountain sides in Ceylon your horse's feet often dislodged rubies and emeralds from the rock.

Pawney said, to a degree, it was true.

Rocket said he was glad to hear it, as Cantelupe, of the Third Native Infantry, had given him some valuable rubies that he had bought from a Ceylon fellow that came off to the ship.

"Sorry for you," said Tiffin; "for it is well known to all men of experience that the jewels of the bum-boat fellows are all made in Birmingham, and sent out to Ceylon in barrowfuls, to take in foolish young travellers."

"Get out of that!" said Rocket, inquiring for *gin-*

sling (in pewter or silver?) which Misseri, on being referred to, had never even heard of.

At this juncture the conversation shifted and fell on knives and swords. Upon this we all arose and went into the light, that at first dazzled us, and proceeded to produce our bazaar purchases of the morning, vaunting, lamenting, bartering. Some in long rambles in the Arms Bazaar had bought spear-heads, others yataghan blades, some had hunting knives and poniards of rare virtues and fabulous value.

"Here," said Rocket, "is a knife that I will bet a fiver and a new hat goes through three five-franc pieces at one stroke, without the point turning. Observe the ripple water-mark on the steel, that proves it to be real Damascus. Only gave thirty francs for it, would not take two hundred for it."

There was a roar of laughter, as Pawney drove it at a crown laid on the floor, and the blade snapped in two, three inches from the point.

I offered to lay five francs with Tiffin, that a Damascus spear-head I produced would go through a franc without flawing.

Pawney poised the Damascene steel and brought it down the next moment with a savage, well-aimed dig. It was through as if the silver had been pasteboard.

"Look here," said Pawney; "it is all very well you fellows calling every bit of steel rubbish you buy pure Damascus, when everyone knows a good

sabre-blade of Damascus is worth 50*l.*, and even a common one without a handle, 10*l.* Why, these fine blades were heirlooms, and presents from kings. I had rather have this little dull butcher's knife no one bids for, than all your trash. That spear, Thornbury,—Damascus? Why, those javelins are made by thousands in Russia, and sent from there to Armenia and Persia for hunting. They put strong cane handles to them."

"Oh! that's their little game, is it?" said Rocket, in a tone of disgust. "Who's for vingt-un? I and Trumpington are going upstairs to play a bit."

Pawney said he only wished he had his English hunting-knife here; it would cut all our trash in two like radishes; it would cut a pig through, bones and all, as if it was cutting a cheese. Perhaps we had heard of the Nepaulese swordsman beheading a buffalo at a single stroke? It was a trick—all done by having the beast's neck in a state of tension by tying him fast with ropes. It required a heavy drawing stroke, not a chop or slash.

Upon this provocation, Tiffin retaliated by capping Pawney with Russian stories. He had once been stopping with Prince Kuthemoff,—the Lion of the Caucasus, as he was justly called,—and the conversation turning on swordsmanship, the prince sent for one of the Circassians of the Guard. At the first stroke this fellow, by Jove, sir, cut through a leaden sash-weight; at the second, he severed a two-inch

cable; at the third, he cut in two a felt cloak that had been placed upright on a table. "These dogs, sir, could slice off limbs, cleave men down to the waist, and cut through chain mail."

Like two jugglers contending which can throw most somersaults, Pawney now remembered a story of a wild-boar hunt of his in Ceylon. Apropos of hunting-knives, he had one that would cut pennies in two, as if they were lozenges. He once made a blow with it that astonished even himself (Pawney). He was hunting an enormous wild boar, that came to bay near some wild gooseberry-bushes, that formed a sort of jungle in a valley. The dogs knew that, once in that, their enemy was sure to escape; a bold hound pulled him, therefore, by the ear, while another dragged the opposite way at his thigh. He was drawn out tight, with all the muscles on a stretch. "Just at this moment I came up, and struck full at him behind the shoulders. The flesh gaped as if I had cut him in two, as I had nearly done; for when I came to examine him, I found the ribs clean severed and the liver cut right through."

Then, upon this crowning story, the conversation grew wild, and we discussed two-handed swords, the thin bending German *Schläger*, and that thin reaping-hook, the Oriental yataghan of Khorassan or Damascus,—the crescent spreader of that fanaticism that is not yet dead. From this we turned to precious stones, and we discussed the opal of Hungary, the

turquoise of Persia, and the agate of Egypt. Tiffin, who knew as much about stones as he did about arms, praised the huge crown diamonds of Russia, but lamented their being drilled; and summing up about the koh-i-noor, and the bad cutting of valuable antique stones, we broke up for bed.

CHAPTER XIII.

GOING UP MOUNT OLYMPUS.

It was after much diplomatic coquetting that my dear, kind, eccentric medical friend Dr. Legoff consented to go with me up Mount Olympus. It was about nine o'clock, and those dreadful jackals on the wooded skirts of the mountains were just opening up their screaming howls, that the Doctor pushed back the bottle of Medoc as if impelled by some irresistible impulse, tightened the broad, shining, black belt that held his revolver, and announced his determination of accompanying me nine thousand feet up into the lonely region of perpetual snow.

"There is a slight fur on my tongue, my dear child," he said; and there is a slight want of tone about the mucous membrane, which I attribute partly to those hatfuls of peaches I ate yesterday. Still, *Teucro deuce*, I will go—deuce take me if I don't. To-morrow at seven.

"Horses and Achmet to be at the hotel door at seven."

"On his head be it! Yes, in the name of God, it shall be so!"

That night everything was arranged—loaves and cold chickens for the saddle-bags, wine for our flasks—everything was ready. Rifle, in case of bears, to be slung behind the laborious Achmet; telescope to see Stamboul with from the frozen summit; pistols in case of wolves, as we return at night; cloaks and plaids in case of rain. I am to have Potiphah, the flea-bitten grey, a strong-flanked mountain climber. Legoff is to have Bajazet, the hot roan.

Anxious for the weather, with a long look-out at the stars, that winked as if they were sleepy and longed to turn in, we ran to our several beds, so resolutely determined to sleep, that the very earnestness of the resolve kept us awake for a full hour.

I tried every recipe. I fancied smoke rising from my nose. I imagined a bird perched upon my nose, and I stared at him. I imagined night a great negro, and I looked steadily at the stars which are his eyes. I counted several billions. I repeated Watts's hymns and long shreds of Shakspere. I thought of long processions of kings, from Sesostris to George IV.

At last I thought of reciting the most soothing scraps of Tupper, and this instantly succeeded. At once, out of some cave of the dark world of sleep, velvet-footed, soft, fat black goblins leaped out, and smothered me with feather-beds.

I dream of the mountain ascents of long ago, before

I began to climb up the greasy pole of public approval for the fly-blown leg of mutton of success.

I am trampling through the loose grey boulders half-way up Snowdon, a Welshman talking of Glendower and the Druids at my elbow. Suddenly a chill, seething wall of white mist rolls down and laps us in, and the under world is hidden from our eyes.

I am upon Parnassus, with my dear old Demetri, hearing stories of Klept and the war with the Turks; suddenly a cloud seems to open, and all Greece lies before me lapped in a golden radiance, as if I were looking in through a window at heaven.

I am on the Spanish sierras, the Sierra Nevada; and through the lessening fire of the sunset, I see calm, purple dells leading up to the perpetual snow, and ghosts of Moorish kings sitting up there playing at skittles with their own heads—a crown the game. I am on a mountain near Friburg, sleeping on shavings in a châlet, while a herd of drunken watchmakers from Geneva roar the "Sieur de Framboisey" and "Le Petit Homme Gris," and dance the "cancan" till daybreak, in the room below. I am on the summit of an Alp, watching the avalanches split and smoke, and seeing the sun consecrate the snow and kiss its pale cheek, before it leaves it to Death and Night—its mourners. I am woke by the clatter of restless horses' feet under my window. I shout, and Legoff answers by firing his revolver off as a sort of *feu-de-joie*, to

welcome the curdling sickly day that seemed so loth to rise.

Our breakfast was that sort of hurried one, which landlords give as a sort of *bonus* to early risers. Too early to cook chops, too soon to get butter, no time to procure fish. Ugh!

But what care we? We were going to realize an ideal, going to do what we never should have an opportunity of doing again—going up Olympus to picnic—with the eternal silence, with the spirit of the snow, with the Divine Essence that lingers round mountain peaks; to kiss the foot-print of Astræa, whose last step ere she rose in air was on a mountain-top. We were going up to be shown by Satan all the glory and splendour of the world.

I have an eccentric friend who goes down in sewers to collect new gases, who rides habitually to Dover at night on an express engine, who descends in diving-bells to collect anemones and other tulips of the waves, who goes up in balloons to practise rifle-shooting at cathedral weathercocks; but who never will go up a mountain, because, although a lion in all other things, he has a superstitious fear of dying of apoplexy, from breathing the rarefied air of a mountain-top. But I and Legoff have no such fears —not we.

Going up a mountain does one good; it shows one how small a thing the earth and all its cares and joys must appear to the angels. From a balloon

men appear like ants, omnibuses like Barcelona nuts, horses like maggots; the Thames like a silver horseshoe, and all the streets like so many white-trod rabbit runs.

Go far enough from anything, and how small it becomes! Go away from London, and the great writer appears a mere ephemerides—born to-day, to die to-morrow. Honest country people don't know who you mean. O magazine wonders! O leaders of pedantic cliques! O oracles of small spouting clubs! —what maggots ye seem twenty miles from Babylon the Black! Go farther still, to the Danube or the Euphrates, and how small even England looks! Millions know nothing of it. Its Shakspere, its Newton, its liberty, its enemies of liberty, its heavenly-gifted aristocracy, its trade—how small they seem! The reason is, distance has made you wise, has given you the true historical point of view, the calmness, the atmosphere, the indifferentism. You now look at England as posterity, bone-grubbing in the London Pompeii, will do, forgetting the press, and hurry, and greedy selfish scramble of this scatter-brained age. The angel thinker can always get his point of indifferentism: if Mars is too near, he can fly to Saturn; if Saturn be too near, he can hie him to the belt of Orion, or the eye of Aldeboron. He can go to where the earth looks like a silver cricket-ball, to where the sun seems but a gilded pill; or he can, with ten strokes of his ambrosial

wing, ascend to where, through inner hearts of fire and light, and music and love—the very core, in fact, of the great Rose of Sharon, whose every leaf is a system of worlds, and every pore a nation—to where the earth is but as one drop of quicksilver, and the moon like a glow-worm's head. A smoky German philosopher once tried to give me some idea of Fichte's system, by impressing me with his (Sommervogel's) view of omniscience.

"There are," he said (taking his pipe out of his wide mouth), "Herr *Fremdling*, stars, sporades of light, so distant from our poor little earth, that the rays which emanate from them take thousands of millions of years to reach our *schmutziger* globe. There are sporules of stars so distant, that the light (though light, you know, travels railroad fast, *Fremdling*) sent forth by them on the first day of creation has not yet reached this poor Germany we are now smoking in——" (Here Sommervogel breathed forth like an angry kiln, as if vexed at the force of his own singular argument.) "The earth's light, therefore, must be equally long in reaching them, so that the light and the corresponding image that it prints on the susceptible plate of the human retina of the vision of creation has not yet reached our antipodic sporule: —do you follow me? In this way, a great angel, by going back and choosing his distances, could look as through a telescope, and see any action or deed that has ever been done in the world. For if, remember,

there are sporules that thus, while we have now been smoking and speaking, have just received intelligence of the deluge of Noah, there are others to whom that spiritual postman—Light—has not yet brought news of even the first moulding of our globe out of fire essence, chaotic froth, and star dew, as Hegel says in his sixteenth——"

But I need not follow the dreamy professor and his black teacup of a meerschaum further; suffice it to say, that all these lessons, and thousands of others, may be learned from going up a mountain.

We started in a thick dropping mist, and under a canopy of sulphurous brown clouds, from which now and then broke whip-lashes of fire and growling bellows of thunder, that seemed to uncement the very walls of Broussa.

But gradually, as we left the narrow, noisome streets, where the perpetual butcher bends over the murdered body of the perpetual goat, and left the red houses with the low roofs and latticed windows, the sun shot a golden arrow or two at us, and suddenly breaking through the van of the cloud phalanxes that pressed "boss on boss and fiery spear on spear," threw his broad golden buckler before his face and shone out, the very god to light us up the mountain, where perhaps once the Magi worshipped him at daybreak—this very hour.

Now we begin the ascent along winding mule-paths, rough with stones and dangerously steep and narrow,

so that we have to ride and scramble up in single file. In those tamarisks and plane-bushes there are wolves asleep, and jackals lurk under those tufted shrubs; but they are resting after their night wanderings, and have no crave for us now. Already the sweat breaks from us in beads, as we reach a level spot and gaze down on the dwindling town, with its dark watchful cypresses looking like sable eunuchs guarding a beauty, on the meadows round the hilly town, greener and fresher here than in Asia Minor generally; on the countless brown roof-tops of the human hive; on the great jungle of a plain, with its miles of leafy mulberry-trees, and its broad sand tracts, and beyond on the purple cleft mountains; nearer, on the little summer-house of a mosque, at the foot of the mountain relic-chest of that matchless treasure, the *Prophet's slipper*—"a genuine article, I assure you, ladies and gentlemen,"—and beside its wall a white-veiled Turkish woman, a water-wheel, and some mounted travellers, with their matchlocks behind them. No sound—no sound; but the hope and promise of morning—of the day's childhood, of the new-born day—is around us, and hushes even Achmet's song and Dr. Legoff's medical theories. The daybreak and the sunset are sacred times, and should be devoted to religion, and to confessions of pure love, to reflection and to chastening memories.

Below us the white mist still brewed and boiled, while here and there a July shower slanted across

the sunshine. On the horses struggled—Potiphah and Bajazet—over the loose, rolling stones, with straining haunch and tugging neck; we swaying and bending with them; now saving them a fall on a smooth slab of rock, now pulling them over a gap of earth where the trees came thick; now under great crimson-berried bushes of arbutus, and bending almost to the saddle to prevent being brushed off our seats. Higher—higher;—lower grows the town—a toy town now; the cypresses are no bigger than those frizzly green ones the Dutchmen curl for children; the Asiatic mountains a mere chain of molehills.

Now, far above us, we hear bells jingling, and presently come down horses and asses laden with split wood, and driven by barefooted woodmen—such men, that we were half inclined to ask them if they knew anything about the Forty Thieves. The wood they carry is fresh from the axe; the sap is in it; it is of the fresh brown and white of recent cleavage. Jingle! jingle!—with a *Salamet*, down they go—with a clatter of stones and a cheery shout;—down, down—a sense of home and work done in the boys' dark eyes, as they leap down the rough path, clashing the flanks of the pack-horses with fresh-torn boughs of arbutus, crimson thick with strawberry-like fruit.

Up we go—up, and more silent now; bracing ourselves to more prolonged exertion, to rougher

clambers, that require more care, and an unceasing vigilance of eye and hand. Our horses' ears turn back timidly, ready for our words of command, the reddening whites of their eyes turn also back towards us.

Now the thick shoulders of the mountains, with their dark coverts of bushes, slowly change into woods of pines, and into more open regions of white sand and small lakes, the higher plateau from which the peak rises.

And here Achmet, closing up, began to be less anxious and more communicative, although we had still occasionally to scramble over huge slopes of slippery stone, and to ascend narrow gullies barred with pine-roots.

He told us how, some three or four years ago, "an Irish sultan" (I suppose he meant gentleman) ascended Olympus with a sulky, ill-tempered fellow—one Omar—for guide. The Irish sultan did not know a word of Turkish, nor Omar a word of Irish; but, furnished at the hotel with horses and provisions, up they went at the usual hour. What happened in the ascent is not known; but it is supposed that, on the summit, Omar, afraid of losing his way if it got dark before they got down, insisted on at once descending. The Irish sultan, vexed at five hours' toil for nothing, wanted to wait for a blink of sun; knowing that would be as if an angel's hand had suddenly flung open a palace door: or, to a beggar,

in the darkness, had suddenly cast wide a heavenly entrance. Words ran high. Omar cursed in the name of Eblis the stupid Irish sultan, who could understand nothing. The Irish sultan, I can imagine, "spotted" Omar as a d—— cheating, funky son of a Turk, "who might go to heaven if he liked." So *they* scolded, till the very gunpowder ran out of the heels of the Irish sultan's boots, and he gave Omar a push and told him to go to Jericho.

Upon which the slow yet inextinguishable Turkish fire blazed up in Omar's heart too, and the gunpowder ran out of the heels of his boots likewise; and, lighting his pipe at the hut fire (for there is a hospice hut up there), Omar shook his fist at a cloud, and then at the calm snow-peak of Olympus, and, leading his tired horse, strode angrily downwards, leaving the Irish sultan sitting on a bit of rock, chipping it geologically with a boulder.

An hour after, as he flung stones at the hut, considering it as typical of Omar, and patted his horse (the worst), suddenly the sun lifted up the curtain of mist, and showed the Irish sultan in a polite way Stamboul, compact and radiant as a golden casket, its topmost ornament the crescent of St. Sophia. Shadows lengthen, it begins to be time to go down, for it is rough and risky, *very* risky riding. Which way? By those bearded wavy pines, or round by that hill, white with a whole

wood of blighted skeletons of trees, dead and barked? He scarcely knows;—the fact is, with a guide, one does not trouble one's head much about the way, having, indeed, a living map bound in ass's skin with you. "Hang him! let him go. This is the way; and yet I scarcely remember this heap of gray, rock-like druids' graves. Murder and Irish! if this is the way—no—yes—no—yes, it must be—I can remember, I think—round by this little lake, now red as currant juice with sunset . . . ."

Let us not follow the embarrassed and bothered Irish sultan farther. Suffice it to say, that Omar got down about nine o'clock that night, safe and sound, and, telling some plausible story about the Irish sultan's riding off to Ephesus, was paid and dismissed. No one thought, in fact, anything more about the Irish sultan. Two days and two nights had passed quietly, when, lo! who should appear, tired, and lean, and worn, on a horse also tired and lean and worn, but the Irish sultan! He had been left on Mount Olympus by the guide Omar,—he knew not, not he, the Irish sultan, why,—and had been living two days on handfuls of snow, and arbutus and juniper berries. He was not fatter, but otherwise this wonderful, enduring Irish sultan, seemed well and hearty,—better indeed than even his horse. Bears he had seen none, though he thought he had heard them, and the wolves and jackals had not come near him. He had contrived at last to escape from that dreadful

death, and that cold high life, by taking the hut as a centre point, and trying every path round it, till, at last, after two days and nights, he found the real one. It was a thousand to one he had not died of hunger—it was a miracle the bears had not come out and eaten him, as they did the children that mocked Elisha; "and it would have served me right," said the Irish sultan, "for being an obstinate fool, and not going down with Omar."

That night, when I returned to the hotel, I looked for the Irish sultan's name in the visitors' book, and thought better of him when I found a brief notice of the affair in his own hand-writing,—not breathing out fire and slaughter against Omar, but frankly confessing, with infinite good-nature and manliness, that no doubt the whole thing arose from his own ignorance of the guide's language.

By this time we had reached a pine-wood where the trees were heavily bearded with fleeces of gray moss, and beyond this we came to a sort of open heath, where stubby trees grew espalier-like upon the rocks, and where the juniper shed everywhere its dry brown coffee-like berries. Suddenly the stone hut, where travellers rest, appeared before us, with its doorless entrance, its shaky, storm-riven roof, and haunted, comfortless rooms.

We soon had collected some white calcined-looking juniper roots for our witch's hut, and a good heap of that barked lightning-struck drift-wood that is

generally to be found in the neighbourhood of forests.

We struck a match; soon our Parsee sacrifice flamed up, in quivering red and yellow tongues. It was quite the temperature of England—raw, cold, and rheumatisy—on that Asiatic mountain, after the fiery heat of the plains of Bithynia below. We rolled out ourselves, tired of the saddle; and letting our horses graze outside, basked in the pleasant, cheerful heat. The fowls we unwound from their paper shrouds; the salt we unrolled from its secret lurking place; the wine ran, laughing and beading, into the cups; we lit our cigarettes and smoked. Achmet, in the background, irritated the fire, where the billet hissed and seethed, and did what a poor Turk always does when he has nothing else to do—unrolled his red rag of a turban, and then he bandaged his head again with artistic skill and care.

It was time to be moving. We were on the last plateau of the mountain. The crater and peak, sprinkled with snow, lay before us. It was our pleasant pain to scale that rugged Malakoff. Achmet himself "did not seem to see it," as Rocket says, on such occasions; so he sat down on a stone at the door of the Robinson Crusoe hut, like an umpire, and nibbled at the pink merrythought of the deceased fowl.

Off like rival athlètes started Legoff and I, picking our way over steep rocks and juniper bushes,

down among which the snow had drifted. We dragged ourselves up rock after rock, resting every few minutes, for they were very steep and stepless. The mist struggled round us. We were looking out from our place of 'vantage on a witch region of air—a home for Lucifer, a place for wandering voices and beguiling spirits. We could see nothing but a cloudy chaos. Suddenly Achmet below threw down the merrythought, and gave a yell of delight.

For an instant we saw a little golden fairy city on the shore of a golden sea—a city such as Lilliput, but beautiful exceedingly, and glorious as a goldsmith's dream. It lay on the sea-shore, like a little service of plate some genie had brought and spread upon the strand as a present to the first Christian sultan. Legoff, a keener-eyed man than myself, declared he even saw the crescent of St. Sophia, twinkling like a young moon turned to gold.

Again the hand of Satan waved and all was cloud—a blurred, shapeless, "demd" miserable, muggy world. So we tumbled down the rocks and mounted again for our descent into Broussa.

I have no room to relate the casualties of our descent. It was like riding down a well; it was like performing Astley feats on untrained horses down the dilapidated stone staircase of a giant's castle. It was a dreadful, anxious sliding on haunches, a stumbling, and striking flying glow-worms of fire out of slabs and lintels of rock. It was a scramble of

horses' legs down dry torrents, where rolling showers of stones and volleys of dust followed your uncertain passages from one firm place to another firm place.

Twice Achmet the stolid fell and rose with his horse; twice he lost his way among sycamore-trees and likely places for bears; twice our horses snorted and trembled, as if they smelt wolves; twice Achmet got among pathless precipices, and frankly confessed he did not know where we were. Much I feared the fate of the Irish sultan was to be ours.

To the last, however, the amiable doctor kept up every one's temper, by singing Dutch songs, even when, after about nine hours' riding, and after dark, we had to dismount and hold our horses by the bridles, and, sore-footed and tired, to follow Achmet in Indian file, dragging Potiphah and Bajazet down dreadful stumbling places and small ravines, where it was a mercy we did not go, a cataract of horses and men, clean to the bottom, and all at once.

It was nearly nine when we wound round the last rocky spur of Olympus, and saw the lights of Broussa, numerous as glow-worms, among the cypresses. The cicalas were going, thousands of them, as if they were so many busy spinning-wheels, and the whole world was one gigantic silk-mill.

The street dogs barked furiously as we threaded the sleeping town. At the door of the hotel we found a friendly guard of honour drawn up to welcome us.

CHAPTER XIV.

BACK BY THE DANUBE.

THE *Royal Addlehead*, the boat that bore me to Turkey, brought me also homeward. Captain Schwartzochsen enjoyed the privilege, which I am afraid he did not correctly appreciate, of guiding me both ways.

We were at Galatz, having traversed the Black Sea with great *éclat* and some sea-sickness. We had explored Varna, and seen the place where the English encamped, and were decimated by some disease that had been bribed over to the Russian interest. I had set my foot on the crumbling ramparts, where the wild gourds spread out their little yellow parasols of flowers, and had faced all the various sects of stenches in that strong Mahometan town.

Coming back into life is so different from going. Returning from a walk is quite a different thing from starting for it. The beginning of a campaign is quite unlike the end. One goes to a friend's marriage a year after one's own with very different

feelings from those with which one led Seraphina or Cherubina to the altar. So was it with me. The things that startled me, and half drew my eyes out of their sockets, when I came out, now scarcely rouse me, and I find myself insolently pitying the provision clerk fresh from Leadenhall Street, who frets me with ejaculations of delight.

The white-veiled Turkish women, looking like perambulating corpses looking for a decent spot to be buried in, are now to me dirty scolding jades, who worry Achmet, and slap little Aladdin. Their orange-stained nails, and the burnt sienna palms of their hands now disgust me not. The squashed melons rotting at the street ends, the dead cats, the wild dogs, are now stale to me. I have seen them all better elsewhere, and to Constantinople Varna is a mere Margate. Even the great rushing, boiling up of stinging flesh-flies in the narrow meat market no longer disgust me, for I have seen more loathsome things elsewhere. The ox-carts, with tireless wheels, no longer strike me as barbarous; I have now seen more barbarous things elsewhere. The baggy breeches, the broad sashes, the red fezes, even the turbans, rouse me no longer.

But we are at Galatz, and I must not go back to Varna, for it is the Danube, and not the Black Sea, I am writing about. Must I say that Galatz, that great depôt of corn and timber, is a horrible place, worse even than dull, dusty Odessa? It is full of

great storehouses and dirty cafés, where provision merchants play at cards; and, but for a certain suburb of pleasant villas, is a horrible purgatory. But there is one charm about it; that is, a strange Babel of a place is always crowded by the people of half a dozen nations.

Go into a billiard-room, where there are no lamps, but where a half-savage runs about after the red ball with a stinking guttering candle. The chief player will be a Russian colonel, who knows Woronzoff, a lank, yellow, gentlemanly man, with a white cap, like an unbaked cake, on his crafty head. Go on the quays, and you will see Moldavians splitting wood, and wearing huge black broad-brimmed hats, big enough to cover the circumference of a small cart; you will see beside dark pools of tar half-naked children sticking wet bull's-eyes all over their bodies for amusement; and perhaps a Bulgarian roasting coffee in a long black tin with handles, shaking it over a picnic fire. Close by are half-stripped men loading wheat, or sifting it in great pyramids through huge sieves. Jews, Turks, infidels, heretics, and heathens, fill the muddy sloughs of streets.

The shops are very primitive, and everywhere barbarism and civilization go hand in hand. Here, under an acacia-tree, are ranged, upon blocks, some caps of white curly wool; and next door, in a sort of stable, visiting cards are printed, for the place is a

Typografia. Here comes a Greek, swinging out his full white petticoat kilt; and here a Turk, with a black pound of blue tassel depending from his musty red fez. Here comes a public conveyance lined with hay and sheep-skins; and here, entering a church with a metal dome, strides a Greek priest, with square cap and veil. Here are men fresh from the Balkhan passes, and brigands just arrived from Bucharest.

The principal hotel is a dirty place with a slough before the door; so that the stranger, unless he has friends here, must get lodgings. Tired of the dirt and dust, the cafés and soldiers' dancing-booths, I go aboard and find the sailors, with their red sashes and knives, busy at a mess of potatoes, rice, and prunes. Some huge timber-rafts, impelled by huge oars made of long flexible planks, are floating round us. There is a Turkish soldier praying on the quarter-deck; and in the second cabin the Russian travellers are drinking tea mixed with wine, and playing at forfeits. The fat German lady, returning to Vienna, sits with much gravity, holding her cards, with her face disfigured by black corked mustachios. Professor Katchenousky, of Kharkoff, is looking on philosophically, waiting for the Odessa steamer. The ship next us, bound for Constantinople—the *Kaiser Elizabeth*—has on the quarter-deck a huge sort of hencoop. It is a long crate of wooden bars, and is full, not of doves or fowls, but of Turkish women,

the wives of Turkish officers going back to Stamboul. The officer in the blue frock coat, and who bows, and bends, and kneels, and thumps his forehead on the deck with such grave earnestness, has on his fez the round gilt plate that distinguishes the Turkish officer. Look towards the white ghosts in the coop, where the water jars and sabres are, and you will see the other Turks touch their poniards.

Ha! how well I remember here, at this very place, some months ago, how the captain treated us all with champagne because it was our *dernier jour*, and we changed boats here for Stamboul. How we waltzed on the quay, the red-bearded first mate, and the pretty little actress from Mayence, and the Bohemian baker who got drunk and lost his passport, and then basely blubbered, and was all but left behind; and how the grave Turks looked on as the gay young Smyrniote clerk sang us a Servian battle song, all about Kara George slaying the Turks, with a burden of—

"Brats-bratom,
Rod-s-rodom;"

which means—

"Thee (God) with us,
We with thee."

And do I not remember how those who stayed too long on shore at billiards found the quay-gate locked, and guarded by gray-coated soldiers, who were with difficulty prevailed on to let us go on board.

But now that sunset, with all its burning ambers and crimsons, had changed to orange, with a gray base that gradually faded to a cold mistiness; and the moon, mounted upon her silver throne, stretched forth her beams like the shadows of silver sceptres. My whole attention was taken up with a cargo of Jews we had just taken on board: Polish Jews—pilgrims returning, with wives and children and baggage, from Jerusalem, where they had found it impossible to end their days, as they had wished. There were types among them of all the Jews that ever existed. There was Shylock, a cankered old man in a dirty green pelisse lined with fur, and with grisly dirty beard: he was a deck passenger, and his only pillow was a black bolster. Then there was Judas, always rocking over his Pentateuch, with little greasy black curls all dangling round his shrivelled cheeks. Then there was Absalom; and Ahab, a well-to-do man; and Jael's wife, and several poor Pharisees with phylacteries, like small nutmeg-graters, continually tied with bands to their foreheads. It is some great religious festival; for they keep lighting candles and rocking over their great Hebrew books all day.

It was off Sulina bar,—that dangerous entrance to the choked-up river, just where the yellow sand, rolling back, like the line of dust on a street crossing, suddenly turned to green sea-water and from green to blue—where wrecks bristled upon the sea like sharks' snouts,—that we waited for the Austrian

pilot, just where the half-sunk ships, with broken bulwarks, were lying thick and warningly around us, that those Jews, of the wandering foot and hollow eye, began to chant some psalms in the most horrible minor key that the genius of melancholy ever devised, so that every one in the cabin put his finger in his ears, and exclaimed pathetically,—

"O die Juden!"

Then all the other Jews shook their greasy curls and their fur caps, and their dirty, filthy robes, and began to light candles and rummage in their old-fashioned clothes' chests for newer robes. And then Abraham bestirred himself, and Sarah put down the bread and onion and *wurst* she was devouring, and fell to at the rocking and shrieking, which so astonished the grave, cross-legged, smoking Turk from Rustchuk. Then arose Absalom from his sea of dirty bedding, and Ahab from his seat on a coil of wet rope, and Jonah from looking over the ship's side in a feeble way; and Lot, Omar, and Haman, and Shimai, and the rest.

Churn, churn—chop, chop—swish, swish—went the steamer.

"*Do, la, fa, sol,*" shrieked dismally the Jews; Abraham not stopping to dress, but gracefully tying a dark pair of drawers round his old ape-neck for fear of catching cold.

Rock, rock—shiver, shiver—a long trail of white effervescence following at our wake. To me the Jews

were lamenting their exile, and deploring their Cain-like fate. A glimpse of low willowy shores seen by flashes of lightning, like the waving of the sword of Eblis, and I turn in. I left Shylock & Co. a wallowing mass of sleeping bundles.

It was scarcely daybreak, when a hand I resented shook me up. It was the German steward.

"Haben sie immer die Heuschrecken der Donau gesehen?" ("Have you ever seen the locusts of the Danube?")

"Yes—no," I said, springing up, throwing on my great coat, and going on deck. Every one was there, even that stolid Dutch captain who had lost his vessel, *Der Goede Vrow*, "The Good Woman," off Sulina.

There were the locusts, flowing by us in the sky over a bank of sallows. They looked fifty yards deep, and took more than half an hour passing us. They were a close army, and seemed to smoke up from the land with a velocity and power and multitude that really conveyed to me somewhat of Egyptian horror. Many drove against our steamer's rigging, and falling stunned on deck, with their verminy legs, and broad, blank, dark-lanthorn eyes, were instantly secured by us to amuse the ladies. They were loathsome, livid-looking things, of a putrid pale blue on the stomach, and elsewhere of a dirty brown and green. Their pulpy, fleshy bodies and their horny resisting legs, their sturdy nippers

and gauzy wings, seemed adapted to render them dreadful scourges to the country they might honour with a visit.

Shall I ever forget those long hours in that Austrian steamer, as the *Royal Addlehead* ploughed up that great tawny river;—those long hours of passing between low earthy shores, gray with willows, or rough with undermined and half-falling trees, hours most of which I spent lying in my little cabin, trying to think, yet achieving nothing but a sense of the monotonous.

Rattle, pound, swish — rattle, pound, swish of the paddles, whizz, frothing, and the continuous pulsation and progress of the tireless vessel, while we—foolish, helpless creatures, the passengers—smoked, grumbled, and slept.

I remember those lonely hours after dinner was cleared away, and the only sound was some cheery cry or call or trample overhead as I lay watching the red curtain, drawn across the opposite berth, change from dark blood red to sunny crimson, as the light from the lifting porthole fell across it. I remember, too, the roundel of light that some aperture above my head cast on the floor, gliding in fitfully as the vessel pulsed onwards.

I remember, too, the familiar sounds, now grown into parts of a poem in my mind; the cling-clang of the brazen ship-bell, as the watches changed, and fresh men came up for their "tricks" at the wheel. I re-

member the creak and run of ropes through pulleys, as we sped past huge timber rafts and clacking mills, where half-naked men stood watching us, or dragging in nets. I remember the Turks in white drawers, paddling in their boats, past drift snags, and rising banks with grassy tumuli-graves of some by-gone Danubian chieftains, Huns or Tartars, rising on their margins. Then forts, with gathered towers and bulbing red domes; and herons, tax-collectors among the fish.

Shall I forget, too, those Rhine-like portions of the river by the Iron Gates, where we wound under cliffs amphitheatred with trees, under rocks where we could still trace the square mortice holes, where Trajan fixed the road for his Romans; just by the beautiful valley where Kossuth buried the Hungarian crown, and where the eagles, with brown frayed wings, bore down so close to our heads.

Through lamplight glows of moon, through sprinkled drifts of stars, through orange and purple sunsets, through muddy shadows of funnel-smoke, through spume and churn and froth, we passed Bosnia and Servia, and stood face to face with Wallachians and Moldavians; past sallows and pelicans, white towers and red bulbed domes, past mills, and fishing stations, and timber rafts.

And—over and above all rise memories of Turks, with crafty wrinkles and faces unacquainted with smiles; of dirty, clever Russian professors; of pretty

little German girls, of good-natured Galatz merchants, of the beautiful Paradisaical doctor's daughter from Bucharest; now arise some last visions of those Jew pilgrims, rocking over their greasy little leather books, whose vellum leaves are dark with thick black Hebrew characters; how the old Sarahs and Hagars peeled the onions the while the prayers went on, and how at certain intervals the old performers seemed suddenly taken worse, and gave out the psalm in a more intolerable nasal, high-pitched whine, at once aggravating and ear-piercing. Those of my readers who have seen Mr. Holman Hunt's wonderful picture of "Christ in the Temple," will know just what a hard-hearted, bigoted old purblind formalist the old Abraham who led them was. His pale, flaccid underlip, his seamed face, his half-dead eye, united to a certain habitual worldliness, were all seen in this patriarch of the Danube. While his companions were thin, elderly men, with greasy, grey curls, and worn, limp, black gaberdines, who, it seemed to me, must have spent their lives in cheapening combs and razors about the back-streets of Silesian country towns.

At last we are at Pesth; torches flare and move upon the quays, two regiments of Hungarian infantry on their way back to garrison are drawn up on the land. Forgetful of defeat, they are as full of wild gambols and laughing tricks as boys. Through the darkness I hear their dances. songs, and their rich-voiced choruses.

Tramp, tramp—battle, rattle, with a long-drawn scream and a warning puff of white steam, we tear away through the darkness to Vienna. The Jews I leave brooding over their red boxes that are daubed with garlands. I fall asleep, and dream that the Wandering Jew is stoker to our train, and that he feeds the fire with trunkfuls of soldiers' legs and arms that the Hungarian soldiers have brought in their crimson-slopped waggons from gory Magenta and sulphurous Solferino.

A stream of morning Austrian sunlight flowing in at the carriage window awakens me to a sense of half conscious happiness.

Wien! Wien!! Ding-dong, ding-dong, puff, puff. *Wien!! Wien!!*

We are at Vienna.

O pleasant city of Maria Theresa—of great soldiers and great musicians—of great tyrants and great Jesuits—those never seemed to me so pleasant as on this winter morning, when I drew up in the *fiacre* at the gate of the Kaiser Elizabeth hotel! How gay were the many-coloured shops, with the German and Magyar inscriptions; how merrily along the Prater rattled the busses from Schönbrunn!

How pleasant, after some days of fag and restless travelling, is the firm fixed house—the clean hotel! Everything in that city, to my good-tempered eye, seemed now piquant and pleasing, from the Molda-

vian girls, with naked feet and loose white sleeves, to the smart Tyrolese buglers, with light-blue pantaloons, who chatted round the street fountain—that great street fountain—a pyramid of saints and heroes, crowned by the Virgin and a gilded halo. I liked even the slow *fiacres*, with the little looking-glasses with plated frames stuck up inside them. I liked the gaiety of the Prater, and the tall green-columned poplars that rose in the ditch just at the foot of the wall, over which shook the baneful black and yellow banner of blighting Austria. I liked the chocolate and orange, the cherry-colour and blue, the blue and gray of the countless uniforms that filled the streets. I liked St. Stephen's better than ever, with its wondrous external tabernacle work, and its idol-images stuck with artificial flowers, and tied up with tinsel and bows of pink ribbon. I liked even the hackney-coach drivers with their green Tyrolese hats and venerable meerschaum pipes.

But I forgot it all, and a thick black curtain fell before my eyes; when, suddenly, at a turn of the glacis, I met, entering the door of a military hospital, a train of thirty waggons, bearing a painful instalment of the sufferers from Italy. There were the plaistered heads and bound-up eyes, the lame knees, the bandaged arms, the shattered feet; the crutches, the tourniquets; all the rusty reverse side of Ambition's medal. There were young men, pale and wan, ready to give up the ghost; and old men

groaning ruefully as the waggon jolted unfeelingly and mechanically on, with its hairy knapsacks, broken and bent muskets, its cooking pans, chests, pioneers' tools, and bedding.

We hear too much, I thought, of the plumes and trumpets that make Ambition virtue—too little of the hospital and the surgeon's knife; too much of Cæsar's triumphal car and the ride to the Capitol—too little of poor Milo's painful death-bed and Hugh Callaghan's ride to the hospital.

APPENDIX.

TURKISH ART AND ARCHITECTURE.

I APPEND some admirable notes of my friend Mr. W. Burges, the architect of the new memorial church at Constantinople, on these subjects—notes which are valuable from their sagacity, and are not too technical for the general reader.

Mr. Burges says:—"The mosque of Sultan Achmet, erected in 1610, is doubtless one of the finest buildings the Turks ever produced: it is the only one that has six minarets. The Osmanea, built by Osmyn III., is also worthy to be mentioned. The Validè, built by the mother of Mahomet IV., is another of the chief Turkish temples; but the mosque I shall take as a specimen is the one I obtained access to, the Solimanea. The Sultan Soliman XIV., Emperor of the Turks, was fully entitled by the laws of the Koran to erect a temple, for he had subdued provinces in three out of the four quarters of the world; he was contemporary with Charles V., and struck terror into the European sovereigns. Returning from his conquests of Rhodes and Bagdad, he reared

this stately mosque, where the rules of Mahometan architecture are strictly followed: it was mainly built out of the spoils of the ancient Chalcedon. A fine quadrangular court, like the cloister of a monastery in form, is supported by ancient columns of granite and porphyry: in the midst is the fountain for the religious ablutions of the Mussulmans: the whole magnitude of the interior is displayed to the eye of the stranger at his first entrance. There are no nefs, or subdivisions, to obstruct the full comprehension of the whole space enclosed. The dome, supported upon four splendid granite columns, covers the whole space on which we stand, and, Pantheon-like, gathers and eats up all the air around it. The lamps suspended and crossed in all directions, add as little to the simplicity and dignity of the interior, as the innumerable wax-lights and festoons of the Romans add to their basilicas. On the side opposite the entrance are several stained-glass windows, reported to have been done by some artists from Persia: the colours are rich, but generally much deeper than in our cathedrals. The Keblè, or Caaba, is on the same side: here the chief mufti says his prayers: on his left he has an elevated pulpit, from which he expounds the Koran: opposite this are the seats of the mollah: these are arranged as systematically as any of our modern sedilia. On the right, but not conspicuous, is the Sultan's seat whenever he chooses to pray at the Solimanea: behind the pillars, and in the recesses of

the walls, are seen the worshippers, some praying and others reading the Koran aloud, copies of which, as our bibles used to be in days of scarcity, are chained to the walls. We walk round the whole of the interior with shoeless feet upon smooth matting (the Caaba only is carpeted), and a mollah keeps an eye upon the Giaours and their piastres, as they dare to violate this sanctuary of Islamism. Near to this mosque, in a garden, is the mausoleum of Soliman and his relations, an octagonal building covered by a neat dome. The number of imperial mosques are seven in all,—a remarkable coincidence with the seven basilicas of Rome: these (I mean the mosques) are St. Sophia, Sultan Mahomet, Sultan Selim, the Solimanea, Sultan Achmet, the Osmanea, and the Sultan Bajazet. Except the one of Sultan Achmet, they have all four minarets each, and large groups of cupolas.

"From the various fires we read of in history, I think it might be safely concluded that the common houses of the city always were built of wood. In the present day, so frequent are the fires, that it is seldom a fortnight elapses without one. The three first questions asked of a morning by one inhabitant of another are: 'What is the exchange?' 'Who is the prime minister?' and 'Where was the fire last night?' For the exchange is always going up, the minister is always going out, and the fires are always going on. The consequence is, that there is very

little to be observed concerning the houses of Stamboul, beyond the fact that they are very slightly constructed of thin scantlings of oak, nailed together, boarded outside with fir, and painted red. The upper stories project, and are supported by curved strutts, the ends of which are sometimes moulded. But we should have a very wrong idea of these houses if we imagine they are anything like those which have come down to our own time in England and France, from the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, for these latter, built of solid oak, and put together with wooden pins, count their age by centuries; but a Stamboul house, on the contrary, if not burnt down in ten years, will perhaps last for sixty years. The ceiling was boarded, and upon it a pattern was formed by nailing on small pieces of moulded wood; both these and the interstices were coloured and gilt. The upper part of the windows (which were generally all grouped at one end of the room) had stained glass, like that in the Mosque of Suleiman, but, of course, of a smaller pattern, and with less projection of mullions. In this case, also, the outer and inner glazing were only about six inches apart. The lower part was single glazed, and opened inwards, being provided with shutters. A board projected at the junction of the upper and lower parts of the windows, both on the inside and outside,—the former to support the curtains, the latter to keep off the rain. One house I saw at Pera had all the woodwork

coloured and gilt. The furniture was completed by rich carpets, divans, and even shawls, hung upon the walls.

"I say *was*, for I am told that all the old fashions are rapidly going out, and that the Turks delight in furniture and clocks from France, and printed cottons from Manchester, and even neglect their own incomparable carpets for those of England and France, which, however good they may be in their fabric, are more than equivocal in their patterns.

"The Stamboul of the middle ages must have been a glorious city, rich in colour. At present there are just sufficient remains to enable an antiquary to recompose it; but a few years hence everything will have disappeared, and the city will have become as dull as Paris or London.

"If we may believe the plates in Grelot's work, the Stamboul of the seventeenth century presented a mass of pinnacles, minarets, &c., equal to that presented by any of the cities of the middle ages. He tells us that the Sultan's caïques or boats were all coloured and gilded, even to the oars. I have no doubt but that the prevailing Turkish colour was red, as we even see it at the present day. Another glimpse of past times is afforded us by the collection of the costumes of the ancient Janissaries, preserved in a marble kiosque in the grounds of the Seraglio. Nothing can be more gorgeous than these wooden figures of warriors clothed in the actual dresses; it

is astonishing how much they resemble in physiognomy the Turks depicted in the 'Abiti Antique' of Andrea Vercellio, and it is equally difficult to recognize them in the present apparently mild and apathetic soldiers in European uniform.

"The ladies and the clergy are almost the only classes which have entirely preserved the ancient costume, and there are few sights more picturesque than to see a group of women clad in every imaginable colour. Their walking dresses and veils are not unlike those worn by the ladies of the thirteenth century; but the men, on the contrary, wear dull-looking European trousers and coats, and hardly appear as yet to have completely mastered the management of the buttons. As they live in a hot climate, where the head and eyes require to be sheltered from the sun, they have disused the turban, and replaced it by a fez of a bright red colour, of course without any brim; but then again they carry a gingham umbrella, generally of the Gamp description, which gives them the appearance of great respectability; and for the same reason that the fez has been adopted, the more advanced delight in patent leather boots, exceedingly comfortable on a hot day for walking upon a pavement consisting of large round blocks of stone about the size of a man's head, with very wide interstices, so that the walker is sure to slip into dust or water, or a fine stiff mud.

"The interior of the Seraglio is redolent of the

days of Lady Wortley Montague, and European upholsterers. The most amusing thing of all is the Sultan's picture gallery, consisting of illuminated ciphers of his name and titles, together with very funny drawings, apparently by native artists, of men-of-war and steamboats, with all the guns going off, and with a most liberal allowance of smoke. The collection is completed by some coarse lithographs of the capture of the brigand, the brigand's death. In fact, the civilization of the Turks is very like their costume. You will see a man with an enormous turban, a long beard and pipe, and a furred pelisse, finished off with a pair of white stockings and costermonger's boots.

"The great attraction of Stamboul to strangers is the bazaar—a collection of passages, covered with stone barrel vaults. On each side are wooden erections, like very large wardrobes, only they open in the middle horizontally. The merchant, when he comes to business, after unlocking, pulls up the upper half of the doors, which forms a sort of canopy over his head, and can be used for the suspension of choice articles. He also lets down the lower half, until it is supported by some posts in the ground, and then sits down upon it, surrounded by his wares. This is only one description of shop, for their developments are very numerous. Sometimes they open at the side—sometimes they open both horizontally and vertically; in fact, there is no end to the contrivances.

Sometimes the bazaar has an aisle on each side; in this case there is, of course, an arcade, supported by pillars, and the aisles are covered by quadrupartite, ribless groining. Both the capitals of the pillars and the groining, which is a parallelogram on plan, very strongly resemble the arcades on either side of the streets of Padua. The shops in the bazaar, with three aisles, are *bonâ fide* vaulted rooms, on each side of the aisle wall, with a door and window opening into it. The bazaars are the great depôts for merchandise. Thus there is the drug bazaar, the slipper bazaar, &c. The trades are generally congregated in one street, as with us in the middle ages. Thus, near the Mosque of Sultan Suleiman, there is a row of sheds, tenanted by the makers of inkstands and penholders. Near that of Bayazid, another occupied by the braziers. The mosques, indeed, appear to be the centre of civil and religious life. This system of aggregating the members of one trade has of course the disadvantage of making you go to some distance whenever you want an article, but at the same time the purchaser enjoys the advantages of competition, and he can go all down the street inquiring the price, and examining the article at each shop.

"Another remarkable feature in Stamboul is the number of fountains, of all shapes and sizes, from a simple arch on a wall, with a boarding above to keep off the sun, to the elaborate affair, like that near the

Seraglio gate, consisting of a square edifice, with circular towers at the angles, closed with grilles. The use of these towers is to enable a person outside (generally a dervish) to supply cups of water to the passers-by. The more important fountains are generally covered with a coating of marble, and decorated all over with most delicate surface ornament. This is sometimes conventional, sometimes natural. Where in Western art we should use figures to break up the monotony, the Turks employed representations of vases filled with flowers, or dishes with fruit: a very clever ornament is made of a dish of pears. Now these fountains, when carved in stone, were coloured and gilt all over; but when of marble, had only a little gilding, and very little colour indeed: for the Turks, like the artists of the middle ages, and like the Greeks (who, by the way, were far more mediæval than we are), when they had a beautiful material, liked to show it, and did not cover it with a thick coating of paint, so as to hide it altogether, as some would persuade us the architects of the Parthenon did. The eaves of these fountains have a great projection, are boarded, and decorated with painting. The roof is composed of a series of domes. The most beautiful of the fountains are to be found, firstly, outside the Seraglio; secondly, at the Pera side of the second bridge; and, thirdly, at Tophana. The second is, I think, the most perfect; the last has had all its domes removed and replaced

by a flat roof with a neat compo parapet, and cast-iron railing, exactly the same as you would see placed over the back premises of a linendraper in Tottenham-court Road; so that it is very evident that the Turks are really becoming civilized, now that they are spoiling their public monuments.

"The fountains in the courts of the mosques are generally enclosed in a sort of iron grille springing from the top of their lowest basin. Over all is a dome, supported by pillars and an arcade.

"From Stamboul we can cross over to Galata either by the bridge of boats or by caïque. The first plan is very fatiguing on account of the crowd, the horses, and the footway, some of the planks of the latter standing up about three inches above the others. In fact, whether in Pera, Galata, Stamboul, or on the bridge, a passenger never walks—he hops or jolts himself from one stone to another. If a boat be taken, the passage is more easy, but considerably more dangerous, inasmuch as the caïques, having no keel, are exceedingly liable to be overset by the swell of the almost numberless steamboats which are continually going out or coming in to moor at the bridge. Almost the only traces of the old Turkish art are now to be found in the carving on the inside of these boats; it is true, it is very often in the Lady Wortley Montague style, but occasionally one sees interlaced geometrical patterns, and in one instance, I discovered a decidedly Arabic pair of lions, each with a paw

raised, regarding a conventional tree in the middle. The whole arrangement was exactly like what we see on the few textile fabrics of the middle ages, principally of Sicilian manufacture, which have come down to us. Another curious resemblance was, that these lions had conventional ornaments on their haunches. I made inquiry and found that the artist really was a Turk, and I do think that there would be some hope for them yet, in an artistic point of view, if they were only let alone.

"From Stamboul our caïque has transported us to Galata. Now, what Oxford is to England, Nuremberg to Germany, or Assisi to Italy, Galata is to the East, viz. an almost perfect city of the middle ages. Again, like all mediæval communities, the inhabitants had a more than doubtful story of their descent. As the Britons and Paduans were the descendants of the Trojans, so the inhabitants of Galata claimed descent from the companions of the renowned Brennus who destroyed Rome. They were Galatians, hence Galata. Some even went so far as to assert that they alone were the Galatians to whom the Apostle of the Gentiles wrote his Epistle. More sober authors, however, tell us that the name simply signifies a place where milk is sold. Although a suburb in the time of Justinian, it owes its importance to the Genoese who settled here during the Latin occupation. When the Greek

dynasty was restored, they held it as a fief from the emperors. Then they alternately assisted and bullied their benefactors, but having no fortifications, were obliged to knock under, until at last, happening to be on the right side against the Venetians, the latter burnt the town. The consequence was, that the Genoese got permission to fortify it. Then they increased it with more fortifications. Then they got the whole of the trade of the Black Sea into their hands. And when the emperor refused them a further space to be fortified, the entire population turned out and worked at the walls, and enclosed the space without his permission; in fact, they went on very much as the East India Company did in India during the last century. I am afraid their conduct during the siege by the Turks will not bear examination. History accuses them of trying to make a separate treaty with Mahomet, and with neglecting to intercept his ships when they were hauled over dry land from the Bosphorus to the Golden Horn. However, Mahomet dismantled their fortifications; and of the three parts into which the walls divide Galata, one is now entirely inhabited by the Turks.

"The walls are even at the present day exceedingly perfect; they are about eight feet thick at bottom, and six feet at top, where a broad space is got by means of arches supported on corbels. Many of these corbels are fragments of ancient columns,

showing the haste of their erection. All parts of the walls contain inscriptions, with coats of arms, telling us the date of the building, so that their whole history might thus be collected. The walls are flanked at short distances by square and round towers. The most conspicuous of all was the large tower placed on the highest point, and forming the citadel.

"Within the walls the most observable thing is the immense number of old stone houses. As to the churches, they have entirely disappeared; the only exceptions are, first, St. Peter's, which preserves its entrance gateway, probably of the time of the Latin occupation, judging from the mouldings, which are almost French. The central tower is also original; all the rest of the church, having suffered by fire, was repaired by the liberality of Louis the Fourteenth of France. The other church has also a square tower, with a stunted spire covered with lead. Upon close inspection it appears that it is now a mosque, the only remains of antiquity being a few carved strings, evidently of Byzantine workmanship; the church itself has been entirely rebuilt. The modern churches do not show at all; a passenger might pass them fifty times, and never know that they were churches. The great Armenian church, built only a few years ago, is surrounded by an immensely high stone wall, secured by iron doors. In fact, it has been the policy of the Turks to make

the Christians hide their churches as much as possible; but it is to be hoped that that day at least has gone by.

"Nothing can be more effective, but at the same time more severe, than the houses built by the merchants of Galata. With the exception of corbels, I do not think that a single yard of moulding could be found in the whole of them. The oldest house is the former Palazzo del Podesta, with round arches, and a very few remains of Byzantine ornament inside. This building is evidently anterior to the Latin conquest. The ordinary houses, which are probably all posterior to the destruction of the city by the Venetians, have their upper stories supported on massive corbels; sometimes these corbels are far apart, and support arches which take the wall of the first story. Now, as in by far the majority of cases there is no superincumbent weight to keep down the tails of the corbels, recourse has been had to iron bars, which are passed through them, having been fixed previously to a course of masonry a good distance down the walls. The expedient has been perfectly successful, for in very few cases did I find that the corbels had given. Another peculiarity is, that generally the first story does not project parallel with the ground floor, but at an angle with it, so as to get a window at the end to look down the street. The walls are sometimes built with layers of brick and stone, with very wide tuck joints. Thus, the height of the brick

will be one inch, that of the joint two inches, and that of the stone from three to five or eight inches. Occasionally a brick is placed between each stone, or there are two courses of brick to one of stone. The mortar is what is nowadays called *corazan*, composed of lime and pounded brick, but with the addition of small pieces of linen when used as an external cement for the whole wall. The tuck joints formed of this cement received a one-eighth pointing of fine marble lime; the bricks themselves, being of bad colour and quality, were painted with a mixture of lime and red earth.

"Sometimes the house was entirely plastered over and covered with tuck joints of the marble lime, imitating masonry. In this case the plaster was painted of a grayish colour, and the joints left white. In another the plaster was left white, and the joints painted light red, or the marble line was reddened by a little pounded brick being added; but in both these cases certain courses had bright red colour applied between the tuck joints, which were made to assume an ornamental shape, so that these courses did duty for moulded strings.

"The examples just mentioned, as well as those in Italy, where ornaments are procured by putting two different coats of plaster one upon the other, and scraping away the upper in certain parts, show what can be done even with plaster. I am afraid that ugly buildings are referable to the architect or the

client, rather than to the material, however vile it may be.

"The roofs of these houses are always formed of tiles, placed upon a few spars: these latter are supported upon the high, square, domical brick vault, which invariably covers the upper rooms. The vault does not go up to a point, but butts up against an oblong flat slab of stone, which forms the key.

"The windows are simply two horizontal and two vertical travertine stones, with square jambs. Above is a discharging arch, set about one and a half or two inches back from face of wall. A double row of tiles placed on the estrados bring the superincumbent wall to the general surface, and, like the moulding we observed in a similar situation at Stamboul, does duty as a label.

"Every window is defended by a wrought-iron grille. The doorways are as plain as the windows, having segmental arches sunk back an inch from the general surface, in the same manner as the discharging arch of the windows. I should mention that these latter are generally four-centered, while those of the doorways are segmental. Only one sculptured figure remains, a small bas-relief in the High Street, representing St. George, in Byzantine costume.

"Now, in Galata and Stamboul, but more especially in Tophana and the older parts of Pera, there

are to be found an immense number of pierced iron door-rings and knockers of a most mediæval shape. I must confess that I am perfectly puzzled to account for them. Some of my friends have suggested that they were Genoese importations; for my own part, I am rather inclined to believe that they are of native manufacture, considering how very mediæval the eastern metal-work is, even in the present day.

"Concerning Tophana, little need be said beyond that it contains the great landing-place for all building materials, excepting wood. The red pipe-bowls are made there; and I have before mentioned the fountain.

"The slave-trade also flourishes at Tophana, witness the numerous Circassians, who, I believe, are often the relatives of the ladies on sale. When I say the slave-trade flourishes, I do not mean to assert that it takes place publicly, for the sultan has prohibited it in an edict, beginning, 'Whereas all men are born free;' but it still goes on in a private manner, as will always be the case, where there is a demand for an article, and purchasers willing to give large prices.

"Pera, the last division of Constantinople, may briefly be described as containing nothing good, except the hotel. It is almost exclusively inhabited by Europeans, whom, with a few honourable exceptions, no one would wish to select as the represen-

tative men of their respective nationalities. Pera, indeed, as to its inhabitants at the present day, perfectly answers to the description given by Gibbon of the Latin inhabitants of Jerusalem during the time it was held by the Crusaders. Its architecture is, for the most part, upon a par with its inhabitants; in fact, it is the most disagreeable city to inhabit, it was ever my lot to come across. It likewise enjoys the reputation, in common with all Constantinople, of being the most expensive place in Europe after St. Petersburg, the principal difference being that in the latter capital you do get something for your money, but in Pera every article is both dear and bad.

"The cost of building must be put down at, at least, one-half as much again as in England; for not only are building materials very much more expensive, but every artisan is paid at least five shillings a day, and does hardly one-half the work of an Englishman. Most Europeans here lose a portion of their energy when they have been any time in the country, the only exception that I knew of being our ambassador.

"The principal buildings at Pera are the Russian, French, and English embassies.

"The Russian is a very large and plain affair, built between the years 1836 and 1843, by M. Fossati. It is constructed of rough blocks of the Macricue limestone, plastered over. The cost was 40,000*l*

The architect informed me that nowadays it would take three times that sum to erect it.

"The French palace, by no means so large, and built in 1838 and 1845, is faced with Malta stone, a material by no means to be praised for resisting the damp: indeed, parts of the carving are already disappearing. The style is that indescribable rendering of the Renaissance so popular in France under the *régime* of Louis Philippe. The amount was 35,000*l.*

"The English palace is in much better taste, being taken from the Florentine edifices; but inasmuch as these latter were meant to be seen from a narrow street, while the building under consideration is in the midst of a garden, it naturally loses some little of its effect. The material is the very soft limestone from St. Stefano, known as the Azattee stone; it is tolerably durable when well chosen, and placed in a dry situation, but always liable to perish in parts facing the north.

"The Sultan's palace at Dolma Bagdche, near Pera, is a most wonderful production, the details seemingly being taken from those impossible French lithographs which profess to be aids to the designing of jewellery. The architect is an Armenian,—the Turks, as a general rule, preferring to employ them to Europeans. I was informed that until a few years back the Armenian architects used to draw their plans upon a most mediæval system, viz., placing an

elevation of a door or window on the place shown for it on the plan.

"I will now conclude by briefly recapitulating a few things which I think I learnt there.

"1. The mosques teach us the importance of massing ornament in certain places, and not to distribute it over the whole surface, and thereby cut up all breadth of effect.

"2. That where a column is wanted to do real work it should be massive, and not like a tobacco-pipe, and that this column will not look the worse if it be diminished, or if its capital be connected with that of its neighbour with a tie-rod.

"3. The houses at Galata teach one that a very excellent effect can be got without the employment of a single moulding, except on the edges of the corbels, many of which are simply rounded.

"4. That with a good artist even plaster can be made to look well.

"5. That the present state of coloured decoration among the Turks teaches us how important it is to be surrounded by beautiful colours, such as costume and hangings; for, although not a nation of artists, while they wore a coloured costume their decoration was well coloured; it has changed very much for the worse with their costumes.

"From the stained-glass and ancient work generally, one perceives the excellent patterns produce-

able by the putting of one pattern or diaper on the other.

"And, lastly, from the whole city generally, that the very thick walls to keep out the heat, and tie-rods to bind them together in case of earthquakes, are the just requisites for building well in a hot climate.

* * * *

"The mosques at Constantinople are exceedingly numerous, but all follow the same plan, which is this:—First of all, there is a large enclosure very often occupied by shops and stalls. Within is an oblong mass of buildings, consisting of an arcaded court with a fountain in the centre; this court is called the harem. Then there comes the mosque proper, which may be briefly described as an Arabic copy of St. Sophia; while the third division, called the garden, is a walled space containing the tomb of the founder and that of his wife within very rich and beautiful buildings.

"Now, it is strictly allowed to sultans only who have been conquerors to erect mosques, in order that their subjects should not suffer on account of their taste for architecture. No one, therefore, had a better right to build than Mahomet II., the conqueror. Accordingly, there is a large mosque, known by his name, which has a very fine interior, and containing a good many fine monoliths, said to

have been brought from sundry Christian churches. However, there is nothing particularly remarkable about this mosque, as it has had the misfortune to be damaged by an earthquake, and beautified and restored during the last century.

"But by far the most beautiful of all is the mosque next in order of chronology, built by Suleiman the Magnificent, between 1550 and 1553; and, had it the advantage of possessing the mosaics, I should be inclined to prefer it to St. Sophia. It contains four of the largest columns in the city, which were anciently used to support statues. The dome has the same diameter as that of St. Sophia, and, being higher, appears to my mind of a better proportion, looking more like a dome and less like a ceiling. It is in this mosque that we find the beautiful stained-glass windows, which I shall notice further on. Another large mosque, which owes its erection to Bayazid II., is very nearly as beautiful as that of Suleiman. The court or harem, with its porphyry and verd antique columns, its incrustations of marble, its fountain, its trees supporting lattices covered by vines, and, above all, the large flock of pigeons fed by the alms of the faithful (for the Mahometans are excessively humane to all animals except man), make it one of the most delightful scenes I have ever witnessed. The only thing at all approaching it is the west front of St. Mark's, at Venice; but there we are painfully impressed with the want of verdure. Here, on

the contrary, we have all, the architecture, the coloured marble, the murmur of the fountain, the trees, and pigeons, besides the bright costume of the women.

"The other two great mosques are those of the Sultan Achmed, and of the Sultana Valida. The former, situated close to the ancient Hippodrome, being remarkable for the immense pillars, cased with marble, which support the dome. The latter, although erected about the middle of the seventeenth century, is quite as pure in its details as that of Mahomet II. or Suleiman, for arts and costume change much slower in the East than in the West.

"Now, from the architecture of these mosques there is a very useful lesson to be learnt by the architect, and that is how admirably the details are simplified, and how great an effect of breadth is obtained by restraining the ornament to a very few places, such as the caps and cornices, and not covering the whole with reedy mouldings and fizzy crockets, and still more fizzy pinnacles. There is not much to be read about bases, which are generally composed of a few mouldings, the uppermost being, as I said before, of bronze. The shafts are generally taken from old buildings, and, consequently, diminish, a point upon which I would venture to think the classic architects were in the right. The cap is round at bottom to suit the column, and square at top to suit the arch.

The surface is covered over with the icicle-work, so peculiar to Eastern art. Here we see the ornament concentrated, and very sparingly used; but it is the very finest and most careful of its kind. The abacus has a hollow moulding, with a square nosing, and the arch very often comes very nearly flush with the outer edge of it, so that none of the height of the arch is lost to the spectator. In large arches and columns, however, as with us, the arch corresponds with the face of the bell of the cap. The arches have no mouldings at all, but simply plain soffits, and occasionally the voussoirs are of alternate differently coloured or painted stones. There is no label, properly speaking; but the whole of the spandrils overhang the arch for one or three inches, according to the size of the building. In small edifices this soffit is left plain; but in great ones there is a moulding, which, at a distance, gives all the effect of a dripstone, without the disadvantage of depriving us of the view of any of the spandril space, as our Western labels do. The effect is to make the whole affair more massive, and to give the arch the idea of having more work to do. I should mention that there are three sorts of arches employed, viz., a stilted drop arch (such as we find used during the thirteenth century in Europe), a sort of four-centered arch, and a segmental arch. The latter is generally used for doorways.

"The spandrils of a large arcade, and their sustain-

ing mould, are generally of marble, while the centre of the spandril is often occupied by an exquisitely carved projecting boss, or three circles of inlaid marble, with a little projecting knob in the middle of the whole. Now the carved boss is not an affair of a lot of leaves going out anywhere and in all directions, but a stilted half-sphere, with a rigorously kept surface, indented with a bold and deeply carved conventional ornament.

"As to the cornice, it is formed of a rich icicle ornament, with very little projection. Upon this, if the eaves project, they project very much, so as really to give some shade, and are boarded on the under side, and decorated with paintings. If, on the contrary, the architect used a parapet, he pierced it with an ornament which, at first sight, looks very complex, but which can generally be resolved to the superposition of two or more geometrical figures. Each bay of an arcade is covered by a dome, protected from the weather by lead. In fact, where we should use quadrupartite groining, the Orientals use a dome, and it is for this reason that we see so many in every view of an Eastern city. The dome is finished by a kind of finial, often gilt; but as I was never able to get close to any of them, I am unable to say whether they are executed in stone or wood. As to the minarets, they are nothing but corkscrew staircases, standing alone. The *winders* go right through the walls, which are about six inches thick. Near the

top is a gallery, supported by corbelling, the ends of the corbel stones being kept down by the superincumbent weight of the upper part, which is merely a repetition of the lower portion, covered with a high pointed wooden roof, leaded. Some minarets have as many as three galleries, and sometimes the corbelling-out is cut into icicle work. Other minarets are made entirely of brick, plastered, and some even of wood; but as I was not able to go inside them, I cannot speak concerning their construction.

"There is no feature upon which the Mahometan architect has devoted greater cost and attention than on his doors and shutters. One of the most elegant that I have seen is at present attached to a tumble-down house at Pera. It consists of two valves, each one foot six inches wide, made of fir, and covered with massive carving. The panels, with Arabic letters, form the principal feature, and work in very prettily; but in the great mosques we find much more elaborate work. Here the doors are panel-framed; but instead of the space between the rails and styles being filled with a single panel, it is filled up with a multitude of small rails and styles, enclosing minute panels of different-coloured woods. In the richest doors these little rails and styles form intricate patterns; and their panels are carved, and occasionally made of ivory, to break the monotony. Marquetry work, of wood, ivory, and silver, is occasionally used, but very sparingly, and generally

round the great panels. The doors are all strengthened behind with a strong skeleton framing.

"The furniture is bronze, chiselled over with minute patterns, and gilt. Where the plate is pierced, the wood behind is painted red, as in the Suleimanyah, or has a piece of red cloth behind it.

"A different decoration with regard to the wooden furniture of the mosques was adopted. The desks for reading the Koran, the chests, &c. are made of walnut-wood, inlaid with mother-of-pearl and thin stripes of bone. The art is still practised by the Armenians, who, like the craftsmen of the middle ages, have a street all to themselves. At present, however, ornamental furniture is made by entirely covering the wood with mother-of-pearl and tortoise-shell. The pulpit and the more massive furniture, on the contrary, are composed of marble, and decorated with gilding—in fact, as marble always was decorated in the middle ages.

"The windows we find filled by round pieces of glass, set in the middle of a plaster framework, about four inches thick; this framework being set nearly flush with the external wall. Now, within this, and flush with the internal wall, is another window, composed of small pieces of very thin glass, fastened by means of lime and white-of-egg to the back of a very intricate plaster framework. Nothing can be finer than the effect of colour produced by this description of stained glass; indeed, I am not quite

sure but that our most famous windows of the middle ages would suffer by the comparison. The excellence is due, firstly, to the double glazing, which subdues and diversifies the light; and, secondly, to the internal framework, the mullions of which are very narrow, but exceedingly projecting; so that a new effect is produced by every step taken by the spectator, for by reason of the projection of the mullions some pieces of glass are hidden and others revealed.

"The only mosque retaining its stained glass windows is the Suleimanyah. Some say, but I do not know upon what authority, that they were made by Persian artists brought to Stamboul by Suleiman after his Persian expedition. Unfortunately, the mosque of Mahomet, the earliest of all the great mosques, has been so repaired that we cannot expect to find any of this most fragile work. But still it was excessively common in the upper parts of the windows of private houses, and is to be found in Syria and Egypt equally with Persia. If the art was introduced from Persia, it must have ended by becoming indigenous, as there are men who profess to make it at the present day. Upon the whole, I rather suspect that it arose in the imitation of the pierced marble windows in St. Sophia, which are supposed at one time to have been filled up with stained glass. Now, although marble is a very good material for simple geometrical forms, yet the

labour of piercing an intricate curved pattern, as at the Suleimanyah, would probably be an inducement to execute it in plaster, while the fragility of the new material would be protected by the double glazing.

"The patterns of these windows, although to the eye excessively complicated, can be explained by the same principle as the parapets, for there are several patterns placed one upon another; but the principal pattern to which the most attention was paid was the white. Now, of all the colours employed in decoration, white is the most powerful, and should be used most sparingly. Sometimes the white takes the form of a thin flowing line bursting out into leaves of pearls. In the other and more intricate window, of which I have drawn only the centre portion, it is applied as a powdering of flowers more or less frequent in various parts. The same principle is carried out in the frescoes at Assisi; there the white is used only in thin lines, and forms the true division of the pictures. Those who have seen these windows will confess that Aladdin's windows of jewels are no fable, but simply an exaggeration.

"I should observe that the lower windows of the mosques, which are very few indeed, are not glazed, but simply protected by an iron grille, and a shutter to shut at night: the sun cannot enter, as they generally open into the arcade.

"At Stamboul, as in Italy, all arcades have a thick

tie-rod of iron at their springing. This may be justified in a constructional point of view, as tying the buildings together in countries subject to earthquakes. It also enables the builder to dispense with buttresses, which are very often fatal to all breadth of effect. I must confess to admiring the rods in an artistic point of view, as they appear to connect the capitals one with another, and to define the springing of the arch.

"Some doors leading to external arcades, &c., are closed by bronze grilles, often of the most intricate patterns, but which pattern may still be explained on the same principle as the parapets or the stained glass. A good deal of bronze casting is done at the present day in the street round the Suleimanyah.

"The last thing I shall mention concerning the mosques, is their excellent and economic method of lighting. Iron bars are suspended from the ceiling by means of chains, the links of which are simply thin iron wire, twisted round several times, and covered with red rosin. The iron bars form various figures, such as intersecting triangles, octagons, &c. Sometimes they run round the building, sometimes between the pillars, and thus define the plan. To these iron rods are hung innumerable small glass lamps, and ostrich eggs, &c., and inasmuch as they are very numerous, and hung very low indeed, the whole effect must be that of walking under a sea of

light. I am afraid in our modern buildings we do not light up quite enough, and when we do, it is with flaring masses of gas, which blind the spectator whenever his eye happens unfortunately to catch them."

THE END.

NOTES.

"THE GREAT CIRCASSIAN EXILE."—Chapter II.

Under the playful sobriquet of Major Edwardsky, I allude to my old and valued friend, H. Sutherland Edwards, Esq., who translated from the Russian, "*Captivity of Two Russian Princesses in the Caucasus.*" Smith, Elder and Co. The fullest and most authentic account of Circassian manners extant, but much coloured by Russian prejudice.

"OVER IN SCUTARI."—Chapter VI.

The most valuable book on the Scutari hospitals and Miss Nightingale's heroic labours by far is "EASTERN HOSPITALS AND ENGLISH NURSES: *the Narrative of Twelve Months' Experience in the Hospitals of Koulali and Scutari.*" By a Lady Volunteer. Hurst and Blackett.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY SMITH, ELDER AND CO.,
LITTLE GREEN ARBOUR COURT, OLD BAILEY, E.C.

DR 427 .T49
THORNBURY, Walter
Turkish life and character.

DATE DUE

APR 21 1993

DR 427 .T49

AUTHOR
THORNBURY, Walter

TITLE
Turkish life and character.

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